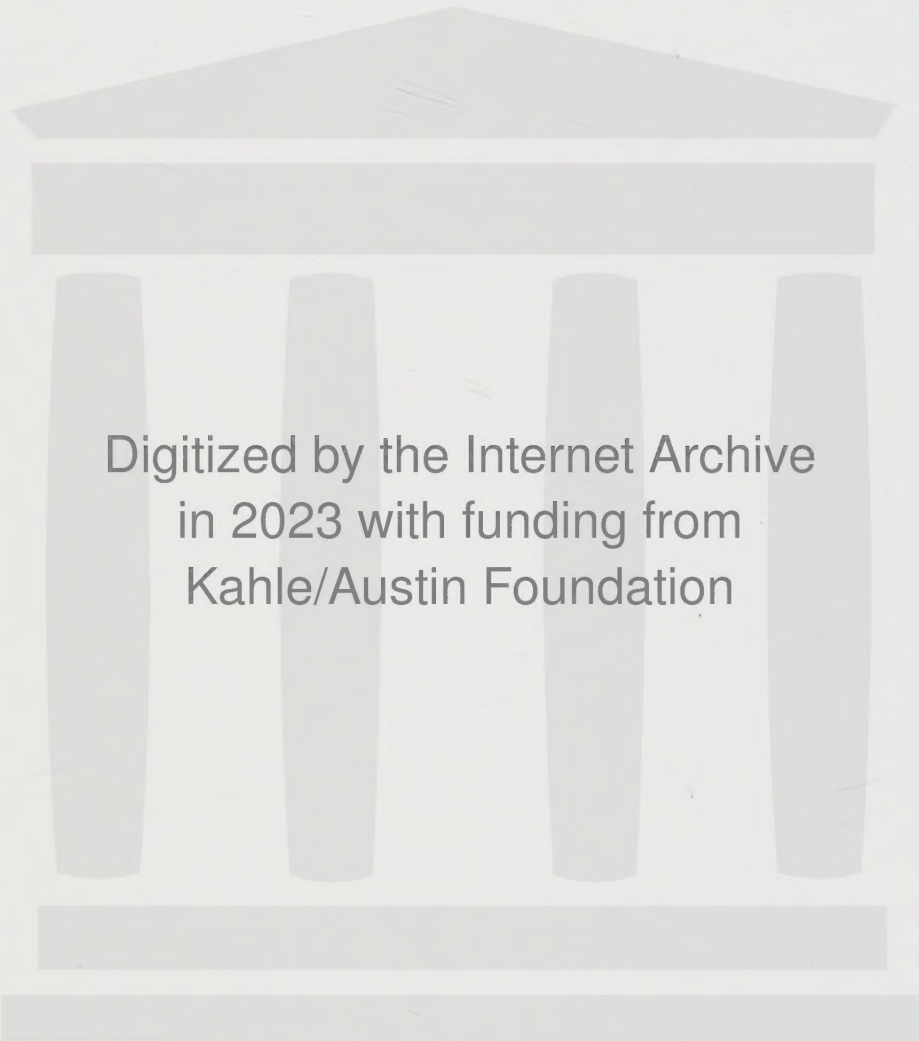


Poetry & Drama

[The Tragicall History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus.] Marlowe's Faustus. Goethe's Faust. From the German by John Anster ... With an introduction by Henry Morley ... Seventh edition.

Christopher Marlowe, Henry Morley





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Marlowe, Christopher

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K 10000 /
1. MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS

2. GOETHE'S FAUST

THE FIRST AND SECOND PARTS, COMPLETE

From the German

BY

JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HENRY MORLEY

LL.D., PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL

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1887



INTRODUCTION.

IN the autumn of 1587, at the Fair of Frankfort-on-the-Main, then the headquarters of the German book trade, a bookseller named Johann Spies produced the first History of Johann Faust, the far-famed Magician and Black-Artist. It was entitled *Historia von D. Johann Fausten, dem weit beschreyten Zauberer und Schwartzkünstler*. The only complete copy of it now known is in the Imperial Library at Vienna. The unknown writer of this book seems to have been a clergyman of the Reformed Church, who caught the attention of the people by stringing together incidents of magic associated with the fabulous career of a man who had died some fifty years before, and whose name and fame survived him. The writer's desire was to warn against presumptuous sins; to attack, through Faust, the pride of intellect that sets God at defiance, and through stories of Faust's magic to pour, now and then, Protestant scorn upon the Pope.

The original Faustus traded upon superstition in the Reformation time. The date assigned to his death, 1538, was eight years before that of Luther. The earliest known mention of him—if it be of him—is by a liberal scholar of high reputation, Johann Trittenheim (Trithemius) Abbot of Spanheim, who met him at Gelnhausen in May, 1506. He knew him as a Georgius Sabellicus, who boasted that if all the works of Plato and Aristotle were burnt, he could restore them from his memory. He avoided meeting Trittenheim, by whom he was despised as a charlatan, but left his card for him. On his card he described himself as "Magister Georgius Sabellicus, Faustus junior, fons necromanticorum, magus secundus, chiromanticus, agromanticus, pyromanticus, in hydra arte secundus." The name of "Faustus junior," in this first record of an actual magician taking the name of Faustus, might point to the fame of a preceding conjuror who had borne the name of Faustus in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and who had laid foundations of a common fame associated with the name, although there is no other trace of his existence. It may have been his actual name, or he may have taken it as a Latin addition, meaning Fortunate. A fifteenth century Faustus may have been one man, Georgius Sabellicus another, and our Faustus (of whom, in that case, the first notice would be in 1525), a third. In 1513 Conrad Mudt, a friend of Melancthon, spoke of a braggart and fool who pretended to magic, whom he had found at Erfurth, calling himself "Georgius Faustus Hemitheus," (demigod) "of Heidelberg." An old Leipzig chronicle gives 1525 as the year in which Doctor Johann Faust rode before the eyes of many people out of Auerbach's cellar on a barrel of wine, with which he refreshed the students. The feat was celebrated by two pictures on the walls of the cellar, and under the picture of Faust and the students drinking were lines to this effect—

Live thou, drink, and remember how Faustus lived for his pleasure,
Lame-footed, slow-coming Pain overtook him, Pain without measure.

In a volume of notes from the conversation of Melancthon (*Locorum*

communium collectanea; a Johanne Mantio per multos annos pleraque tum ex lectionibus D. Philippi Melancthonis, tum ex aliorum virorum relationibus excerpta et nuper in ordinem ab eodem redacta), Johann Mennel represents that Reformer as saying: "I knew a man named Faustus, out of Kündling" (Knütlingen), "a little town not far from my own home" (at Bretten, in Baden, Knütlingen being a frontier town of Wurtemberg). "When he studied at Cracow he learnt magic, as it used to be actively taught there, where public lectures were read on the art. Afterwards he roamed about and talked of secret things. When he sought attention at Venice, he gave out that he would fly. The Devil lifted him to some height, but then let him fall, so that he almost died of the bruise. Not many years ago this Johannes Faustus sat, on his last day, greatly troubled, in a Wurtemberg village inn. The innkeeper asked him why he was so much troubled and unlike himself, for he had formerly been a wild fellow, who more than once was nearly killed over his love affairs. Whereupon he replied to that village innkeeper: 'Do not be frightened to-night.' At midnight the house shook. As Faustus had not risen next morning, when it was already noon, the innkeeper went into his room, and found him lying near the bed with his face twisted round. It was so that the Devil killed him. When he yet lived he went about with a dog, who was the Devil."

This was published in 1562. In 1563 appeared Wier's wise and generous book, *De Præstigiis Dæmonum et incantationibus ac veneficiis*, in which there are stories of Faustus. Wier follows Mennel's record as to the magician's birthplace; and in 1585, two years before the publication of the book on Faustus at the Frankfort fair, another book, by Augustin Lercheimer—*Bedencken von Zauberey*—suggested by indignation against the cruelties practised on witches, who should be placed, said Lercheimer, under the doctor and the divine, not under the criminal judge, told more stories about Faustus, and gave the right form of the name of his birthplace, Knütlingen. Roda, which Marlowe translates Rhodes, first appears as Faust's birthplace in the first edition of the famous prose story, published in Frankfort in 1587, at the autumn book fair.

That book was widely read. Before the end of the year John Aylmer, Bishop of London, licensed "A Ballad of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus, the great Conjuror." In the following year, 1588, there was a new edition of the original German book, with some additions, also a rhymed version in German, and a translation into Low German. From the second edition of the book published at Frankfort, a translation was made into English, and published, without date, in 1588 or 1589, as *The History of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death of Dr. John Faustus*. 'Newly printed, and in convenient places impertinent matter amended, according to the true copy printed at Frankfort, and translated into English by P. R. Gent. At the same time young Christopher Marlowe must have been turning the new story-book into a play. The original German book of 1587 was translated into French by Victor Palma Cayet, whose translation was published in 1589, and in 1592 there appeared a Dutch translation of the second German edition. This translation not only gave 1538 as the year of the death of Faustus, but fixed also the exact time of his being carried off by the Devil. It was in the night between the 23rd and 24th of October.

In 1587, when the story of Faustus first appeared at Frankfort, Christopher Marlowe was a young man in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He had been baptized on the 26th of February, 1564 (new style) in the Church of St. George the Martyr, at Canterbury. His father was John Marlowe, a shoemaker. After education at the King's School, in Canterbury, he matri-

culated as a Pensioner of Benet College, Cambridge. Christopher Marlowe matriculated at Cambridge in March, 1581, and probably owed his college education to the kindness of Sir Roger Manwood. Sir Roger had himself risen from the ranks to which John Marlowe belonged; he was distinguished for munificence, and had his chief mansion near Canterbury. In 1583 Christopher Marlowe took his B.A. degree, and he proceeded to M.A. in 1587, when he had already leapt to fame as a dramatist by the great success of his first play. That play was *Tamburlaine the Great*. A letter by Thomas Nash, prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, published in 1587, condemns the recent introduction of blank verse upon the stage, and it was Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, who introduced it. In the next year, 1588, Greene, in an address "to the Gentlemen Readers" prefixed to his novel of *Perimedes, the Blacksmith*, refers directly to the "daring of God out of Heaven" by "that atheist Tamburlan."

Marlowe and Shakespeare were within two months of the same age. Shakespeare came to London about the year 1586, twenty-five years after the production of *Gorboduc*, our earliest English tragedy. During those twenty-five years few plays of high mark had been produced. The writers had been almost invariably young University men. Shakespeare studied his art as an actor, and as an alterer of other men's plays, for about six years before he declared his strength as an original writer. Those six years of Shakespeare's training time include almost the whole career of Marlowe, the greatest of his predecessors, from the first acting of *Tamburlaine*, in 1586 or 1587, until his death by a stab in a tavern brawl on the 1st of June, 1593, when he was little more than twenty-nine years old. Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*—Timour the Tartar—was the story of a Scythian shepherd chief, who began with revolt from Persia, then rolled a tide of conquest through the Eastern world, and was the scourge of kings. Marlowe represented his swelling pride, that braved at last the Gods themselves, in bombastic phrase, but with the grand energy of a young poet who had also realms to conquer. In a prologue of eight lines Marlowe began with a repudiation of rhyme, and disdain of the base jesting of the clown who intruded himself too freely on the action of our early plays.

From jiggig veins of rhyming mother wits
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
I'll lead you—

said Marlowe, and there are no clown scenes in any of his plays, excepting *Faustus*. Fresh from the display of pride in the strong arm of the flesh defying Heaven, Marlowe was ready to write his second play when the Faust story appeared at Frankfort. Probably the book was brought to England by a company of English players, who are known to have been in the service of Duke Christian of Saxony in October, 1586. But however Marlowe came by the book, in the very year of its first publication, here was a picture of the pride of intellect defiant of its Giver, and although there were many clownish incidents of magic in the original book that were intended to blend jest with earnest, Marlowe probably confined himself to the poetical development of the main thought. Clown scenes, not pertinent to the main story, were, I believe, added at will by the players for the satisfaction of their audiences. This is fairly to be inferred from the fact that the earliest known edition of Marlowe's *Faustus* was published in 1604, and entries in the diary of Henslowe the player, dated respectively 1597 and 1602, record payments for "additions to *Faustus*."

Goethe's *Faust* was first published in 1806, after a slow development through many years. The ballad of the King of Thule, the first monologue, and the first scene with Wagner, were written in 1774-5; from that time

onward Goethe made fragmentary additions from time to time. In 1797 he remodelled the whole work, then added the two Prologues and the Walpurgis night. In 1801 the work was finished. The feeble Second Part of *Faust*, completed in July, 1831, at the age of 81—Goethe died on the 22nd of March, 1832—was an after thought, continuing to the end association of the Faust legend with thoughts and feelings from his own experience of life. "The marionette fable of Faust," he said, "murmured with many voices in my soul. I too had wandered into every department of knowledge, and had returned early enough satisfied with the vanity of science. And life, too, I had tried under various aspects, and always came back sorrowing and unsatisfied."

Here it must be enough to say that Johann Wolfgang von Goethe was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, August 28, 1749. His father was an Imperial Councillor with refined tastes, which he could satisfy, and in which he could train his son. Goethe studied at Leipsic, and afterwards at Strasburg; cared more for the natural sciences than for law; took the degree of doctor, and at the age of twenty-five represented the sick mind of Europe in the days before the French Revolution with the "Sorrows of the Young Werter," first published in 1774. In 1779 he entered the service of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, by whom he was employed in high offices, loaded with honours, and impeded in the free use of his mind. But after the first ten years at Weimar, a journey to Italy gave impulse to his genius, and bore fruit in *Iphigenia*, *Egmont*, *Tasso*, and much of *Faust*. This greatest of German poets began his career, like Schiller, with reaction against a literature of classical convention and a life encumbered with dead forms. He gave, for Germany, highest-expression to the struggle for a real life, uttering itself in a real literature. Taught by the free spirit of Shakespeare, he turned early from the classical drama to represent in *Götz von Berlichingen*, a hero out of the old national tradition, who like himself, though in another way, defied authority. As the healthy artist life developed, the poet was the man. From the lightest grace of song to the large conception of his burgher epic, *Hermann und Dorothea*, most of all in his *Faust*, all is direct utterance of his own inner life, with the intensity and the repose of thought that through the man himself, and his own life problems, touched all humanity in a time of Revolution, when minds exulted in the new sense of recovered power. Goethe solved no riddle of life, but he expressed himself, and, through himself, a world of newly awakened thought among men, with the full sincerity that is of the essence of all high artistic power.

Dr. John Anster, whose version is here given, was the earliest translator of *Faust* into English. He was born in Cork at the close of the last century, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and called to the Irish Bar in 1824. He graduated as LL.D. in 1826. He had published at one-and-twenty a prize poem, and *Poems with Translations from the German*, and after contributing to *Blackwood's Magazine*—in which he was a frequent writer—fragments of his translation of *Faust*, he published the whole in 1835.

In 1850 Dr. Anster was appointed Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Dublin. He died in June, 1867. His translation of *Faust* gave pleasure to Coleridge, and is liked in Germany.

July, 1883.

HENRY MORLEY.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

[From the Quarto of 1604.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE POPE.	An Old Man.
CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.	Scholars, Friars, and Attendants.
THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.	DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.
DUKE OF VANHOLT.	LUCIFER.
FAUSTUS.	BELZEBUB.
VALDES,	MEPHISTOPHILIS.
CORNELIUS, } <i>friends to FAUSTUS.</i>	Good Angel.
WAGNER, <i>servant to FAUSTUS.</i>	Evil Angel.
Clown.	The Seven Deadly Sins.
ROBIN.	Devils.
RALPH.	Spirits in the shapes of ALEXANDER
Vintner.	THE GREAT, of his Paramour,
Horse-Courser.	and of HELEN.
A Knight.	Chorus.

Enter CHORUS.

Cho. Not marching now in fields of Thrasymene,
Where Mars did mate the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings, where state is overturn'd,

Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our muse to vaunt her heavenly verse :
Only this, gentlemen,—we must perform
The form of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town call'd Rhodes :
Of riper years, to Wertenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism grac'd,
That shortly he was grac'd with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology ;
Till swoln with cunning of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, heavens conspir'd his overthrow ;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted now with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursèd necromancy ;
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss :
And this the man that in his study sits.

[Exit.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *discovered in his study.*

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess :
Having commenc'd, be a divine in shew,
Yet level at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me !
Bene disserere est finis logices.
Is, to dispute well, logic's chiefest end ?
Affords this art no greater miracle ?
Then read no more ; thou hast attain'd that end :
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit :
Bid Economy farewell, Galen come :
Seeing, *Ubi desinit philosophus, ibi incipit medicus* :
Be a physician, Faustus ; heap up gold,
And be eterniz'd for some wondrous cure.
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,
The end of physic is our body's health.
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attain'd that end ?
Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms ?
Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eas'd ?
Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.

Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again,
Then this profession were to be esteem'd.

Physic, farewell ! Where is Justinian ?

[*Reads.*

*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem,
Alter valorem rei, etc.*

A pretty case of paltry legacies !

[*Reads.*

Exhæreditare filium non potest pater, nisi, etc.

Such is the subject of the institute,
And universal body of the law :

This study fits a mercenary drudge,

Who aims at nothing but external trash ;

Too servile and illiberal for me.

When all is done, divinity is best :

Jerome's Bible, Faustus ; view it well.

[*Reads.*

Stipendium peccati mors est : Ha ! Stipendium,

The reward of sin is death : that's hard.

[*Reads.*

Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas ;

If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and
there is no truth in us.

Why, then, belike we must sin, and so consequently die :

Ay, we must die an everlasting death.

What doctrine call you this, *Che sera, sera,*

What will be, shall be ? Divinity, adieu !

These metaphysics of magicians,

And necromantic books are heavenly ;

Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters ;

Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O, what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promis'd to the studious artizan !
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command : emperors and kings
Are but obeyèd in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds ;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man ;
A sound magician is a mighty god :
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

Enter WAGNER.

Faust. Wagner, commend me to my dearest friends,
The German Valdes and Cornelius ;
Request them earnestly to visit me.

Wag. I will, sir. *[Exit.*

Faust. Their conference will be a greater help to me
Than all my labours, plod I ne'er so fast.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

Good Ang. O, Faustus, lay that damnèd book aside,
And gaze not on it, lest it tempt thy soul,
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head !
Read, read the Scriptures :—that is blasphemy.

Evil Ang. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art

Wherein all Nature's treasure is contain'd :
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements. [*Exeunt ANGELS.*

Faust. How am I glutted with conceit of this !
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,
Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will ?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates ;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy,
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings ;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wertenberg ;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad ;
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces ;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me blest with your sage conference.

Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed arts :
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object ; for my head
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure ;
Both law and physic are for petty wits ;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile :
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravish'd me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt ;
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravell'd the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wertenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.

Val. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all nations to canonize us.
As Indian Moors obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the spirits of every element
Be always serviceable to us three ;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please ;
Like Almain rutters with their horsemen's staves,
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides ;

Sometimes like women, or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love :
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies,
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury ;
If learnèd Faustus will be resolute.

Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live : therefore object it not.

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enrich'd with tongues, well seen in minerals,
Hath all the principles magic doth require :
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,
And fetch the treasure of all foreign wrecks,
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth :
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want ?

Faust. Nothing, Cornelius. O, this cheers my soul !
Come, shew me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possession.

Val. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,

And bear wise Bacon's and Albertus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament ;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

Corn. Valdes, first let him know the words of art ;
And then, all other ceremonies learn'd,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

Val. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

Faust. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity thereof ;
For, ere I sleep, I'll try what I can do :
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefore. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter two SCHOLARS.

First Schol. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was
wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo*.

Sec. Schol. That shall we know ; for see, here comes his
boy.

Enter WAGNER.

First Schol. How now, sirrah ! where's thy master ?

Wag. God in heaven knows.

Sec. Schol. Why, dost not thou know ?

Wag. Yes, I know ; but that follows not.

First Schol. Go to, sirrah ! leave your jesting, and tell us
where he is.

Wag. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiates, should stand upon it : therefore acknowledge your error, and be attentive.

Sec. Schol. Why, didst thou not say thou knewest?

Wag. Have you any witness on't?

First Schol. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

Wag. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

Sec. Schol. Well, you will not tell us?

Wag. Yes, sir, I will tell you : yet, if you were not dunces, you would never ask me such a question ; for is not he *corpus naturate* ? and is not that *mobile* ? then wherefore should you ask me such a question ? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt but to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I will set my countenance like a precisian, and begin to speak thus :—Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner, with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine, if it could speak, would inform your worships : and so, the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren ! [*Exit.*

First Schol. Nay, then, I fear he is fallen into that damned art for which they two are infamous through the world.

Sec. Schol. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But, come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

First Schol. O, but I fear me nothing can reclaim him !

Sec. Schol. Yet let us try what we can do. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter FAUSTUS to conjure.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations,
And try if devils will obey thy hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatiz'd,
Th' abbreviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,
By which the spirits are enforc'd to rise :
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.—

*Sint mihi dei Acherontis propitii ! Valeat numen triplex
Fehovæ ! Ignei, ærii, aquatani spiritus, salvete ! Orientis
brinceps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon,
propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis, quod
lumeraris ; per Fehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam
quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per
vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis !*

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

I charge thee to return, and change thy shape ;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me :
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar ;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.

[*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.]

I see there's virtue in my heavenly words :
Who would not be proficient in this art ?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility !
Such is the force of magic and my spells :
Now, Faustus, thou art conjuror laureat,
That canst command great Mephistophilis :
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS (*like a Franciscan friar*).

Meph. Now, Faustus, what wouldst thou have me do ?

Faust. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the ocean to overwhelm the world.

Meph. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave :
No more than he commands must we perform.

Faust. Did not he charge thee to appear to me ?

Meph. No, I came hither of mine own accord.

Faust. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? speak.

Meph. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens* ;

For, when we hear one rack the name of God,

Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,

We fly, in hope to get his glorious soul ;

Nor will we come, unless he use such means

Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd.

Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring

Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity,

And pray devoutly to the prince of Hell.

Faust. So Faustus hath

Already done ; and holds this principle,

There is no chief but only Belzebub ;

To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.

This word “damnation” terrifies not him,

For he confounds hell in Elysium :

His ghost be with the old philosophers !

But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,

Tell me what is that Lucifer, thy Lord?

Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.

Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?

Meph. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly lov'd of God.

Faust. How comes it, then, that he is prince of devils?

Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence ;

For which God threw him from the face of heaven.

Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

Meph. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,

Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.

Faust. Where are you damn'd?

Meph. In hell.

Faust. How comes it, then, that thou art out of hell?

Meph. Why this is hell, nor am I out of it :
Think'st thou that I, who saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being depriv'd of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul !

Faust. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate
For being deprivèd of the joys of heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer :
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity,
Say, he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness ;
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.

Go and return to mighty Lucifer,
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve me of thy master's mind.

Meph. I will, Faustus.

[*Exit.*

Faust. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great emperor of the world,
And make a bridge through the moving air,
To pass the ocean with a band of men ;
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that country continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown :
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany.
Now that I have obtain'd what I desire,
I'll live in speculation of this art,
Till Mephistophilis return again.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter WAGNER and CLOWN.

Wag. Sirrah, boy, come hither.

Clown. How, boy ! swowns, boy ! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts as I have : boy, quotha !

Wag. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in ?

Clown. Ay, and goings out too ; you may see else.

Wag. Alas, poor slave ! see how poverty jesteth in his

nakedness! the villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry, that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though it were blood-raw.

Clown. How! my soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! not so, good friend; by'r lady, I had need have it well roasted, and good sauce to it, if I pay so dear.

Wag. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll make thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*

Clown. How, in verse?

Wag. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and staves-acre. Take these guilders. [Gives money.

Clown. Gridirons! what be they?

Wag. Why, French crowns.

Clown. Mass, but for the name of French crowns, a man were as good have as many English counters. And what should I do with these?

Wag. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an hour's warning, whensoever or wheresoever the devil shall fetch thee.

Clown. No, no; here, take your gridirons again.

Wag. Truly, I'll none of them.

Clown. Truly, but you shall.

Wag. Bear witness, I gave them him.

Clown. Bear witness, I give them you again.

Wag. Well, I will cause two devils presently to fetch thee away—Baliol and Belcher!

Clown. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and

I'll knock them, they were never so knocked since they were devils : say I should kill one of them, what would folks say ? “ Do ye see yonder tall fellow in the round slop ? he has killed the devil.” So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two DEVILS ; and the CLOWN runs up and down crying.

Wag. Baliol and Belcher,—spirits, away !

[Exeunt DEVILS.]

Clown. What, are they gone ? a vengeance on them ! they have vile long nails. There was a he-devil and a she-devil : I'll tell you how you shall know them ; all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has cloven feet.

Wag. Well, sirrah, follow me.

Clown. But, do you hear ? if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos ?

Wag. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything, to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything.

Clown. How ! a Christian fellow to a dog, or a cat, a mouse, or a rat ! No, no, sir ; if you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere : I'll tickle the pretty wenches ! I'll be amongst them, i' faith !

Wag. Well, sirrah, come.

Clown. But, do you hear, Wagner ?

Wag. How !—Baliol and Belcher !

Clown. O Lord ! I pray, sir, let Baliol and Belcher go sleep.

Wag. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi westigiis nostris insistere*. [Exit.

Clown. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him ; I'll serve him, that's flat. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

FAUSTUS *discovered in his Study.*

Faust. Now, Faustus, must thou needs be damn'd :
And canst thou not be sav'd ?
What boots it, then, to think of God or heaven ?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair ;
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub :
Now go not backward ; no, Faustus, be resolute :
Why waver'st thou ? O, something soundeth in mine ears,
" Abjure this magic, turn to God again !"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God ? He loves thee not ;
The god thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fix'd the love of Belzebub :
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

Enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.

Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance—what of them?

Good Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto heaven!

Evil Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do trust them most.

Good Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of heaven and heavenly things.

Evil Ang. No, Faustus; think of honour and of wealth.

[*Exeunt ANGELS.*

Faust. Of wealth!

Why, the signiory of Embden shall be mine.

When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,

What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe:

Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,

And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer;—

Is't not midnight?—Come, Mephistophilis,

Veni, veni, Mephistophile.

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Now tell me what sayeth Lucifer, thy lord?

Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.

Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that or thee.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,

And write a deed of gift with thine own blood ;
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.

Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis, and tell me, what good
Will my soul do thy lord ?

Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus ?

Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*

Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others ?

Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.

But, tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul ?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.

Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.

Meph. Then, Faustus, stab thine arm courageously,
And bind thy soul, that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own ;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.

Faust. [*Stabbing his arm.*] Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of
thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night !
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm,
And let it be propitious for my wish.

Meph. But, Faustus, thou must
Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

Faust. Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Exit.*]

Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?

Why streams it not, that I may write afresh?

Faustus gives to thee his soul: ah, there it stay'd!

Why should'st thou not? is not thy soul thine own?

Then write again, *Faustus gives to thee his soul.*

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a chafer of coals.

Meph. Here's fire; come, Faustus, set it on.

Faust. So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*]

Meph. O, what will not I do to obtain his soul? [*Aside.*]

Faust. *Consummatum est*, this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?

Homo fuge: whither should I fly?

If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.

My senses are deceiv'd, here's nothing writ;—

I see it plain; here in this place is writ,

Homo fuge: yet shall not Faustus fly.

Meph. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

[*Aside, and then exit.*]

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with DEVILS, who give crowns and rich apparel to FAUSTUS, dance, and then depart.

Faust. Speak, Mephistophilis, what means this show?

Meph. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to shew thee what magic can perform.

Faust. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

Meph. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

Faust. Then there's enough for a thousand souls.

Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,

A deed of gift of body and of soul :

But yet conditionally that thou perform

All articles prescrib'd between us both !

Meph. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer

To effect all promises between us made.

Faust. Then hear me read them. [*Reads.*] *On these conditions following. First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and substance. Secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command. Thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him, and bring him whatsoever he desires. Fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible. Lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please. I, John Faustus of Wertenberg, Doctor, by these presents, do give both body and soul to Lucifer, prince of the East, and his minister Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, twenty-four years being expired, the*

articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus.

Meph. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed?

Faust. Ay, take it, and the devil give thee good on't.

Meph. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

Faust. First will I question with thee about hell.

Tell me, where is the place that men call hell?

Meph. Under the heavens.

Faust. Ay, but whereabout?

Meph. Within the bowels of these elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remain for ever :
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self place ; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is, must we ever be :
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heaven.

Faust. Come, I think, hell's a fable.

Meph. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

Faust. Why, think'st thou, then, that Faustus shall be damned?

Meph. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

Faust. Ay, and body too : but what of that ?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine

That, after this life, there is any pain ?

Tush, these are trifles and mere old wives' tales.

Meph. But, Faustus, I am an instance to prove the
contrary,

For I am damned, and am now in hell.

Faust. How! Now in hell !

Nay, an' this be hell, I'll willingly be damn'd here ;

What ! walking, disputing ! etc.

But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,

The fairest maid in Germany ;

For I am wanton and lascivious,

And cannot live without a wife.

Meph. How ! a wife !

I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

Faust. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one ;
For I will have one.

Meph. Well, thou wilt have one ? Sit there till I come :
I'll fetch thee a wife in the devil's name. [Exit.

*Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with a DEVIL drest like a woman,
with fireworks.*

Meph. Tell me, Faustus, how dost thou like thy wife ?

Faust. A plague on her

Meph. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy ;
If thou lovest me, think no more of it.

She whom thine eye shall like, thy heart shall have,
Be she as chaste as Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Hold, take this book, peruse it thoroughly : [*Gives book.*
The iterating of these lines brings gold ;
The framing of this circle on the ground
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder, and lightning ,
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thyself,
And men in armour shall appear to thee,
Ready to execute what thou desire'st.

Faust. Thanks, Mephistophilis : yet fain would I have a
book wherein I might behold all spells and incantations,
that I might raise up spirits when I please.

Meph. Here they are in this book. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Now would I have a book where I might see all
characters and planets of the heavens, that I might know
their motions and dispositions.

Meph. Here they are too. [*Turns to them.*

Faust. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I
have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and
trees, that grow upon the earth.

Meph. Here they be.

Faust. O, thou art deceived.

Meph. Tut, I warrant thee. [*Turns to them.*

SCENE II.

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast depriv'd me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou heaven is such a glorious thing?
I tell thee, 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me :
I will renounce this magic, and repent.

Enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

Good Ang. Faustus, repent ; yet God will pity thee.

Evil Ang. Thou art a spirit ; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit ?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me ;
Ay, God will pity me, if I repent.

Evil Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent.

[*Exeunt* ANGELS.]

Faust. My heart's so harden'd I cannot repent ;
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears

“Faustus, thou art damn’d!” then swords, and knives,
Poison, guns, halters, and envenom’d steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself;
And long ere this I should have slain myself,
Had not sweet pleasure conquer’d deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander’s love, and Cænon’s death?
And hath not he, that built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die, then, or basely despair?
I am resolv’d; Faustus shall ne’er repent.—
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe,
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres,
Mutually folded in each other’s orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree,
Whose terminine is termed the world’s wide pole:
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feign’d, but are erring stars.

Faust. But, tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ*
et tempore?

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four

hours upon the poles of the world ; but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush, these slender trifles Wagner can decide :
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill ?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets ?
The first is finish'd in a natural day ;
The second thus ; as Saturn in thirty years, Jupiter in twelve ;
Mars in four ; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year ; the
Moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's
suppositions. But, tell me, hath every sphere a dominion
or *intelligentia* ?

Meph. Ay.

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there ?

Meph. Nine ; the seven planets, the firmament, and the
empyrean heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question ; why have we
not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one
time, but in some years we have more, in some less ?

Meph. *Per inæqualem motum respectu totius.*

Faust. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the
world ?

Meph. I will not.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

Meph. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

Faust. Villain, have not I bound thee to tell me anything ?

Meph. Ay, that is not against our kingdom ; but this is.
Think thou on hell, Faustus, for thou art damned.

Faust. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. [*Exit.*

Faust. Ay ! go, accursèd spirit, to ugly hell !

'Tis thou hast damn'd distressèd Faustus' soul !

Is't not too late ?

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL and EVIL ANGEL.

Evil Ang. Too late.

Good Ang. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

Evil Ang. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

Good Ang. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin.

[*Exeunt ANGELS.*

Faust. Ah, Christ, my Saviour,

Seek to save distressèd Faustus' soul !

Enter LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Luc. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just :

'There's none but I have interest in the same.

Faust. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible ?

Luc. I am Lucifer ;

And this is my companion-prince in Hell.

Faust. O, Faustus, they are come to fetch away thy soul !

Luc. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us ;

Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise :

Thou shouldst not think of God : think of the devil,

And of his dam too.

Faust. Nor will I henceforth : pardon me in this,

And Faustus vows never to look to heaven,
Never to name God, or to pray to him,
To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers,
And make my spirits pull his churches down.

Luc. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are come from hell, to shew thee some pastime : sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

Faust. That sight will be as pleasing unto me,
As Paradise was to Adam, the first day
Of his creation.

Luc. Talk not of Paradise nor creation ; but mark this show : talk of the devil and nothing else.—Come away !

Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

Faust. What art thou, the first ?

Pride. I am Pride : I disdain to have any parents. Sometimes, like a perriwig, I sit upon a wench's brow ; or, like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips ; indeed, I do—what do I not ? But, fie, what a scent is here ? I'll not speak another word except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

Faust. What art thou, the second ?

Covet. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl, in an old leathern bag : and, might I have my wish, I would desire

that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O, my sweet gold !

Faust. What art thou, the third ?

Wrath. I am Wrath ; I had neither father nor mother : I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half-an-hour old ; and ever since I have run up and down the world with this case of rapiers, wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in hell ; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Faust. What art thou, the fourth ?

Envy. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney-sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O, that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone ! Then thou shouldst see how fat I would be. But must thou sit, and I stand ? come down, with a vengeance !

Faust. Away, envious rascal !—What art thou, the fifth ?

Glut. Who, I, sir ? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me ; but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers,—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage ! my grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine ; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickle-herring and Martin Martlemas-beef ; O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well-

beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny; wilt thou bid me to supper?

Faust. No, I'll see thee hanged; thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

Glut. Then the devil choke thee!

Faust. Choke thyself, glutton!—What art thou, the sixth?

Sloth. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

Faust. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

Lechery. Who, I, sir? The first letter of my name begins with L.

Luc. Away, to hell, to hell! [Exeunt the SINS.]

Luc. Now, Faustus, how dost thou like this?

Faust. O, this feeds my soul!

Luc. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Faust. O, might I see hell, and return again,
How happy were I then!

Luc. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight.
In meantime take this book; peruse it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

Faust. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

Luc. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the devil.

Faust. Farewell, great Lucifer.

[*Exeunt* LUCIFER and BELZEBUB.

Come, Mephistophilis. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. I learnèd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoked dragons' necks.
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of Holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemniz'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,
Pass'd with delight the stately town of Trier,
Environ'd round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep-entrenched lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering Prince ;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,

We saw the river Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines ;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings fair and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight forth, and pav'd with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents :
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb,
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Through a rock of stone, in one night's space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threatens the stars with her aspiring top.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time :
But tell me now, what resting-place is this ?
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome ?

Meph. Faustus, I have ; and because we will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

Faust. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

Meph. Tut, 'tis no matter, man ; we'll be bold with his good cheer.

And now, my Faustus, that thou mayst perceive
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills,
That underprop the groundwork of the same :
Just through the midst runs flowing Tiber's stream,

With winding banks that cut it in two parts ;
Over the which four stately bridges lean,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome.
Upon the bridge, call'd Ponte Angelo,
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ordnance are,
And double cannons fram'd of carvèd brass,
As match the days within one complete year ;
Besides the gates, and high pyramides,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa.

Faust. Now, by the kingdoms of infernal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lake
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome ;
Come, therefore, let's away.

Meph. Nay, Faustus, stay : I know you'd fain see the
Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald-pate friars,
Whose *sumnum bonum* is in belly-cheer.

Faust. Well, I'm content to compass them some sport,
And by their folly make us merriment ;
Then charm me, that I may be invisible
To do what I please,
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS charms him.]

Meph. So, Faustus ; now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.

*Sound a Sonnet. Enter the POPE and the CARDINAL of
LORRAIN to the banquet, with FRIARS attending.*

Pope. My Lord of Lorraine, will't please you draw near ?

Faust. Fall to, and the devil choke you, an' you spare.

Pope. How now ! who's that which spake ? Friars, look
about.

First Friar. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

Pope. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the
Bishop of Milan.

Faust. I thank you, sir. *[Snatches the dish.*

Pope. How now ! who's that which snatched the meat from
me ? will no man look ?—My lord, this dish was sent me
from the Cardinal of Florence.

Faust. You say true ; I'll ha't. *[Snatches the dish.*

Pope. What, again !—My lord, I'll drink to your Grace.

Faust. I'll pledge your Grace. *[Snatches the cup.*

C. of Lor. My lord, it may be some ghost, newly crept out
of Purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

Pope. It may be so.—Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the
fury of this ghost.—Once again, my lord, fall to.

[The POPE crosses himself.

Faust. What, are you crossing of yourself ?

Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[The POPE crosses himself again.

Well, there's the second time. Awa're the third;
I give you fair warning.

[*The POPE crosses himself again, and FAUSTUS hits him
a box of the ear; and they all run away.*

Come on, Mephistophilis; what shall we do?

Meph. Nay, I know not: we shall be cursed with bell,
book, and candle. [bell,—

Faust. How! bell, book, and candle,—candle, book, and
Forward and backward, to curse Faustus to hell!
Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,
Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the FRIARS to sing the Dirge.

First Friar. Come, brethren, let's about our business with
good devotion. [They sing.

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table!
maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face!
maledicat Dominus!

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate!
maledicat Dominus! [Dominus!

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! maledicat
Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! maledicat
Dominus!

Et omnes Sancti! Amen!

[MEPHISTOPHILIS and FAUSTUS beat the FRIARS, and
fling fire-works among them; and so exeunt.

ACT IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the
view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stay'd his course, and so returned home ;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and near'st companions,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answer'd with such learned skill
As they admir'd and wonder'd at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land ;
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did, in trial of his art,
I leave untold ; your eyes shall see['t] perform'd.

[Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter ROBIN, *the Ostler, with a book in his hand.*

Robin. O, this is admirable ! here I ha' stolen one of

Doctor Faustus' conjuring books, and, i'faith, I mean to search some circies for my own use.

Enter RALPH, calling ROBIN.

Ralph. Robin, prithee, come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean: he keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out; prithee, come away.

Robin. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up, you are dismembered, Ralph: keep out, for I am about a roaring piece of work.

Ralph. Come, what doest thou with that same book? thou canst not read?

Robin. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read.

Ralph. Why, Robin, what book is that?

Robin. What book! why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

Ralph. Canst thou conjure with it?

Robin. I can do all these things easily with it; first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tabern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring works.

Ralph. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

Robin. True, Ralph: and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchen-maid, thou shalt have her.

Ralph. O, brave, Robin ! shall I have Nan Spit ? On that condition I'll feed thy devil with horse-bread as long as he lives, of free cost.

Robin. No more, sweet Ralph : let's go and make clean our boots, which lie foul upon our hands, and then to our conjuring in the devil's name. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Enter ROBIN and RALPH with a silver goblet.

Robin. Come, Ralph ! did not I tell thee, we were for ever made by this Doctor Faustus' book ? *ecce, signum !* here's a simple purchase for horse-keepers ; our horses shall eat no hay as long as this lasts.

Ralph. But, Robin, here comes the Vintner.

Robin. Hush ! I'll gull him supernaturally.

Enter VINTNER.

Drawer, I hope all is paid ; God be with you !—Come, Ralph.

Vint. Soft, sir ; a word with you. I must yet have a goblet paid from you, ere you go.

Robin. I a goblet, Ralph, I a goblet !—I scorn you ; and you are but a, &c. I a goblet ! search me.

Vint. I mean so, sir, with your favour.

[*Searches ROBIN.*

Robin. How say you now?

Vint. I must say somewhat to your fellow.—You, sir!

Ralph. Me, sir! me, sir! search your fill. [VINTNER searches him.] Now, sir, you may be ashamed to burden honest men with a matter of truth.

Vint. Well, tone of you hath this goblet about you.

Robin. You lie, drawer, 'tis afore me [*Aside*].—Sirrah you, I'll teach you to impeach honest men;—stand by;—I'll scour you for a goblet;—stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to RALPH*].

Vint. What mean you, sirrah?

Robin. I'll tell you what I mean. [*Reads from a book.*] *Sanctobulorum Periphrasticon*—nay, I'll tickle you, Vintner.—Look to the goblet, Ralph [*Aside to RALPH*].—[*Reads*] *Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis, &c.*

Enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, sets squibs at their backs, and then exit. They run about.

Vint. *O, nomine Domini!* what meanest thou, Robin? thou hast no goblet.

Ralph. *Peccatum peccatorum!*—Here's thy goblet, good Vintner. [*Gives the goblet to VINTNER, who exit.*]

Robin. *Misericordia pro nobis!* what shall I do? Good devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Meph. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear,
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexèd with these villains' charms ?
From Constantinople am I hither come,
Only for pleasure of these damnèd slaves.

Robin. How, from Constantinople ! you have had a great journey : will you take sixpence in your purse to pay for your supper, and be gone ?

Meph. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog ; and so begone.
[*Exit.*

Robin. How, into an ape ! that's brave : I'll have fine sport with the boys ; I'll get nuts and apples enow.

Ralph. And I must be a dog.

Robin. I'faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage-pot.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter EMPEROR, FAUSTUS, and a KNIGHT, with
ATTENDANTS.

Emp. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare with thee for the rare effects of magic : they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This

therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported : and here I swear to thee, by the honour of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged.

Knight. I'faith he looks much like a conjuror. [*Aside.*

Faust. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable to the honour of your imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me.

Emp. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.

As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honour of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdu'd so many kingdoms,
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority :
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams,
As when I hear but motion made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.

If, therefore, thou, by cunning of thine art,
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entomb'd this famous conqueror,
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They us'd to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request, so far forth as by art and power of my spirit I am able to perform.

Knight. I'faith, that's just nothing at all. [Aside.]

Faust. But, if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust.

Knight. Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth. [Aside.]

Faust. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your Grace, in that manner that they both lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty.

Emp. Go to, Master Doctor; let me see them presently.

Knight. Do you hear, Master Doctor? you bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

Faust. How then, sir?

Knight. I'faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag.

Faust. No, sir; but, when Actæon died, he left the horns for you.—Méphistophilis, begone.

[*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Knight. Nay, an' you go to conjuring, I'll begone.

[*Exit.*

Faust. I'll meet with you anon for interrupting me so.—Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS, *with* SPIRITS *in the shapes of*
ALEXANDER *and his* PARAMOUR.

Emp. Master Doctor, I heard this lady, while she lived, had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

Faust. Your highness may boldly go and see.

Emp. Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes. [Exeunt SPIRITS.

Faust. Wilt please your highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late?

Emp. One of you call him forth. [Exit ATTENDANT.

Re-enter the KNIGHT, *with a pair of horns on his head.*

How now, sir knight! Feel on thy head.

Knight. Thou damnèd wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,

How dar'st thou thus abuse a gentleman?

Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

Faust. O, not so fast, sir! there's no haste: but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it.

Emp. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty release him: he hath done penance sufficient.

Faust. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence, as to delight you with some mirth, hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which being all I desire, I am content to release him of his horns:—and, sir knight, hereafter speak well of scholars.—Mephistophilis, transform him straight. [MEPHISTOPHILIS *removes the horns.*] Now, my good lord, having done my duty, I humbly take my leave.

Emp. Farewell, master Doctor: yet, ere you go, expect from me a bounteous reward.

[*Exeunt* EMPEROR, KNIGHT, and ATTENDANTS.]

SCENE IV.

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHILIS.

Faust. Now, Mephistophilis, the restless course
That time doth run with calm and silent foot,
Shortening my days and thread of vital life,
Calls for the payment of my latest years;

Therefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Make haste to Wertenberg.

Meph. What, will you go on horseback or on foot?

Faust. Nay, till I'm past this fair and pleasant green,
I'll walk on foot.

Enter a HORSE-COURSER.

Horse-courser. I have been all this day seeking one
Master Fustian : mass, see where he is !—God save you,
Master Doctor !

Faust. What, horse-courser ! you are well met.

Horse-c. Do you hear, sir ? I have brought you forty
dollars for your horse.

Faust. I cannot sell him so ; if thou likest him for fifty,
take him.

Horse-c. Alas, sir, I have no more !—I pray you, speak
for me.

Meph. I pray you, let him have him : he is an honest
fellow, and he has a great charge, neither wife nor
child.

Faust. Well, come, give me your money [*HORSE-COURSER
gives FAUSTUS the money*] : my boy will deliver him to you.
But I must tell you one thing before you have him ; ride
him not into the water, at any hand.

Horse-c. Why, sir, will he not drink of all waters ?

Faust. O, yes, he will drink of all waters ; but ride him not

into the water : ride him over hedge or ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water.

Horse-c. Well, sir.—Now I am a made man for ever ; I'll not leave my horse for forty. Well, God b'wi'ye, sir : your boy will deliver him me : but, hark you, sir ; if my horse be sick or ill at ease, you'll tell me what it is ?

Faust. Away, you villain ! what, dost think I am a horse-doctor ?

[*Exit* HORSE-COURSER.]

What art thou, Faustus, but a man condemn'd to die ?

Thy fatal time doth draw to final end ;

Despair doth drive distrust into my thoughts :

Confound these passions with a quiet sleep :

Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the Cross ;

Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in conceit.

[*Sleeps in his chair.*]

Re-enter HORSE-COURSER, *all wet, crying.*

Horse-courser. Alas, alas, Doctor Fustian, quotha ? mass, Dr. Lopus was never such a doctor : has given me a purgation, has purged me of forty dollars ; I shall never see them more. But yet, like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled by him, for he bade me I should ride him into no water : now I, thinking my horse had had some rare quality that he would not have had me know of, I, like a venturous youth, rid him into the deep pond at the town's end. I was no sooner in

the middle of the pond, but my horse vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle of hay, never so near drowning in my life. But I'll seek out my doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse !—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you hear? you, heypass, where's your master?

Meph. Why, sir, what would you? you cannot speak with him.

Horse-c. But I will speak with him.

Meph. Why, he's fast asleep: come some other time.

Horse-c. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass-windows about his ears.

Meph. I tell thee, he has not slept these eight nights.

Horse-c. An' he have not slept these eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

Meph. See, where he is, fast asleep.

Horse-c. Ay, this is he.—God save ye, Master Doctor, Master Doctor, Master Doctor Fustian! forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

Meph. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

Horse-c. So-ho, ho! so-ho, ho! [*Hollows in his ear.*] No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls FAUSTUS by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone! what shall I do?

Faust. O, my leg, my leg!—Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers.—My leg, my leg!

Meph. Come, villain, to the constable.

Horse-c. O Lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more !

Meph. Where be they ?

Horse-c. I have none about me : come to my ostry, and I'll give them you.

Meph. Begone quickly. [HORSE-COURSER *runs away*.]

Faust. What, is he gone ? farewell he ! Faustus has his leg again, and the Horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of ha for his labour : well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner ! what's the news with thee ?

Wag. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt doth earnestly entreat your company.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt ! an honourable gentleman, to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning.—Come, Mephistophilis, let's away to him. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter the DUKE of VANHOLT, the DUCHESS and FAUSTUS.

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this merriment hath much pleased me.

Faust. My gracious lord, I am glad it contents you so well.—But it may be, madam, you take no delight in this. I have heard that at times women do long for some

dainties or other : what is it, madam ? Tell me, and you shall have it.

Duchess. Thanks, good Master Doctor ; and, for I see
your courteous intent to pleasure me, I will not hide from
you the thing my heart desires ; and, were it now summer,
as it is January and the dead time of the winter, I would
desire no better meat than a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. Alas, madam, that's nothing !—Mephistophilis, be
gone ! [*Exit MEPHISTOPHILIS.*] Were it a greater thing
than this, so it would content you, you should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS with grapes.

Here they be, madam : wilt please you taste on them ?

Duke. Believe me, Master Doctor, this makes me wonder
above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter, and
in the month of January, how you should come by these
grapes.

Faust. If it like your Grace, the year is divided into two
circles over the whole world, that, when it is here winter
with us, in the contrary circle it is summer with them, as in
India, Saba, and farther countries in the east ; and by
means of a swift spirit that I have, I had them brought
hither, as you see.—How do you like them, madam ? Be
they good ?

Duchess. Believe me, Master Doctor, they be the best
grapes that e'er I tasted in my life before.

Faust. I am glad they content you so, madam.

Duke. Come, madam, let us in, where you must well reward this learned man for the great kindness he hath shewed to you.

Duchess. And so I will, my lord; and, whilst I live, rest beholding for this courtesy.

Faust. I humbly thank your Grace.

Duke. Come, Master Doctor, follow us, and receive your reward. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter WAGNER.

Wag. I think my master means to die shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods :
And yet, methinks, if that death were near,
He would not banquet, and carouse, and swill
Amongst the students, as even now he doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See, where they come ! belike the feast is ended. [Exit.

*Enter FAUSTUS with two or three SCHOLARS, and
MEPHISTOPHILIS.*

First Schol. Master Doctor Faustus, since our conference about fair ladies, which was the beautifulest in all the world, we have determined with ourselves that Helen of Greece

was the admirablest lady that ever lived ; therefore, Master Doctor, if you will do us that favour, as to let us see that peerless dame of Greece, whom all the world admires for majesty, we should think ourselves much beholding unto you.

Faust. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is unfeign'd,
And Faustus's custom is not to deny
The just request of those that wish him well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris cross'd the seas with her,
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.

[*Music sounds, and HELEN passeth over the stage.*

Sec. Schol. Too simple is my wit to tell her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

Third Schol. No marvel though the angry Greeks pursu'd
With ten years' war the rape of such a queen,
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all compare.

First Schol. Since we have seen the pride of Nature's
works,
And only paragon of excellence,
Let us depart ; and for this glorious deed
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell : the same I wish to you.

[*Exeunt SCHOLARS.*

Enter an OLD MAN.

Old Man. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou mayst attain the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest !
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous sin
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt.

Faust. Where art thou, Faustus ? wretch, what hast thou
done ?

Damn'd art thou, Faustus, damn'd ; despair and die !
Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice
Says, " Faustus, come ; thine hour is almost come ;"
And Faustus now will come to do thee right.

[MEPHISTOPHILIS gives him a dagger.]

Old Man. Ah, stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate
stabs !

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,
And, with a vial full of precious grace,
Offers to pour the same into thy soul :
Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

Faust. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel

'Thy words to comfort my distressèd soul !

Leave me awhile to ponder on my sins.

Old Man. I go, sweet Faustus ; but with heavy cheer,
Fearing the ruin of thy hapless soul. [Exit.

Faust. Accursèd Faustus, where is mercy now ?
I do repent ; and yet I do despair :
Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast :
What shall I do to shun the snares of death ?

Meph. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul
For disobedience to my sovereign lord :
Revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy flesh.

Faust. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord
To pardon my unjust presumption,
And with my blood again I will confirm
My former vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Do it, then, quickly, with unfeigned heart,
Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

Faust. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crookèd age,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great ; I cannot touch his soul ;
But what I may afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,—
That I might have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen which I saw of late,

Whose sweet embracings may extinguish clean
Those thoughts that do dissuade me from my vow,
And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

Meph. Faustus, this, or what else thou shalt desire,
Shall be perform'd in twinkling of an eye.

Re-enter HELEN.

Faust. Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?—
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.— [*Kisses her.*
Her lips suck forth my soul : see, where it flies !—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wertenberg be sacked ;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest ;
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars ;
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele ;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms ;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the OLD MAN.

Old Man. Accursèd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat !

Enter DEVILS.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride :
As in this furnace God shall try my faith,
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends, see how the heavens smile
At your repulse, and laugh your state to scorn !
Hence, hell ! for hence I fly unto my God.

[*Exeunt—on one side DEVILS, on the other, OLD MAN.*]

SCENE III.

Enter FAUSTUS, with SCHOLARS.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen !

First Schol. What ails Faustus ?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with
thee, then had I lived still ! but now I die eternally. Look,
comes he not ? comes he not ?

Sec. Schol. What means Faustus ?

Third Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by
being over-solitary.

First Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure
him.—'Tis but a surfeit ; never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite.

Faust. But Faustus's offence can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, O, would I had never seen Wertenberg, never read book! and what wonders I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Third Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep! but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood, instead of tears! yea, life and soul! O, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see, they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning!

All. God forbid !

Faust. God forbade it, indeed ; but Faustus hath done it : for vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood : the date is expired ; the time will come, and he will fetch me.

First Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee ?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so ; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces, if I named God, to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity : and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Schol. O, what shall we do to save Faustus ?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Schol. God will strengthen me ; I will stay with Faustus.

First Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend ; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me ; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell : if I live till morning, I'll visit you ; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell.

[*Exeunt SCHOLARS.*—*The clock strikes eleven.*]

Faust. Ah, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually!
Stand still; you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
O, I'll leap up to my God!—Who pulls me down?—
See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul, half a drop: ah, my
Christ!—
Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet will I call on him: O, spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'tis gone: and see, where God
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!
No, no!
Then will I headlong run into the earth:
Earth, gape! O, no, it will not harbour me!
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,

Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud[s],
That, when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend to heaven !

[The clock strikes the half-hour.]

Ah, half the hour is past ! 'twill all be past anon.

O God,

If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain ;
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd !
O, no end is limited to damnèd souls !

Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul ?

Or why is this immortal that thou hast ?

Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Unto some brutish beast ! all beasts are happy,
For, when they die,

Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements ;
But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me !
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

[The clock strikes twelve.]

O, it strikes, it strikes ! Now, body, turn to air,

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell !

[*Thunder and lightning.*

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found !

Enter DEVILS.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me !
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while !
Ugly hell, gape not ! come not, Lucifer !
I'll burn my books !—Ah, Mephistophilis !

[*Exeunt* DEVILS *with* FAUSTUS.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Cut is the branch that might have grown full
straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel-bough,
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.
Faustus is gone : regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise,
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits. [*Exit.*

Terminat hora diem ; terminat auctor opus.

FAUST.

PRELUDE AT THE THEATRE.

MANAGER. DRAMATIC POET. MR. MERRYMAN.

Manager. My two good friends, on whom I have depended,
At all times to assist me and advise ;
Aid your old friend once more—to-night he tries
(And greatly fears the fate that may attend it)
For German lands a novel enterprise.
To please the public I am most desirous ;
“Live and let live,” has ever been their maxim,
Gladly they pay the trifle that we tax 'em,
And gratitude should with new zeal inspire us.
Our temporary theatre's erected,
Planks laid, posts raised, and something is expected.
Already have the audience ta'en their station,
With eye-brows lifted up in expectation ;
Thoughtful and tranquil all—with hopes excited,
Disposed to be amused—amazed—delighted !
I know the people's taste—their whims—caprices,
Could always get up popular new pieces ;
But never have I been before so harassed
As now—so thoroughly perplexed, embarrassed !

Every one reads so much of every thing :
The books they read are not the best, 'tis true :
But then they are for ever reading—reading !
'This being so, how can we hope to bring
Any thing out, that shall be good and new ?
What chance of now as formerly succeeding ?

How I delight to see the people striving
To force their way into our crowded booth,
Pouring along, and fighting, nail and tooth,
Digging with elbows, through the passage driving,
As if it were St. Peter's gate, and leading
To something more desirable than Eden ;
Long before FOUR, while daylight's strong as ever,
All hurrying to the box of the receiver,
Breaking their necks for tickets—thrusting—jamming,
As at a baker's door in time of famine !

On men so various in their disposition,
So different in manners—rank—condition ;
How is a miracle like this effected ?
The poet—he alone is the magician.
On thee, my friend, we call—from thee expect it.

Poet. Oh, tell me not of the tumultuous crowd,
My powers desert me in the noisy throng ;
Hide, hide from me the multitude, whose loud
And dizzy whirl would hurry me along
Against my will ; and lead me to some lone

And silent vale—some scene in fairy-land,
There only will the poet's heart expand,
Surrendered to the impulses of song,
Lost in delicious visions of its own,
Where Love and Friendship o'er the heart at rest
Watch through the flowing hours, and we are blest !

Thoughts by the soul conceived in silent joy,
Sounds often muttered by the timid voice,
Tried by the nice ear, delicate of choice,
Till we at last are pleased, or self-deceived,
The whole a rabble's madness may destroy ;
And this, when, after toil of many years,
Touched and retouched, the perfect piece appears
To challenge praise, or win unconscious tears,
As the vain heart too easily believed ;
Some sparkling, showy thing, got up in haste,
Brilliant and light, will catch the passing taste.
The truly great, the genuine, the sublime
Wins its slow way in silence ; and the bard,
Unnoticed long, receives from after-time
The imperishable wreath, his best, his sole reward !

Mr. Merry. Enough of this cold cant of future ages,
And men hereafter doting on your pages ;
To prattle thus of other times is pleasant,
And all the while neglect our own, the PRESENT.
Why, what if I too—Mister Merryman—

In my vocation acted on your plan?
If on the unborn we squander our exertion,
Who will supply the living with diversion?
And, clamour as you, authors, may about it,
They want amusement—will not go without it;
Just look at me, a fine young dashing fellow—
My very face works wonders, let me tell you;—
Now my way, for your guidance I may mention—
Please but yourself, and feel no apprehension.
The crowd will share the feelings of the poet,
The praise he seeks they liberally bestow it:
The more that come, the better for the writer.
Each flash of wit is farther felt—seems brighter,
And every little point appreciated,
By some one in the circle over-rated,
All is above its value estimated:
Take courage then,—come—now for a *chef-d'œuvre*—
To make a name—to live, and live for ever—
Call FANCY up, with her attendant troop,
REASON and JUDGMENT, PASSION, MELANCHOLY,
WIT, FEELING, and among the choral group
Do not forget the little darling, FOLLY!

Manager. But above all, give them enough of action;
He who gives most, will give most satisfaction;
They come to see a *show*—no work whatever,
Unless it be a show, can win their favour;
Then, as they wish it, let them gape and stare;—

Crowd scene on scene—enough and still to spare.
 A show is what they want ; they love and pay for it ;
 Spite of its serious parts, sit through a play for it ;
 And he who gives one is a certain favourite ;
 Would you please many, you must give good measure ;
 Then each finds something in't to yield him pleasure ;
 The more you give, the greater sure your chance is
 To please, by varying scenes, such various fancies.
 The interest of a piece, no doubt, increases
 Divided thus, and broken into pieces.
 We want a dish to hit the common taste ;
 'Then hash it up and serve it out in haste !
 And, for my part, methinks it little matters :
 Though you may call your work a finished whole,
 The public soon will tear this whole to tatters,
 And but on piecemeal parts their praises dole.

Poet. You cannot think how very mean a task,
 How humbling to the genuine artist's mind,
 To furnish such a drama as you ask :
 The poor pretender's bungling tricks, I find,
 Are now established as the rules of trade,—
 Receipts—by which successful plays are made !

Manager. Such an objection is of little weight
 Against my reasoning. If a person chooses
 To work effectively, no doubt he uses
 The instrument that's most appropriate.
 Your play may—for your audience—be too good ;—

Coarse lumpish logs are they of clumsy wood—
Blocks—with the hatchet only to be hewed !—
One comes to drive away ennui or spleen ;
Another, with o'erloaded paunch from table ;
A third, than all the rest less tolerable,
From reading a review or magazine.
Hither all haste, anticipate delight,
As to a Masque, desire each face illuming,
And each, some novel character assuming,
Place for awhile their own half out of sight.
The ladies, too, tricked out in brilliant gear,
Themselves ambitious actresses appear,
And, though unpaid, are still performers here.
What do you dream in your poetic pride ?
Think you a full house can be satisfied
And every auditor an ardent cheerer ?
Pray, only look at them a little nearer ;
One half are cold spectators, inattentive ;
The other dead to every fine incentive ;
One fellow's thinking of a game of cards ;
One on a wild night of intoxication :
Why court for such a set the kind regards
Of the coy Muse—her highest fascination ?
I tell thee only, give enough—enough ;
Still more and more no matter of what stuff ;
You cannot go astray ; let all your views
Be only for the moment to amuse,

To keep them in amazement or distraction ;
Man is incapable of satisfaction.

Why, what affects you thus—is't inspiration ?
A reverie ?—ah ! can it be vexation ?

Poet. Go, and elsewhere some fitter servant find ;
What ! shall the poet squander then away,
For thy poor purposes, himself, his mind,
Profane the gift, which Nature, when she gave
To him, to him entrusted for mankind,
—Their birthright—thy poor bidding to obey,
And sink into an humble trading slave ?
Whence is his power all human hearts to win,
And why can nothing his proud march oppose,
As through all elements the conqueror goes ?
Oh, is it not the harmony within,
The music, that hath for its dwelling-place
His own rich soul ?—the heart that can receive
Again into itself, again embrace
The world it clothed with beauty and bade live ?
With unregarding hand when Nature throws
Upon the spindle the dull length of thread,
That on, still on, in weary sameness flows,
When all things, that in unison agreeing,
Should join to form the happy web of Being,
Are tangled in inextricable strife :
Who can awake the blank monotony
To measured order ? Who upon the dead

Unthinking chaos breathe the charm of life,
Restore the dissonant to harmony,
And bid the jarring individual be
A chord, that, in the general consecration,
Bears part with all in musical relation ?
Who to the tempest's rage can give a voice
Like human passion ? bid the serious mind
Glow with the colouring of the sunset hours ?
Who in the dear path scatter spring's first flowers,
When wanders forth the ladye of his choice ?
Who of the valueless green leaves can bind
A wreath—the artist's proudest ornament—
Or, round the conquering hero's brow entwined
The best reward his country can present ?
Whose voice is fame ? who gives us to inherit
Olympus, and the loved Elysian field ?
The soul of MAN sublimed—man's soaring spirit
Seen in the POET, gloriously revealed.

Mr. Merry. A poet yet should regulate his fancies,
Like that of life should get up his romances ;
First a chance meeting—then the young folk tarry
Together—toy and trifle, sigh and marry,
Are link'd for ever, scarcely half intending it,
Once met—'tis fixed—no changing and no mending it.
Thus a romance runs : fortune, then reverses ;
Rapture, then coldness ; bridal dresses—hearses ;
The lady dying—letters from the lover,

And, ere you think of it, the thing is over.
Shift your scenes rapidly ; write fast and gaily,
Give, in your play, the life we witness daily ;
The life which all men live, yet few men notice,
Yet which will please ('tis very strange, but so 'tis),
Will please, when forced again on their attention,
More than the wonders of remote invention ;
Glimmerings of truth—calm sentiment—smart strictures—
Actors in bustle—clouds of moving pictures—
'The young will crowd to see a work, revealing
Their own hearts to themselves ; in solitude
Will feast on the remembered visions—stealing
For frenzied passion its voluptuous food :
Unbidden smiles and tears unconscious start.
For oh ! the secrets of the poet's art,
What are they but the dreams of the young heart ?
Oh ! 'tis the young enjoy the poet's mood,
Float with him on imagination's wing,
Think all his thoughts, are his in everything,
Are, while they dream not of it, all they see :
Youth—youth is the true time for sympathy.
This is the sort of drink to take the town ;
Flavour it to their taste, they gulp it down.
Your true admirer is the generous spirit,
Unformed, unspoiled, he feels all kindred merit
As if of his own being it were part,
And growing with the growth of his own heart ;

Feels gratitude, because he feels that truth
Is taught him by the poet—this is Youth ;
Nothing can please your *grown* ones, they're so knowing,
And no one thanks the poet but the growing.

Poet. Give me, oh ! give me back the days
When I—I too—was young—
And felt, as they now feel, each coming hour
New consciousness of power.
Oh happy, happy time, above all praise !
Then thoughts on thoughts and crowding fancies sprung,
And found a language in unbidden lays ;
Unintermitted streams from fountains ever flowing.

Then, as I wander'd free,
In every field, for me

Its thousand flowers were blowing !
A veil through which I did not see,
A thin veil o'er the world was thrown
In every bud a mystery ;

Magic in everything unknown :—
The fields, the grove, the air was haunted,
And all that age has disenchanted.

Yes ! give me—give me back the days of youth,
Poor, yet how rich !—my glad inheritance
The inextinguishable love of truth,
While life's realities were all romance—
Give me, oh ! give youth's passions unconfined,
The rush of joy that felt almost like pain,.

Its hate, its love, its own tumultuous mind ;—
Give me my youth again !

Mr. Merry. Why, my dear friend, for youth thus sigh
and prattle,
'Twould be a very good thing in a battle ;
Or on your arm if a fine girl were leaning,
Then, I admit, the wish would have some meaning ;
In running for a bet, to clear the distance,
A young man's sinews would be some assistance ;
Or if, after a dance, a man was thinking
Of reeling out the night in glorious drinking ;
But you have only among chords, well known
Of the familiar harp, with graceful finger
Freely to stray at large, or fondly linger,
Courting some wandering fancies of your own ;
While, with capricious windings and delays,
Loitering, or lost in an enchanted maze
Of sweet sounds, the rich melody, at will
Gliding, here rests, here indolently strays,
Is ever free, yet evermore obeys
The hidden guide, that journeys with it still.
This is, old gentleman, your occupation,
Nor think that it makes less our veneration.
" Age," says the song, " the faculties bewildering,
Renders men childish "—no ! it finds them children.

Man. Come, come, no more of this absurd inventory
Of flattering phrases—courteous—complimentary.

You both lose time in words unnecessary,
Playing with language thus at fetch and carry ;
Think not of tuning now or preparation,
Strike up, my boy—no fear—no hesitation,
Till you commence no chance of inspiration.
But once assume the poet—then the fire
From heaven will come to kindle and inspire.
Strong drink is what we want to gull the people,
A hearty, brisk, and animating tippie ;
Come, come, no more delay, no more excuses,
The stuff we ask you for, at once produce us.
Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story
To-morrow—and the next more dilatory ;
Then indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest ? seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it,
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it, and the work will be completed !
You know our German bards, like bold adventurers,
Bring out whate'er they please, and laugh at censors,
Then do not think to-day of sparing scenery—
Command enough of dresses and machinery ;
Use as you please—fire, water, thunder, levin—
The greater and the lesser lights of heaven.
Squander away the stars at your free pleasure,
And build up rocks and mountains without measure.

Of birds and beasts we've plenty here to lavish,
 Come, cast away all apprehensions slavish—
 Strut, on our narrow stage, with lofty stature,
 As moving through the circle of wide nature.
 With swiftest speed, in calm thought weighing well
 Each movement—move from HEAVEN through EARTH to
 HELL.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

DER HERR, THE HEAVENLY HOSTS, *afterwards*
 MEPHISTOPHELES.

The three ARCHANGELS come forward.

Raphael. The sun, as in the ancient days,
 'Mong sister stars in rival song,
 His destined path observes, obeys,
 And still in thunder rolls along :
 New strength and full beatitude
 The angels gather from his sight,
 Mysterious all—yet all is good,
 All fair as at the birth of light !

Gabriel. Swift, unimaginably swift,
 Soft spins the earth, and glories bright
 Of mid-day Eden change and shift
 To shades of deep and spectral night.
 The vexed sea foams—waves leap and moan,
 And chide the rocks with insult hoarse,

And wave and rock are hurried on,
And suns and stars in endless course.

Michael. And winds with winds mad war maintain,
From sea to land, from land to sea ;
And heave round earth, a living chain
Of interwoven agency.—
Guides of the bursting thunder-peal,
Fast lightnings flash with deadly ray,
While, Lord, with Thee thy servants feel
Calm effluence of abiding day.

All. New strength and full beatitude
The angels gather from thy sight ;
Mysterious all, yet all is good,
All fair as at the birth of light.

Meph. Since Thou, O Lord, dost visit us once more,
To ask how things are going on, and since
You have received me kindly heretofore,
I venture to the levee of my prince.
Pardon me, if I fail, after the sort
Of bending courtiers here, to pay my court ;
The company is far too fine for me,
They smile with scorn such folk in heaven to see.
High hymns and solemn words are not my forte.
Pathos from me would look too like a joke ;
Words, that from others had set angels weeping,
To laughter would your very self provoke,
If laughter were not wholly out of keeping.

Nothing of suns or worlds have I to say,
I only see how men fret on their day ;
The little god of earth is still the same
Strange thing he was, when first to life he came ;
That life were somewhat better, if the light
Of heaven had not been given to spoil him quite.
Reason he calls it—see its blessed fruit,
Than the brute beast man is a beastlier brute ;
He seems to me, if I may venture on
Such a comparison, to be like one
Of those long lank-legged grasshoppers, whose song
The self-same creak, chirps, as they bound along,
Monotonous and restless in the grass,
'Twere well 'twas in grass always ; but, alas,
They thrust their snouts in every filth they pass.

Der Herr. Hast thou no more than this to say,
Thou, who complainest every day ?
Are all things evil in thy sight ?
Does nothing on the earth move right ?

Meph. Not anything, my lord—poor men so fervent
And foolish are—I almost feel compassion.

Der Herr. Dost thou know FAUST ?

Meph.

The doctor ?

Der Herr.

Yes ; my servant.

Meph. Truly, he serves in a peculiar fashion ;
Child though he be of human birth,
His food and drink are not of earth.

Foolish—even he at times will feel
The folly in such hopes to deal :—
His fancies hurry him afar ;
Of heaven he asks its highest star ;
Self-willed and spoiled, in mad pursuit,
Of earth demands its fairest fruit ;
And all that both can give supplied,
Behold him still unsatisfied !

Der Herr. Yes ; for he serves in a perplexing scene,
That oft misleads him. Still his WILL is right ;
Soon comes the time to lead him into light.
Now is the first prophetic green,
The hopes and promises of spring,
The unformed bud and blossoming ;
And he who reared the tree and knows the clime
Will seek and find fair fruit in fitting time.

Meph. What will you wager you don't lose him
yet.

With all his promise ? Had I only freedom
On my own path with easy lure to lead him,
I've not a doubt of it I win the bet.

Der Herr. As long as on the earth endures his life
To deal with him have full and free permission ;
Man's hour on earth is weakness, error, strife.

Meph. Cheerfully I agree to the condition ;
I have no fancy for the dead : your youth,
With full fresh cheeks, tastes daintier to my tooth.

Should a corpse call, the answer at my house
Is, "Not at home." My play is cat and mouse.

Der Herr. Be it permitted : from his source divert
And draw this Spirit captive down with thee ;
Till baffled and in shame thou dost admit,
"A good man, clouded though his senses be
By error, is no willing slave to it."
His consciousness of good will it desert
The good man ?—yea, even in his darkest hours
Still doth he war with Darkness and the Powers
Of Darkness ;—for the light he cannot see
Still round him feels ;—and, if he be not free,
Struggles against this strange captivity.

Meph. Aye ! feelings that have no abiding—
Short struggles—give him to my guiding—
I cannot have a doubt about the bet.
Oh ! in what triumph shall I crow at winning !
Dust he shall eat, and eat with pleasure yet,
Like that first SNAKE in my poor heraldry,
Who has been eating it from the beginning.

Der Herr. Here too take your own course—you are quite
free
In the concern,—with anything but loathing
I look on folk like you. My work demands
Such servants. Of the Spirits of Denial
The pleasantest, that figures in Man's Trial,
Is OLD INIQUITY in his Fool's clothing ;

The Vice is never heavy upon hands ;
 Without the Knave the Mystery were nothing.
 For MAN's activity soon tires,
 (A lazy being at the best)
 And sting and spur requires.
 In indolent enjoyment Man would live,
 And this companion, whom I therefore give,
 Goads, urges, drives—is devil and cannot rest.
 But ye, pure sons of God, be yours the sight
 Of Beauty, each hour brighter and more bright !
 The Life, in all around, below, above
 That ever lives and works—the Infinite
 Enfold you in the happy bonds of love !
 And all that flows unfixed and undefined
 In glimmering phantasy before the mind,
 Bid Thought's enduring chain for ever bind !

[*Heaven closes. The archangels disperse.*]

Meph. [*alone*]. I'm very glad to have it in my power
 To see him now and then ; he is so civil ;
 I rather like our good old governor—
 Think only of his speaking to the devil !

TIME, *Night.*

SCENE, *A high-arched, narrow, Gothic chamber—*

FAUST *at his desk—restless.*

Faust. Alas ! I have explored
 Philosophy, and Law, and Medicine ;

And over deep Divinity have pored,
Studying with ardent and laborious zeal ;
And here I am at last, a very fool,
With useless learning curst,
No wiser than at first !
Here am I—boast and wonder of the school :
Magister, Doctor, and I lead
These ten years past, my pupils' creed ;
Winding, by dexterous words, with ease,
Their opinions as I please.
And now to feel that nothing can be known !
This is a thought that burns into my heart.
I have been more acute than all these triflers,
Doctors and authors, priests, philosophers ;
Have sounded all the depths of every science.
Scruples, or the perplexity of doubt,
Torment me not, nor fears of hell or devil.
But I have lost all peace of mind :
Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
Seems now unmeaning or untrue.
The fancy too has died away,
The hope, that I might, in my day,
Instruct, and elevate mankind.
Thus robbed of learning's only pleasure,
Without dominion, rank, or treasure,
Without one joy that earth can give,
Could dog—were I a dog—so live ?

Therefore to magic, with severe
And patient toil, have I applied,
Despairing of all other guide,
That from some Spirit I might hear
Deep truths, to others unrevealed,
And mysteries from mankind sealed ;
And never more, with shame of heart,
Teach things, of which I know no part.
Oh, for a glance into the earth !
To see below its dark foundations,
Life's embryo seeds before their birth
And Nature's silent operations.
Thus end at once this vexing fever
Of words—mere words—repeated ever.

Beautiful Moon !—Ah ! would that now,
For the last time, thy lovely beams
Shone on my troubled brow !
Oft by this desk, at middle night,
I have sat gazing for thy light,
Wearied with search, through volumes endless,
I sate 'mong papers—crowded books,
Alone—when thou, friend of the friendless,
Camest smiling in, with soothing looks.
Oh, that upon some headland height
I now were wandering in thy light !
Floating with Spirits, like a shadow,
Round mountain-cave, o'er twilight meadow;

And from the toil of thought relieved,
No longer sickened and deceived,
In thy soft dew could bathe, and find
Tranquillity and health of mind.

Alas! and am I in the gloom
Still of this cursed dungeon room?
Where even heaven's light, so beautiful,
Through the stained glass comes thick and dull;
'Mong volumes heaped from floor to ceiling,
Scrolls with book-worms through them stealing;
Dreary walls, where dusty paper
Bears deep stains of smoky vapour;
Glasses, instruments, all lumber
Of this kind the place encumber;
All a man of learning gathers,
All bequeathed me by my fathers,
Crucibles from years undated,
Chairs of structure antiquated,
Are in strange confusion hurled!
Here, Faustus, is thy world—a world!
Still dost thou ask, why in thy breast
The sick heart flutters ill at rest?
Why a dull sense of suffering
Deadens life's current at the spring?
From living nature thou hast fled
To dwell 'mong fragments of the dead;
And for the lovely scenes which Heaven

Hath made man for, to man hath given ;
Hast chosen to pore o'er mouldering bones
Of brute and human skeletons !

Away—away and far away !
This book, where secret spells are scanned,
Traced by NOSTRADAM'S own hand,
Will be thy strength and stay :
The courses of the stars to thee
No longer are a mystery ;
The thoughts of Nature thou canst seek,
As Spirits with their brothers speak.
It is, it is the planet hour
Of thy own being ; light, and power,
And fervour to the soul are given,
As proudly it ascends its heaven.
To ponder here, o'er spells and signs,
Symbolic letters, circles, lines ;
And from their actual use refrain,
Were time and labour lost in vain :
Then ye, whom I feel floating near me,
Spirits, answer, ye who hear me !

*[He opens the book, and lights upon the sign
of MACROCOSMUS.]*

Ha ! what new life divine, intense,
Floods in a moment every sense ;
I feel the dawn of youth again,

Visiting each glowing vein !
 Was it a god—a god who wrote these signs?
 The tumults of my soul are stilled,
 My withered heart with rapture filled :
 In virtue of the magic lines,
 The secret powers that Nature mould.
 Their essence and their acts unfold—
 Am I a god?—Can mortal sight
 Enjoy, endure this burst of light?
 How clear these silent characters !
 All Nature present to my view,
 And each creative act of hers—
 And is the glorious vision true?
 The wise man's words at length are plain,
 Whose sense so long I sought in vain :
 “The Worlde of Spirits no Clouds conceale :
 Man's Eye is dim, it cannot see.
 Man's Heart is dead, it cannot feele.
 Thou, who wouldst knowe the Things that be,
 The Heart of Earth in the Sunrise red,
 Bathe, till its Stains of Earth are fled.”

[He looks over the sign attentively.]

Oh ! how the spell before my sight
 Brings nature's hidden ways to light :
 See ! all things with each other blending—
 Each to all its being lending—

All on each in turn depending—
Heavenly ministers descending—
And again to heaven up-tending—
Floating, mingling, interweaving—
Rising, sinking, and receiving
Each from each, while each is giving
On to each, and each relieving
Each, the pails of gold, the living
Current through the air is heaving ;
Breathing blessings, see them bending,
Balanced worlds from change defending,
While every where diffused is harmony unending !

Oh ! what a vision—but a vision only !
Can heart of man embrace
Illimitable Nature ?
Fountain of life, forth-welling ;
The same in every place ;
That dost support and cheer
Wide heaven, and teeming earth, and every creature
That hath therein its dwelling,
Oh ! could the blighted soul but feel thee near !
To thee still turns the withered heart,
To thee the spirit, seared and lonely,
Childlike, would seek the sweet restorative ;
On thy maternal bosom feed and live.
I ask a solace thou dost not impart ;

The food I hunger for thou dost not give !

*[He turns over the leaves of the book impatiently, till his
eye rests on the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.]*

How differently this sign affects my frame !

Spirit of Earth ! my nature is the same,

Or near akin to thine !

How fearlessly I read this sign !

And feel even now new powers are mine :

While my brain burns, as though with wine ;

Give me the agitated strife,

The madness of the world of life ;

I feel within my soul the birth

Of strength, enabling me to bear,

And thoughts, impelling me to share

The fortunes, good or evil, of the Earth ;

To battle with the Tempest's breath,

Or plunge where Shipwreck grinds his teeth.

All around grows cold and cloudy,

The moon withdraws her ray ;

The lamp's loose flame is shivering,

It fades, it dies away.

Ha ! round my brow what sparkles ruddy

In trembling light are quivering ?

And, to and fro,

Stream sheets of flame, in fearful play,

Rolled and unrolled,

In crimson fold,
They float and flow !
From the vaulted space above,
A shuddering horror seems to move
Down,—down upon me creeps and seizes
The life's blood, in its grasp that freezes ;
'Tis thou—I feel thee, SPIRIT, near,
Thou hast heard the spell, and thou
Art hovering around me now ;
Spirit ! to my sight appear,
How my heart is torn in sunder—
All my thoughts convulsed with wonder—
Every faculty and feeling
Strained to welcome thy revealing.
Spirit, my heart, my heart is given to thee,
Though death may be the price, I cannot choose but see !

*[He grasps the book, and pronounces the sign of the
Spirit mysteriously ; a red flame is seen playing
about, and in the flame the SPIRIT.]*

Spirit. Who calls me ?

Faust. *[averting his face.]* Form of horror, hence !

Spirit. Hither from my distant sphere,
Thou hast compelled me to appear ;
Hast sucked me down, and dragged me thence,
With importuning violence ;
And now——

Faust. I shudder, overpowered with fear.

Spirit. Panting, praying to look on me,

My voice to listen, my face to see,
Thy soul's strong mandate bends me down to thee.
Here am I—here and now, what fear
Seizes thee?—thee—the more than Man?

Where the strong soul, that could dare
Summon Us, Spirits? Where
The soul, that could conceive, and plan,
Yea, and create its world; whose pride
The bounds which limit Man defied,
Heaved with high sense of inborn powers,
Nor feared to mete its strength with ours.
Where art thou, Faust? and, were the accents thine,
That rang to me? the soul that pressed itself to mine?
Art thou the same, whose senses thus are shattered,
Whose very being in my breath is scattered
Shuddering thro' all life's depths—poor writhing worm!

Faust. Creature of flame, shall I grow pale before thee?
I am he, I called thee, I am Faust, thy Equal!

Spirit. In the currents of life, in the tempests of motion,
In the fervour of act, in the fire, in the storm,

Hither and thither,
Over and under,
Wend I and wander.
Birth and the grave
Limitless ocean,
Where the restless wave
Undulates ever,

Under and over
 Their seething strife,
 Heaving and weaving
 The changes of life.

At the whirring loom of Time unawed,
 I work the living mantle of God.

Faust. Swift Spirit, that ever round the wide world
 heavest !

How near I feel to thee !

Spirit. Man, thou art as the Spirit, whom thou conceivest,

Not ME.

[*Vanishes.*

Faust [*overpowered with confusion*]. Not thee !

Whom then ? I ! image of the Deity !

And not even such as thee !

[*A knock.*

'Sdeath ! 'tis this pupil lad of mine—

He comes my airy guests to banish.

This elevating converse dread,

These visions, dazzlingly outspread

Before my senses, all will vanish

At the formal fellow's tread !

*Enter WAGNER, in his dressing-gown and night-cap—a lamp
 in his hand. FAUST turns round, displeased.*

Wag. Forgive me, but I thought you were declaiming.
 Been reciting some Greek tragedy, no doubt ;
 I wish to improve myself in this same art ;

'Tis a most useful one. I've heard it said,
An actor might give lessons to a priest.

Faust. Yes ! when your priest's an actor, as may happen.

Wag. Oh ! if a man shuts himself up for ever
In his dull study ; if one sees the world
Never, unless on some chance holyday,
Looks at it from a distance, through a telescope,
How can we learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence ? to rule them, or persuade ?

Faust. If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive ;
If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers, with communicated power,
In vain you strive—in vain you study earnestly.
Toil on for ever ; piece together fragments ;
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes ;
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors ;
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children !
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native from the heart !

Wag. EXPRESSION, graceful utterance, is the first
And best acquirement of the orator.
This do I feel, and feel my want of it !

Faust. Be honest, if you would be eloquent;
Be not a chiming fool with cap and bells;
Reason and genuine feeling want no arts
Of utterance—ask no toil of elocution;
And when you are in earnest, do you need
A search for words? Oh! these fine holyday phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out common-places,
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl,
And twist into a thousand idle shapes,
These filigree ornaments are good for nothing,
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;
Are unrefreshing, as the wind that whistles,
In autumn, 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.

Wag. The search of knowledge is a weary one,
And life how short! *Ars longa, Vita brevis!*
How often have the heart and brain, o'er-tasked,
Shrunk back despairing from enquiries vain!
Oh! with what difficulty are the means
Acquired, that lead us to the springs of knowledge!
And when the path is found, ere we have trod
Half the long way—poor wretches! we must die!

Faust. Are mouldy records, then, the holy springs,
Whose healing waters still the thirst within?

Oh! never yet hath mortal drunk
A draught restorative,
That welled not from the depths of his own soul!

Wag. Pardon me—but you will at least confess

That 'tis delightful to transfuse yourself
 Into the spirit of the ages past ;
 To see how wise men thought in olden time,
 And how far we outstep their march in knowledge.

Faust. Oh yes ! as far as from the earth to heaven !
 To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
 Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals :
 That which you call the spirit of ages past
 Is but, in truth, the spirit of some few authors
 In which those ages are beheld reflected,
 With what distortion strange heaven only knows.
 Oh ! often, what a toilsome thing it is
 This study of thine, at the first glance we fly it.
 A mass of things confusedly heaped together ;
 A lumber-room of dusty documents,
 Furnished with all-approved court-precedents,
 And old traditional maxims ! History !
 Facts dramatized say rather—action—plot—
 Sentiment, every thing the writer's own,
 As it best fits the web-work of his story,
 With here and there a solitary fact
 Of consequence, by those grave chroniclers,
 Pointed with many a moral apophthegm,
 And wise old saws, learned at the puppet-shows.

Wag. But then the world, man's heart and mind, are
 things
 Of which 'twere well that each man had some knowledge.

Faust. Why yes!—they call it *knowledge*. Who may dare
To name things by their real names? The few
Who did know something, and were weak enough
To expose their hearts unguarded—to expose
Their views and feelings to the eyes of men,
They have been nailed to crosses—thrown to flames.
Pardon me; but 'tis very late, my friend;
Too late to hold this conversation longer.

Wagner. How willingly would I sit up for ever,
Thus to converse with you so learnedly.
To-morrow, as a boon on Easter-day,
You must permit me a few questions more:
I have been diligent in all my studies;
Given my whole heart and time to the pursuit;
And I know much, but would know every thing. [*Exit.*

Faust [*alone*]. How hope abandons not the humblest
mind!
Poor lad! he clings to learning's poorest forms,
Delves eagerly for fancied gold to find
Worms—dust; is happy among dust and worms!

Man's voice, and such a man's, and did it dare
Breathe round me here, where Spirits thronged the air?
And yet, poor humble creature that thou art,
How do I thank thee from my very heart!
When my senses sank beneath
Despair, and sought relief in death;

When life within me dying shivered,
Thy presence from the trance delivered.
Oh, while I stood before that giant stature,
How dwarfed I felt beneath its nobler nature !

Image of God ! I thought that I had been
Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay,
That, shining gloriously with Heaven's own day,
I had beheld Truth's countenance serene.
High above cherubs—above all that serve,
Raised up immeasurably—every nerve
Of Nature's life seemed animate with mine ;
Her very veins with blood from my veins filled—
Her spirit moving as my spirit willed ;
Then did I in creations of my own
(Oh, is not man in every thing divine !)
Build worlds—or bidding them no longer be—
Exert, enjoy a sense of deity—
Doomed for such dreams presumptuous to atone ;
All by one word of thunder overthrown !

Spirit, I may not mete myself with thee !
True, I compelled thee to appear,
But had no power to hold thee here.
Oh ! in that rapturous moment how I felt—
How little and how great ! and thus to be
With savage scorn fiercely flung back upon
The lot to mortals dealt.

And its uncertainties ! again the prey
Of deep disquietude ! with none
To guide me on my way,
Or shew me what to shun !
That impulse goads me on—shall I obey ?
Alas ! 'tis not our sufferings alone,
But even our acts obstruct us and delay
Our life's free flow.

To what man's spirit conceives
Of purest, best, some foreign growth still cleaves,
We seize what this world gives of good, and deem
All Better a deception and a dream.
High feelings, that in us to life gave birth,
Are numbed and wither in the coil of earth.

How boldly, in the days of youthful Hope,
Imagination spreads her wing unchecked,
Deeming all things within her ample scope,
To the ETERNAL ! and how small a space
Suffices her when Fortune flees apace,
And all we loved in life's strange whirl is wrecked !
Deep in the breast Care builds her nest,
Rocks restlessly and scares away all rest.
Some secret sorrow still the envious one
Keeps stirring at till peace and joy are gone.
Each day she masks her in some new disguise,
Each day with some new trick the temper tries,

Is House and Homestead, Child and Wife,
Fire, Water, Poison, Dagger-knife.
Evils that never come disquiet thee
Evermore mourning losses not to be !

I am not like the gods. No ! no ! I tremble,
Feeling impressed upon my mind the thought,
Of the mean worm whose nature I resemble.
'Tis dust, and lives in dust, and the chance tread
Crushes the wretched reptile into nought.

Is this not dust in which I live ?
This prison-place, what can it give
Of life or comfort ? wheresoe'er
The sick eye turns, it sees one tier—
Along the blank high wall—of shelves
And gloomy volumes, which themselves
Are dust and lumber ; and the scrolls
That crowd the hundred pigeon-holes
And crevices of that old case—
That darkens and confines the space
Already but too small—'mong these
What can life be but a disease ?
Here housed in dust, with grub and moth.
I sicken—mind and body both.
—Shall I find here the cure I ask,
Resume the edifying task
Of reading, in a thousand pages,

That care-worn man has, in all ages,
Sowed Vanity to reap Despair?
That one, mayhap, has here and there
Been less unhappy?

Hollow Skull,

I almost fancy I divine
A meaning in thy spectral smile.
Saith it not that thy brain, like mine,
Still loved, and sought the Beautiful;
Loved Truth for Truth's own sake; and sought,
Regardless of aught else the while,
Like mine, the light of cloudless day—
And, in unsatisfying thought
By twilight glimmers led astray,
Like mine at length sank over-wrought?

Every thing fails me—every thing—
These instruments, do they not all
Mock me? lathe, cylinder, and ring,
And cog and wheel—in vain I call
On you for aid, ye keys of Science,
I stand before the guarded door
Of Nature; but it bids defiance
To latch or ward: in vain I prove
Your powers—the strong bolts will not move.
Mysterious, in the blaze of day,
Nature pursues her tranquil way:

The veil she wears, if hand profane
Should seek to raise, it seeks in vain,
Though from her spirit thine receives,
When hushed it listens and believes,
Secrets—revealed, else vainly sought,
Her free gift when man questions not,—
Think not with levers or with screws
To wring them out if she refuse.

Old Furniture—cumbrous and mean !
It is not, has not ever been
Of use to me—why here? because
My father's furniture it was !
—Old Roll ; and here it still remains,
And soiled with smoke, its very stains
Might count how many a year the light
Hath, from this desk, through the dead night,
Burn'd in its sad lamp, nothing bright !
—'Twere better did I dissipate,
Long since, my little means, than be
Crushed down and cumbered with its weight :
All that thy fathers leave to thee,
At once ENJOY it—thus alone
Can man make any thing his own ;
A hindrance all that we employ not—
A burden all that we enjoy not.
HE knows, who rightly estimates,

That what the moment can employ,
What it requires and can enjoy,
The MOMENT for itself creates.

What can it be, that thither draws
The eye, and holds it there, as though
The flask a very magnet were?
And whence, oh, whence this lavish glow,
This lustre of enchanted light,
Pour'd down at once, and every where—
Birth of the moment—like the flood
Of splendour round us, when at night
Breathes moonlight over a wide wood?

Oh phial!—happy phial!—here
Hope is,—I greet thee,—I revere
Thee as Art's best result—in Thee
Science and Mind triumphant see,—
Essence of all sweet slumber-dews!
Spirit of all most delicate
Yet deadliest powers!—be thou my friend--
A true friend—thou wilt not refuse
Thine own old master this!—I gaze
On thee—the pain subsides—the weight
That pressed me down less heavy weighs.

I grasp thee—faithful friend art thou :—
Already do I feel the strife

That preyed upon my powers of life
Calmed into peace ; and now—and now
The swell, that troubled the clear spring
Of my vext spirit, ebbs away ;
Outspread, like ocean, Life and Day
Shine with a glow of welcoming ;—
Calm at my feet the glorious mirror lies,
And tempts to far-off shores, with smiles from other skies !

And, lo ! a car of fire to me
Glides softly hither ; from within
Come winged impulses, to bear
The child of earth to freer air :
Already do I seem to win
My happy course, from bondage free,
On paths unknown, to climes unknown,
Glad spheres of pure activity !
Powers yet unfelt—worlds yet untrod—
And life, poured every where abroad,
And rapture worthy of a God !
—Worm that thou art, and can it be
Such joy is thine, is given to thee ?
Determine only,—’tis thy own ;
Say thy firm farewell to the sun,
The kindly sun—its smiling earth—
One moment, one,—and all is done,—
One pang—then comes the second birth !

—Find life where others fear to die ;
Take measure of thy strength, and burst—
Burst wide the gate of liberty ;
—Show, by man's acts man's spirit durst
Meet God's own eye, and wax not dim ;
Stand fearless, face to face with Him !

Shudder not now at that blank cave
Where, in self-torturing disease,
Pale Fancy hears sad Spirits rave,
And is herself the hell she sees.
—Press through the strait, where stands Despair
Guarding it, and the fiery wave
Boils up,—and know no terror there !
Determine ;—be of happy cheer
In this high hour—be thy advance
The proud step of a triumph-day ;
—Be firm, and cast away all fear ;—
And freely,—if such be the chance—
Flow into nothingness away !

And thou, clear crystal goblet, welcome thou !
Old friend and faithful, from thy antique case
Come forth with gay smile now,
As gently I displace
The time-stain'd velvet ; years unnumbered,
Forgotten hast thou slumbered ;
Once bright at many a festival,
When, in the old man's hall,

Old friends were gathered all,
 And thou with mirth didst light grave features up,
 On days of high festivity,
 And family solemnity,
 As each to each passed on the happy cup ;
 Its massy pride, the figures rich and old,
 Of curious carving, and the merry task
 Of each (thus did our pleasant customs ask)
 Who drank, the quaint old symbols to unfold,
 In rhymes made at the moment ; then the mask
 Of serious seeming, as at one long draught
 Each guest the full deep goblet duly quaffed ;
 The old cup, the old customs, the old rhymes,
 All now are with me : all, that of old times
 Can speak, are speaking to my heart ; the nights
 Of boyhood, and their manifold delights ;
 Oh ! never more to gay friend sitting next
 Shall my hand reach thee ; never more from me
 Shall merry rhyme illustrate the old text,
 And into meaning read each mystery ;
 This is a draught that, if the brain still think,
 Will set it thinking in another mood ;
 Old cup, now fill thee with the dark brown flood ;
 It is my choice ; I mixed it, and will drink :
 My last draught this on earth I dedicate,
 (And with it be my heart and spirit borne !)
 A festal offering to the rising morn.

[He places the goblet to his mouth]

Bells heard, and voices in chorus.

EASTER HYMN.—*Chorus of ANGELS.*

Christ is from the grave arisen,
 Joy is His. For Him the weary
 Earth hath ceased its thralldom dreary,
 And the cares that prey on mortals :
 He hath burst the grave's stern portals ;
 The grave is no prison :
 The Lord hath arisen !

Faust. Oh, those deep sounds, those voices rich and
 heavenly !

How powerfully they sway the soul, and force
 The cup uplifted from the eager lips !
 Proud bells, and do your peals already ring,
 To greet the joyous dawn of Easter-morn ?
 And ye, rejoicing choristers, already
 Flows forth your solemn song of consolation ?
 That song, which once, from angel lips resounding
 Around the midnight of the grave, was heard,
 The pledge and proof of a new covenant !

HYMN *continued.*—*Chorus of WOMEN.*

We laid Him for burial
 'Mong aloes and myrrh ;
 His children and friends
 Laid their dead Master here !

All wrapt in His grave-dress,
We left Him in fear—
Ah! where shall we seek Him?
‘The Lord is not here!’

Chorus of ANGELS.

The Lord hath arisen,
Sorrow no longer;
Temptation hath tried Him,
But He was the stronger.
Happy, happy victory!
Love, submission, self-denial
Marked the strengthening agony,
Marked the purifying trial;
The grave is no prison:
The Lord hath arisen.

Faust. Soft sounds, that breathe of Heaven, most mild,
most powerful,
What seek ye here?—Why will ye come to me
In dusty gloom immersed?—Oh! rather speak
To hearts of soft and penetrable mould!
I hear your message, but I have not faith—
And Miracle is fond Faith’s favourite child!
I cannot force myself into the spheres,
Where these good tidings of great joy are heard;
And yet, from youth familiar with the sounds,

Even now they call me back again to life ;
Oh ! once, in boyhood's happy time, Heaven's love
Showered down upon me, with mysterious kiss
Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath-day !
Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
Yearnings for something that I knew not of,
Deep meanings in the full tones of the bells
Mingled—a prayer was burning ecstasy—
Drove me, a wanderer through lone fields and woods ;
Then tears rushed hot and fast—then was the birth
Of a new life and a new world for me ;
These bells announced the merry sports of youth,
This music welcomed in the happy spring ;
And now am I once more a little child,
And old Remembrance, twining round my heart,
Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps—
Then sing ye on—sweet songs that are of Heaven !
Tears come, and EARTH hath won her child again.

HYMN continued.—Chorus of DISCIPLES.

He, who was buried,
Hath burst from the grave !
From death re-assuming
The life that He gave,
Is risen in glory,
Is mighty to save !

And onward—still onward
 Arising, ascending,
 To the right hand of Power
 And Joy never-ending.

Enthroned in brightness,
 His labours are over ;
 On earth His disciples
 Still struggle and suffer !

His children deserted
 Disconsolate languish—
 Thou art gone, and to glory—
 Hast left us in anguish !

Chorus of ANGELS.

Christ is arisen,
 The Lord hath ascended ;
 The dominion of death
 And corruption is ended.

Your work of obedience
 Haste to begin ;
 Break from the bondage
 Of Satan and Sin.

In your lives HIS laws obey
 Let love your governed bosoms sway—
 Blessings to the poor convey,

To GOD with humble spirit pray,
 To MAN His benefits display :
 Act thus, and He, your MASTER dear,
 Though unseen, is ever near !

BEFORE THE GATE.

Persons of all descriptions strolling out.

A Party of Tradesmen. What are you going for in that direction ?

Second Party. We are going to the Jägerhaus.

First Party. And we
 Are strolling down to the Mill.

A Tradesman. I would advise you
 Rather to take a walk to the Wasserhof.

A Second. The road to it is not a pleasant one.

Second Party. What are you for ?

A Third. I go with the other party.

A Fourth. Take my advice, and let us come to Burgdorf :
 There, any way, we shall be sure of finding
 The prettiest girls, and the brownest beer,
 And lots of rows in the primest style.

A Fifth. What, boy,
 Art at it still ? two drubbings, one would think,
 Might satisfy a reasonable man.
 I won't go there with you—I hate the place !

Servant Maid. No ! no !—not I—I'll go back to the town

Another. We'll find him surely waiting at the poplars.

The First. Great good is that to me,—he'll give his
arm

To you—and dance with you—and why should I go
For nothing in the world but your amusement?

The Second. To-day he'll certainly not be alone,
His curly-headed friend will be with him.

Student. Look there—look there—how well those girls
step out—

Come, brother, come let's keep them company.

Stiff beer, biting tobacco, and a girl

In her smart dress, are the best things I know.

Citizen's Daugh. Only look there—what pretty fellows
these are!

'Tis quite a shame, when they might have the best

Of company, to see them running after

A pair of vulgar minxes—servant girls.

Second Stu. [*to the first*]. Stay, easy—here are two fine
girls behind us,

Showily dressed. I know one of them well—

And, I may say, am half in love with her.

Innocent things! with what a modest gait

And shy step they affect to pace; and yet,

For all their bashfulness, they'll take us with them.

First Stu. Join them, yourself—not I—I hate restraint.

Let us not lose time with them, or the game escapes,

Give me the girl that gives a man no trouble,

That on the week-days does her week-day work,
And, the day after, work that she loves better.

Citizen. Well, I do not like this new burgomaster.
Not a day passes but he grows more insolent,
Forsooth ! presuming on his dignity.
And what good is he to us after all ?
The town is growing worse from day to day,
They are more strict upon us now than ever,
And raise continually the rates and taxes.

Beggar [sings].

*Masters good, and ladies bright,
Rosy-cheeked, and richly dressed,
Look upon a wretched sight,
And relieve the poor distressed :
Let me not in vain implore !
Pity me !—with chime and voice
Would I cheer you—let the poor
When all else are glad, rejoice !
I must beg, for I must live.
Help me ! blessed they who give !
When all other men are gay
Is the beggar's harvest day.*

Second Cit. Well ! give me, on a saint's day, or a Sunday,
When we have time for it, a tale of war
And warlike doings far away in Turkey—
How they are busy killing one another.
'Tis pleasant to stand gazing from the window,

Draining your glass at times, and looking on
 The painted barges calmly gliding down
 The easy river. Then the homeward walk
 In the cool evening hour ; this makes the heart
 Glad, and at peace with all things and itself.
 Yes ! give me peace at home, and peaceful times !

Third Cit. Ay, so say I—break every head abroad—
 Turn all things topsy-turvy, so they leave us
 Quiet at home.

Old Woman [to the CITIZEN'S DAUGHTERS]. Ha ! but
 you are nicely dressed,
 And very pretty creatures—you'll win hearts
 To-day—ay, that you will—only don't look
 So very proud—yes ! that is something better—
 I know what my young pets are wishing for,
 And thinking of, and they shall have it too !

Citizen's Dau. Come, Agatha, come on—I'd not be
 seen
 With the old witch in public ; yet she showed me,
 On last St. Andrew's night, in flesh and blood,
 My future lover.

The Other. In the glass she showed
 Me mine. The figure was a soldier's, and
 With him a band of gay bold fellows. Since,
 I have been looking round, and seeking for him,
 But all in vain—'tis folly—he won't come.

Soldier. Towns with turrets, walls, and fences,

*Maidens with their haughty glances,
These the soldier seeks with ardour,
Say to conquer which is harder?
Death and danger he despises,
When he looks upon the prizes.
Danger is the soldier's duty,
And his prize is fame and beauty.*

*Rush we, at the trumpet's measure,
With blithe hearts to death and pleasure ;
How the soldier's blood is warming
When we think of cities storming !
Fortress strong, and maiden tender,
Must alike to us surrender.
Danger is the soldier's duty,
But his prize is fame and beauty.*

Faust. River and rivulet are freed from ice
In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—
Green are the fields with promise—far away
To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn
Strengthless—but still at intervals will send
Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white
Mocking a little while the coming bloom—
Still soils with showers of sharp and bitter sleet,
In anger impotent, the earth's green robe ;
But the sun suffers not the lingering snow—
Every where life—every where vegetation

All nature animate with glowing hues—
 Or, if one spot be touched not by the spirit
 Of the sweet season, there, in colours rich
 As trees or flowers, are sparkling human dresses !
 Turn round, and from this height look back upon
 The town : from its black dungeon gate forth pours,
 In thousand parties, the 'gay multitude,
 All happy, all indulging in the sunshine !
 All celebrating the Lord's resurrection,
 And in themselves exhibiting as 'twere
 A resurrection too—so changed are they,
 So raised above themselves. From chambers damp
 Of poor mean houses—from consuming toil
 Laborious—from the work-yard and the shop—
 From the imprisonment of walls and roofs,
 And the oppression of confining streets,
 And from the solemn twilight of dim churches—
 All are abroad—all happy in the sun.
 Look, only look, with gaiety how active,
 Through fields and gardens they disperse themselves !
 How the wide water, far as we can see,
 Is joyous with innumerable boats !
 See, there, one almost sinking with its load,
 Parts from the shore ; yonder the hill-top paths
 Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses !
 And, hark ! the sounds of joy from the far village !
 This is the people's very heaven on earth !

The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting—
Here may I feel that I too am a man !

Wag. Doctor, to steal about with you, 'tis plain
Is creditable, brings its own great gain.
But otherwise, I'd never throw away
My time in such a place. I so detest
Everything vulgar—hear them ! how they play
Their creaking fiddles—hark the kettle-drums ;
And their damned screaming to the ear that comes
Worse, if 'twere possible, than all the rest.
They rave like very devils let loose on earth—
This they call singing !—this, they say, is mirth !

Peasants. [dancing and singing.] The shepherd for the
dance is drest
In ribands, wreath, and flashy vest ;
Round and round like mad they spin
To the fiddle's lively din.
All are dancing full of glee,
All beneath the linden tree.

'Tis merry and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
Blithe goes the fiddle-bow !

Soon he runs to join the rest ;
Up to a pretty girl he prest ;
With elbow raised and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow—
Pressed her hand : with feigned surprise,

Up she raised her timid eyes !

“ ’Tis strange that you should use me so,

So, so—heigh-ho—

’Tis rude of you to use me so.”

All into the set advance,

Right they dance, and left they dance—

Gowns and ribands how they fling,

Flying with the flying ring ;

They grew red, and faint, and warm,

And rested, sinking, arm in arm.

Slow, slow, heigh-ho,

Tired in elbow, foot, and toe !

“ And do not make so free,” she said ;

“ I fear that you may never wed ;

Men are cruel ”—and he prest

The maiden to his beating breast.

Hark ! again, the sounds of glee

Swelling from the linden tree.

’Tis merry, ’tis merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho,

Blithe goes the fiddle-bow !

Old Peas. This, doctor, is so kind of you,

A man of rank and learning too ;

Who, but yourself, would condescend

Thus with the poor, the poor man’s friend,

To join our sports ? In this brown cheer
Accept the pledge we tender here,
A draught of life may it become
And years on years, oh ! may you reach,
As cheerful as these beads of foam,
As countless, too, a year for each !

Faust. Blest be the draught restorative !
I pledge you—happy may you live !

[The people collect in a circle round him.]

Old Peas. Yes ! witness thou the poor man's glee,
And share in his festivity :
In this hath fortune fairly dealt
With him who, in the evil day
Of the black sickness, with us dwelt,
When Plague was numbering his prey—
In strength and health how many gather
To this day's pastimes, whom thy father
Rescued from death in that last stage,
When the disease, tired out at length
Is followed by the fever's rage,
And prostrate sinks the vital strength ;
And you, too, in that time of dread
And death, a young man, visited
Each house of sickness :—evermore,
Day after day, the black hearse bore
Corse after corse—still, day by day,
The good man held his fearless way

Unscathed ; for God a blessing gave,
And saved the man who sought to save.

All. For thee, tried friend, our prayers we raise,
And, when we wish thee length of days,
'Tis for himself that each man prays.

Faust. In thanks to the great Father bend,
We are but servants to extend
Blessings, that flow from man's one Friend.

[*Goes on with* WAGNER.

Wag. With what a sense of pure delight,
Master, must thou enjoy the sight
Of this vast crowd, and the unchecked
Expression of their deep respect !
Oh, happy he, who thus to Heaven
Can render back the talents given !
The pious father points thee out
To his young folk—they gaze, and ask,
And gaze again—and crowd about.
The blithe musician in his task
Pauses—the dancers turn to thee,
And gather into rows to see
The man they honour passing by—
And then the gratulating shout—
And then the caps flung up on high :
They almost worship thee—almost
Would bend the knee as to the Host.

Faust. To yonder rock is but a few steps on—

After our long walk we may rest us there.

Here oft I've sate to muse ; here all alone
By vigil, fast, and agonies of prayer
—In Hope then rich, in Faith unwavering,
With tears and sighs, here was I wont to pray,
—And supplicating hands, as though to wring
From Him in heaven that He the plague would stay.
To me the praise I hear is mockery.
Oh ! that you could into my bosom gaze,
Read written there how little worthy we,
Father or son, of these poor people's praise.
My father, a reserved and moody man
On Nature's holy circles still would pore,
With honest ardour, after some strange plan
That pleased his fancy, toiling evermore.
And he would shut himself in secret cell,
One or two adepts always at his side,
Quaint recipes with fire and crucible,
In this dark kitchen evermore he tried,
Watching for the great moment's birth that might
Antagonistic elements unite.
There in the gentle bath a Lion Red,
Bold wooer he—was to the Liily wed ;
And both were, while the furnace fire raged bright ;
Hurried in torture on from bed to bed.
If in the glass was given us to behold

The Young Queen rise in colours manifold,
Here was the medicine—the patients died.
None asked “ Who took it and remained alive ? ”
—Thus in these mountains—in these valleys wide,
Our cure was than the plague a plague more fierce.
To thousands have I given the poison—they
Have withered—they are dead—and I survive
To hear praise lavished on their murderers.

Wag. How can this be so painful? What can men
Do more than in their practice still obey
The precepts of the science of their day?
What you have from your father heard was then
Heard in the docile spirit of belief.
You in your day extend the limit-line
Of science; in due time your son will take
His place—and for himself discoveries make
Greater than thine, perhaps—yet but for thine
Impossible. If so then, why this grief?

Faust. Happy who still hath hope to rise above
This sea of error; strange that we in vain
Seek knowledge each day needs: the knowledge of
What never can avail us we attain.
But with such musings let us sadden not
This sweet hour! see, where, in the sunset, gleam
The village huts with green trees smiling round
Each cottage in its own small garden plot.
But the Sun sinks—day dies, and it would seem

With day the Sun. But still doth he survive,
Still speeds he on with life-diffusing beam—
Oh, that no wing uplifts me from the ground,
Nearer and nearer after him to strive!
Then should I the reposing world behold
Still in this everlasting evening glow.
The hill-tops kindling all—the vales at rest—
The silver brooklet in its silent flow
To where the yellow splendour of the West
On the far river lies in trembling gold.
In vain the rugged mountain rears his breast,
With darkening cliff and cave to bar my way,
Onward in heaven, still onward is my flight,
And now wide ocean, with each fervid bay.
In sudden brightness breaks upon my sight,
Till sinking seems at last the god of day.
Then the new instinct wakens, and I breathe
Heaven still—still drink of his undying light.
Before me day—behind me is the night—
Above me heaven—and the wide wave beneath.
A glorious dream—illusion brief and bright—
For while I yet am dreaming he is gone.
Alas! from its captivity of earth,
The body hath no wing whereon to rise,
And with the winged spirit voyage on:
And yet will every one of human birth
The feeling in our nature recognize,

That for a moment with a sense of wings
Uplifts us, bears us onward and away,
When high above, in blue space lost, his lay
Thrilling the skylark sings.

When over piny headlands, savage steeps,
Outspread the eagle sweeps.
And over moorlands, over main,
Homeward, homeward strives the crane.

Wag. I, too, of reverie oft have had my moods,
But impulse such as this they never bring.
The eye soon has enough of fields and woods ;
I never had a wish for a bird's wing—
Far other are the thinking man's delights,
From book to book, from leaf to leaf they lead,
And bright and cheerful are his winter nights.
Life, happy life, warms every limb—Unroll,
At such charmed hour, some precious parchment scroll,
All heaven descends upon you as you read.

Faust. You feel but the one impulse now—oh learn
Never to know the other ! in my breast
Alas ! two souls dwell—all there is unrest ;
Each with the other strives for mastery,
Each from the other struggles to be free.
One to the fleshly joys the coarse earth yields,
With clumsy tendrils clings, and one would rise
In native power and vindicate the fields,
Its own by birthright—its ancestral skies.

Oh! if indeed Spirits be in the air,
Moving 'twixt heaven and earth with lordly wings,
Come from your golden "incense-breathing" sphere,
Waft me to new and varied life away.

Oh! had I but a magic cloak to bear
At will to far off lands the wanderer,
How little would I prize the rich array
Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings!

Wag. Call not the well-known army. Of dusk air,
A living stream, the middle space they fill,
And danger manifold for man prepare,
For ever active in the work of ill.

From all sides pour they on us—from the north,
With piercing fangs, with arrow-pointed tongues,
And from the sunrise region speed they forth,
In the dry wind to feast upon the lungs.

If from the desolate parched wilderness
The midday send them out with fervid glow,
To heap fresh fire upon the burning brain,
A cloudy vapour from the west they flow,
Descend in what would seem refreshing rain,
Then in fierce torrents down on thee they press,
And deluge garden, meadow-field, and plain.

Ready for evil with delight they hear,
They lurk and listen—gladly they obey
Man's invitation—gladly they betray
Such summoner—in mischief they rejoice,

Ambassadors from heaven itself appear,
And utter falsehoods with an angel's voice.
But let's away—the air grows chill—the dew
Is falling—and the dusk of night has come.
Towards night we first have the true feel of home.
What keeps you standing there?—Why that intent
Stare—why that look of such astonishment?
What do you see that fastens thus on you?

Faust. Do you see that black dog, where through the
green blades
Of the soft springing corn, and the old stubble,
He runs, just glancing by them for a moment?

Wag. I've seen him this while past, but thought not of him
As any way strange.

Faust. Look at him carefully,
What do you take the brute to be?

Wag. Why, nothing
But a poor fool of a poodle, puzzling out
His master's track whom I suppose he has lost.

Faust. Do you observe how in wide serpent circles
He courses round us? nearer and yet nearer
Each turn,—and if my eyes do not deceive me,
Sparkles of fire whirl where his foot hath touched.

Wag. I can see nothing more than a black dog;
It may be some deception of your eyes.

Faust. Methinks he draws light magic threads around us,
Hereafter to entangle and ensnare!

Wag. In doubt and fear the poodle's leaping round us,
Seeing two strangers in his master's stead.

Faust. The circle, see, how much more narrow 'tis,—
He's very near us !

Wag. 'Tis a dog, you see,
And not a spirit ; see, he snarls at strangers,
Shies, lies upon his belly, wags his tail,
As all dogs do.

Faust. We'll bring him home with us.—
Come, pretty fellow !

Wag. He's a merry dog,—
If you stand, he stands up and waits for you,—
Speak to him, and he straight leaps up upon you,—
Leave something after you, no doubt he'll bring it,
Or plunge into the water for your stick.

Faust. You're right. I see no traces of the Spirit
In him—

Wag. A dog, well tutored, learns the art
To win upon a good man's heart ;—
Wise men grow fond of them—and see,
Our friend already follows thee—
Soon shall we see the happy creature,
Prime favourite, round the doctor skip :
With every student for his teacher,
How can we doubt his scholarship ?

[*They enter the town gate*

SCENE.—FAUST'S *Study*.

Enter FAUST, with the Dog.

Faust. The fields we roamed through with delight,
Are hidden now in the deep night ;
Within us felt the thrilling hour,
Awakes man's better soul to power :
Hushed the desires of the wild will,
And action's stormy breath is still—
LOVE stirs around us and abroad,
The love of MAN, the love of GOD.

Rest, poodle, rest—lie down in quiet !
Why runs he up and down the floor ?
What can it be he looks so shy at,
Smelling and snuffling at the door ?
Pleasant wert thou in our mountain ramble,
Didst make us merry with trick and gambol,
Go to sleep on the cushion—a soft snug nest—
Take thy ease, in thine inn, like a welcome guest.

When in our narrow cell each night,
The lone lamp sheds its friendly light,
Then from the bosom doubt and fear
Pass off like clouds, and leave it clear—
Then reason re-assumes her reign,
And hope begins to bloom again,
And in the hush of outward strife,

We seem to hear the streams of life,
And seek, alas!—in vain essay—
Its hidden fountain far away.

Cease dog, to growl! the beastly howl of the hound
But ill accords with the pure breathing of
Heaven—with the holy tones—all peace and love
That to the heart unbidden way have found.
With men 'tis common to contemn,
Whatever is too good, too fair,
Too high to be conceived by them,
And is't that like those wretched carles,
This dog, at what he understands not, snarls?

These withering thoughts, do what I will,
They come—the fountain of the heart is chill.
—How oft have I experienced change like this!
Yet is it not unblest in the event;
For, seeking to supply the natural dearth,
We learn to prize things loftier than the earth,
And the heart seeks support and light from heaven.
And such support and light—oh, is it given
Any where but in the New Testament?
Strong impulse sways me now to look to the text
On which all rests, and honestly translate
The holy original into mine own
Dear native tongue.

[He opens a volume and prepares to write.]

—'Tis written—"IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD."—
Already at a stand—and how proceed?
Who helps me? Is the WORD to have such value,
Impossible—if by the spirit guided.
Once more—"IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE THOUGHT."—
Consider the first line attentively,
Lest hurrying on the pen outrun the meaning.
Is it *Thought* that works in all, and that makes all?
—It should stand rather thus—"IN THE BEGINNING
WAS THE POWER."—yet even as I am writing this
A something warns me we cannot rest there.
The Spirit aids me—all is clear—and boldly
I write, IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE ACT.

—Cease, teasing dog, this angry howl,
These moans dissatisfied and dull,—
Down, dog, or I must be rougher,
Noise like this I cannot suffer,—
One of us must leave the closet, if
You still keep growling—that is positive;
To use a guest so is not pleasant,
But none could bear this whine incessant!
But can what I see be real,
Or is all some trick ideal?
Tis surely something more than nature,—
Form is changed, and size, and stature,
Larger, loftier, erecter,

This seeming dog must be a spectre ;—
With fiery eyes, jaws grinding thus,
Like an hippopotamus,
—And here to bring this whelp of hell,
Oh, at last, I know thee well,
For such half-devilish, hellish spawn,
Nought's like the key of SOLOMON.

SPIRITS *without.*

One is in prison :
Listen to reason :
Venture not on :
Where he hath gone
Follow him none :
Watch we all ! watch we well !
The old lynx of hell
Has fallen in the snare,
Is trapped unaware,
Like a fox in the gin ;
He is in : he is in :
Stay we without,
Sweep we about,
Backward and forward,
Southward and norward,
Our colleague assisting,
His fetters untwisting,
Lightening their pressure
By mystical measure ;

At our motions and voices.
Our brother rejoices,
For us hath he offered,
His safety, and suffered ;
We are his debtors,
Let's loosen his fetters.

Faust. To conquer him must I rehearse,
First that deep mysterious verse,
Which each elemental spirit,
Of the orders four, who hear it,
Trembling, will confess and fear it.

Scorching SALAMANDER, burn,
NYMPH OF WATER, twist and turn,
Vanish, SYLPH, to thy far home,
Labour vex thee, drudging GNOME.

He is but a sorry scholar,
To whom each elemental ruler,
Their acts and attributes essential,
And their influence potential,
And their sympathies auxiliar,
Are not matters quite familiar ;
Little knows he, little merits
A dominion over Spirits.

Fiery SALAMANDER, wither
In the red flame's fiery glow !

Rushing, as waves rush together,
WATER-NYMPH, in water flow !
Gleamy SYLPH OF AIR, glance, fleeter,
And more bright, than midnight meteor !
Slave of homely drudgery,
Lubber INCUBUS, flee, flee
To the task that waits for thee !
Spirit, that within the beast
Art imprisoned, be releast !
Kingly sway hath SOLOMON
Over subject spirits won ;
—Forth !—obey the spell and sei
Elemental natures feel !

By Spirits of a different kind,
Is the brute possessed, I find ;
Grinning he lies, and mocks the charm
That has no power to work him harm.

Spectre ! by a stronger spell
Thy obedience I compel—

If thou be a serf of Satan,
A follower of the fallen great one,
Deserter from hell,

I conjure and charm thee,
By the sign and the spell,
To which bows the black army.

See how he swells—how the hair bristles there !

Outcast creature, see the sign
Of the Human and Divine.
Bow before the Uncreated,
Whom the world has seen and hated :
Canst thou read Him ? Canst thou see ?
Dread to hear me name His name,
Through all Heaven diffused is He,
Died on earth a death of shame.

Ha ! with terror undissembled,
Methinks the brute at last has trembled ;
As behind the stove he lies,
See him swell and see him pant ;
And his bristles how they rise
As he rouses,—and his size
Large as is the elephant—
Larger yet the room he crowds,—
He will vanish in the clouds.
—Spare the roof in thy retreat,
Lie down at the master's feet.
Thou shalt feel the scorching glow
(Mine is not an idle threat)
Of the heat divine—shalt know
Pangs of fiercer torment yet.
—Still resisting ?—Tarry not
For the three-times glowing light,
Blaze beyond endurance bright—

Reluctantly must I at length
 Speak the spell of greatest strength.

[MEPHISTOPHELES comes forward, as the mist sinks, in the
dress of a travelling scholar, from behind the stove.

Meph. Why all this uproar? is there any thing
 In my poor power to serve you?

Faust. This then was
 The poodle's kernel—travelling scholar—pscha!—
 A most strange case of the kind—I cannot but
 Laugh when I think of it.

Meph. Most learned master,
 Your humble servant—you've been broiling me
 After a pretty fashion—sweated me
 To the very vengeance. I'm in a fine stew.

Faust. Your name?

Meph. A frivolous enquiry this from you—
 From one who rates the word so low?
 Who, disregarding outward show,
 Would look into the essence of the being—

Faust. With you oftentimes the name
 And essence is, I trow, the same,
 The name and nature of the being
 All one—in nothing disagreeing.
 Thus, one is called the god of flies—
 One the SEDUCER—one the LIAR.
 Now, good, my friend, may I enquire
 Your name?

Meph. Part of the power that would
Still do evil—still does good.

Faust. What may this riddle mean ?

Meph. I am the spirit that evermore denies,
And rightly so—for all that doth arise
Deserves to perish—this, distinctly seeing—
No ! say I, No ! to everything that tries
To bubble into being.

My proper element is what you name
Sin, Dissolution,—in a word, the Bad.

Faust. You call yourself
A part, yet stand before me whole.

Meph. I speak
The truth—the modest truth—though Man may call
—Poor fool-world Man—in his aspirings high,
Himself a Whole—the Whole—I am not—I
Am part of a part which part at the first was All,
Part of the Darkness that gave birth to Light ;
Proud Light that now would from her rank displace
Maternal Night—and wars with her for space,
Yet is no gainer—for, strive as it will,
Light clings—imprisoned slave—to Bodies still.
It streams from Bodies—it makes Bodies bright—
A body intercepts it in its course ;
This gives the hope that Light may too perforce
When Bodies perish be extinguished quite.

Faust. A creditable line of business this ;

Your Nothing nothing has unmade, I wis
The great projector sees his projects fail,
And would do business on a smaller scale.

Meph. And even in this way little do I gain,
Against this Nothing the coarse Somewhat will
Obtrude. The rude World contradicts me still.
The clumsy lump of filth in proud resistance
Asserting undeniable existence,
I have been pounding at it all in vain.
I have tried deluge, tempest, thunder, and
Lightnings—at rest you see it still remain
Inviolable—the self-same sea and land.
On the damned stuff,—rank spawn of man and beast,
I can make no impression—not the least.
What crowds on crowds I've buried—little good—
It but sets circulating fresh young blood.
On they go—on, replenishing, renewing,
It drives me mad to see the work that's doing.
From water, air, earth, germs of life unfold,
Thousands in dry and damp, in warm and cold—
Flame still is mine—I've kept that—Flame alone,
Else were there nothing specially my own.

Faust. Is it thou?—thou standing there?—thou to resist
The healthful energy, the animation,
The force that moves and moulds, and is creation—
In vain spite clenching that cold devil's fist?
Strange son of Chaos this may well move laughter.

Meph. Well—this point we may talk about hereafter—
But now, with your permission, I would go.

Faust. That you can, whether I permit or no,
Why ask me? Now that you have found your way,
I hope to see you often here. Good day!——
'This is the window—that the door—and yonder
The chimney. Why thus stare about and ponder?

Meph. I am not free: a little obstacle,
I did not see, confines me to your cell,—
The druid foot upon the threshold traced.

Faust. The pentagram?—is it not to your taste?
But, son of hell, if this indeed be so,
How came you in, I should be glad to know,—
How was it, that the charm no earlier wrought?

Meph. The lines were not as perfect as they ought :
The outer angle's incomplete.

Faust. Well—'twas a pleasant evening's feat—
A most unlooked-for accident—
Strange prize, and yet more strangely sent.

Meph. The dog, without perceiving it,
Leaped in—the devil has somehow
Seen it—is in the house—and now
Can find no way of leaving it.

Faust. Why not the window?

Meph. Why?—because
It is enacted in the laws
Which binds us devils and phantoms, "that

Whatever point we enter at,
We at the same return:"—thus we
In our first choice are ever free;—
Choose, and the right of choice is o'er,
We, who were free, are free no more.

Faust. Hell has its codes of law then—well,
I will think better now of hell.
If laws be binding and obeyed,
Then compacts with you may be made.

Meph. Made and fulfilled, too—nowhere better—
We keep our compacts to the letter ;
But points of law like this require
Some time and thought—are apt to tire,
And I am hurried—we may treat
On them at leisure when we meet
Again—but now I ask permission
To go.

Faust. One moment—I am wishing
To question further one who brings
Good news, and tells such pleasant things.

Meph. Let me go now—I come again,
You may ask any question then.

Faust. Ay, old fox, ay, come catch me there—
I laid no net—I set no snare,
And if you walked into the trap—
'Twas your own act, and my good hap;
Luck like this can hardly last—
Catch the devil and keep him fast—

Part with a prize, on which none could have reckoned !
The first chance gone, pray who will give a second ?

Meph. If you insist on it—I stay ;
And just to while the hours away,
I would amuse you, as I may ;
For I have pleasant arts and power,
With shows to while the passing hour.

Faust. If it be pleasant, try your art—
As audience I will play my part.

Meph. In one hour shall more intense
Pleasure flow on every sense,
Than the weary year could give,
In such life as here you live—
The songs soft spirits sing to thee,
The images they bring to thee,
Are no empty exhibition
Of the skill of a magician ;
Pictures fair and music's tone,
Speak to eye and ear alone ;
But odours sweet around thee sporting,
Lingering tastes thy palate courting,
Feelings gratified, enraptured,
All thy senses shall be captured.
Preparation need not we—
Spirits, begin your melody.

Spirits [*sing*]. Vanish, dark arches,
That over us bend,
Let the blue sky in beauty

Look in like a friend.
Oh, that the black clouds
Asunder were riven,
That the small stars were brightening
All through the wide heaven !
And look at them smiling
And sparkling in splendour,
Suns, but with glory
More placid and tender ;
Children of heaven,
In spiritual beauty,
Descending, and bending
With billowy motion,
Downward are thronging,
Willing devotion
Flowing to meet them,
Loving hearts longing,
Sighing to greet them.
O'er field and o'er flower,
On bank and in bower,
The folds of their bright robes
In breezy air streaming,
Where loving ones living
In love's thoughtful dreaming,
Their fond hearts are giving
For ever away.

Bower on bower,
 Tendril and flower ;
 Clustering grapes,
 The vine's purple treasure,
 Have fallen in the wine-vat,
 And bleed in its pressure—
 Foaming and steaming, the new wine is streaming,
 Over agate and amethyst,
 Rolls from its fountain,
 Leaving behind it
 Meadow and mountain,
 And the hill-slopes smile greener, far down where it
 breaks
 Into billowy streamlets, or lingers in lakes.
 And the winged throng, drinking deep of delight
 From the rivers of joy, are pursuing their flight.
 Onward and onward,
 Wings steering sun-ward,
 Where the bright islands, with magical motion,
 Stir with the waves of the stirring ocean.
 Where we hear 'em shout in chorus,
 Or see 'em dance on lawns before us,
 As over land or over waters
 Chance the idle parties scatters.
 Some upon the far hills gleaming,
 Some along the bright lakes streaming,
 Some their forms in air suspending,

Float in circles never-ending.
The one spirit of enjoyment,
Aim, and impulse, and employment ;
All would breathe in the far distance
Life, free life of full existence
With the gracious stars above them,
Smiling down to say they love them.

Meph. He sleeps,—thanks to my little favourites—
Why ye have fairly sung away his wits,
And so he thought the devil to catch and keep !—
Well, well, I am a concert in your debt—
Still cloud with dreams his unsuspecting sleep,
Antic and wild !—still in illusion steep
His fancy !—hover round and round him yet,
Haply dreaming, that I am
Prisoner of the pentagram !
—Tooth of rat . . . gets rid of that . . .
Gnawing, sawing, bit by bit,
Till there be no trace of it ;—
Little need of conjuring,
Rats to such a place to bring ;
One is rustling in the wall,
He will hear my whispered call—

The master of the Mice and Rats,
Flies and Frogs, and Bugs and Bats,
Sends his summons to appear ;—

Forth! and gnaw the threshold here ;—
 He hath spilt the fragrant oil,
 Till it vanish tooth must toil :—
 — Sir Rat hath heard me—see him run
 To the task that soon is done ;
 Yonder angle 'tis, confines
 Your master—gnaw the meeting-lines :—
 Now the corner, near the door,
 All is done in one bite more.

The prisoner and the pentagram are gone,
 Dream, FAUST, until we meet again, dream on !

Faust. [*awaking*]. Am I again deceived?—and must
 I deem

These gorgeous images, but phantoms shaped
 In the delusion of a lying dream ?
 And so there was no devil at all, 'twould seem—
 And it was but a poodle that escaped !

FAUST'S *Study*.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. A knock !—Come in—who now comes to torment
 me ?

Meph. 'Tis I.

Faust. Come in.

Meph. You must command me thrice.

Faust. Come in, then.

Meph. That will do—I'm satisfied—
We soon shall be the best friends in the world. [*Enters.*
From your mind to scatter wholly
The mists of peevish melancholy,
Hither come I now, and bear
Of a young lord the noble air,
And mask me in his character ;
My dress is splendid, you behold,
Blazing with the ruddy gold,
With my stiff silken mantle's pride,
And the long sword hanging by my side,
And o'er my cap the cock's proud feather—
I'm a fine fellow altogether.
And now, my friend, without delay,
Equip yourself in like array,
That, light and free, you thus may see
Life's many pleasures what they be !

Faust. In every dress alike I can but feel
Life the same torture, earth the self-same prison ;
For your light pleasures I am all too old,
Too young to have the sting of passion dead,
The world—what can it give ? “ Refrain, refrain ! ”
'This is the everlasting song—the chime
Perpetually jingling in all ears,
And with hoarse accents every hour repeats it.
Each morn, with a dull sense of something dreadful,
I wake, and from my bitter heart could weep
To see another day, which, in its course,

Will not fulfil one wish of mine—not one !
The teasing crowd of small anxieties,
That each day brings, have frittered into dust
All joy, until the very hope of joy
Is something, that the heart has ceased to feel ;—
And life's poor masquerade—vapid and wayward,
And worthless as it is—breaks in upon,
And dissipates, the world, which for itself
The lonely man's imagination builds ;
— And, when the night is come, with heavy heart
Must I lie down upon my bed, where rest
Is never granted me, where wild dreams come,
Hideous and scaring. The in-dwelling spirit,
Whose temple is my heart, who rules its powers,
Can stir the bosom to its lowest depths,
But has no power to move external nature ;
And therefore is existence burdensome,
And death desirable, and life detested.

Meph. Yet Death's a guest not altogether welcome.

Faust. Oh, happy he for whom, in victory's hour
Of splendour, Death around his temples binds
The laurel dyed with blood, and happy he,
Whom, after the fast whirl of the mad dance,
Death in his true love's arms reposing finds.
Would that I too had, in such rapturous trance,
My individual being lost in his
Dissolved before that lofty Spirit's might,
Past, soul and sense absorbed, away for ever !

Meph. And yet that night I've seen a certain man
Forbear to taste a certain dark brown liquid !

Faust. A spy too—peering—prying—is it not so ?

Meph. I know not ALL, but many things I know.

Faust. And if from harrowing thoughts the rich old chaunt
'Did win me ; and the old remembered words,
And the old music, like a spell recalling
Faded remembrances ;—if in the trance
All that remained of my boy's heart was captive
To the charmed echo of more happy days—
Know I not—feel I not it was illusion ?
We are but what the senses make of us,
And this and all illusion do I curse,
All that beguiles us, man or boy—that winds
Over the heart its nets and chains us here
In thralldom down or voluntary trance,
This magic jugglery, that fools the soul—
These obscure powers that cloud and flatter it !
Oh, cursed first of all be the high thoughts
That man conceives of his own attributes !
And cursed be the shadowy appearances,
'The false delusive images of things
That slave and mock the senses ! cursed be
The hypocrite dreams that soothe us when we think
Of me—of deathless and enduring names !
Cursed be all that, in self-flattery,
We call our own.—wife, child, and slave, and plough ;—

Curse upon Mammon, when with luring gold
He stirs our souls to hardy deeds, or when
He smoothes the couch of indolent repose ;
A curse upon the sweet grape's balmy juice,
And the passionate joys of love, man's highest joys—
And cursed be all hope and all belief ;
And cursed, more than all, man's tame endurance.

Song of invisible SPIRITS. .

Woe, woe ! thou hast destroyed it !
 This beautiful world :
Mighty his hand, who dealt
 The blow thro' Nature felt.
 Earth withers :
 A demigod cursed it—
A shock from the Spirit that shaped and enjoyed it ;
A blight from the bosom that nursed it ;
The fragments we sweep down Night's desolate steep,
The fading glitter we mourn and we weep !

Proud and powerful
Son of earth,
To second birth,
Call again the pageant splendid—
Oh, restore what thou hast rended—
Be no more the wreck thou art—
Recommence, with clearer sense,

And build within thy secret heart ;
Re-create, with better fate,
Another world on firmer ground,
And far and near, and all around,
With songs of joy and triumphing,
Heaven and the happy earth shall ring.

Meph. Listen to the witching lay !

Wise and wily ones be they ;
Little ones of mine, and good
Children are they—sly and shrewd :
Childlike are their voices—age
Never uttered words more sage ;
Active life—the joys of sense
Counsels all experience,—
And my little ones do well,
Courting thee 'mong men to dwell,
Far from this monastic cell ;
Where passions and young blood together
In solitude grow dry and wither.
Oh, listen, and let charms like these
Thy feelings and thy fancy seize.
Cease to indulge this misanthropic humour,
Which like a vulture preys upon thy life ;
The worst society will make thee feel
That thou, too, art a man, and among men—
Not that I mean to mix you with the rabble.
I'm not myself one of the higher orders ;
But if you will in company with me

See life, I will contrive to manage matters,
And make arrangements to convenience you,
Cheerfully—from this moment am your comrade ;
Or, if you like me, am your servant—nay,
Your slave.

Faust. And what must I give in return ?

Meph. Oh, time enough to think of that hereafter.

Faust. No, no ! the devil is selfish—very selfish—
Does nothing for God's sake or from good nature :
Come, out with your conditions, and speak plainly—
There's little luck, I trow, with such a servant.

Meph. I bind myself to be thy servant *here*,
To run and rest not at thy beck and bidding ;
And when we meet again in yonder place,
There, in like manner thou shalt be my servant.

Faust. THAT YONDER PLACE gives me but small concern ;
When thou hast first shattered this world to atoms,
There may be others then, for aught I care.
All joys, that I can feel, from this earth flow,
And this sun shines upon my miseries !
And were I once divorced from them I care not
What may hereafter happen—of these things
I'll hear no more—I do not seek to know
If man, in future life, still hates and loves ;
If in those spheres there be, as well as here,
Like differences of suffering and enjoyment,
Debasement and superiority.

Meph. With feelings such as these you well may venture

Make only the engagement, and at once
 All will be pleasure—I have rare devices,
 And of my craft will show thee many marvels,
 Right strange and merry scenes will conjure up :
 Sights shalt thou see that man hath never seen.

Faust. Thou—what hast thou—poor devil? The mind
 of man,

Man's seeking—struggling spirit—hopes—aspirings
 Infinite—are they things to be conceived
 By natures such as thou art? Yet hast thou,
 Poor devil, in thy degree a wherewithal
 To wile and win us; delicacies uncloying
 Are—are they not?—among those lures of thine?
 Yea! hast thou the red gold that restlessly
 Like quicksilver slides from the hand—a game
 At which none wins, yet is it play?—a girl
 That with her lavish arms around my breast,
 With willing eyes ogles and wooes another.
 —And splendour hast thou?—rank—wilt give me these?
 The starlight meteors of ambition's heav'n?
 Aye! let me see this pleasant fruit of thine
 That rots before we gather it—the trees
 That each day bud and bloom anew.*

Meph. Fine things to fancy!—to be sure you shall
 Have this or any thing you wish to ask for,—
 Something less spiritual were something better;

* "The worlde that neweth every daie."—GOWER, *Confessio Amantis*.

But by and by we'll find the Doctor's taste
Improving,—we'll have our own pleasant places,
And our tit bits—and our snug little parties,
And—what will keep the Doctor's spirit quiet ;—
—I promise you, you'll feel what comfort is.

Faust. Comfort and quiet !—no, no ! none of these
For me—I ask them not—I seek them not.
If ever I upon the bed of sloth
Lie down and rest, then be the hour, in which
I so lie down and rest, my last of life.
Canst thou by falsehood or by flattery
Delude me into self-complacent smiles,
Cheat me into tranquillity ? come, then,
And welcome life's last day—be this our wager.

Meph. Done.

Faust. Done, say I clench we at once the bargain.
If ever time should flow so calmly on,
Soothing my spirits into such oblivion,
That in the pleasant trance I would arrest,
And hail the happy moment in its course,
Bidding it linger with me—“ Oh, how fair
Art thou, delicious moment ! ”—“ Happy days,
Why will ye flee ? ”—“ Fair visions ! yet a little
Abide with me, and bless me—fly not yet,”
Or words like these—then throw me into fetters—
Then willingly do I consent to perish ;
Then may the death-bell peal its heavy sounds ;

Then is thy service at an end—and then
The clock may cease to strike—the hand to move—
For me be time then passed away for ever

Meph. Think well upon it—we will not forget.

Faust. Remember, or forget it, as you please ;
I have resolved—and that not rashly : *here*,
While I remain, I needs must be a slave—

What matter, therefore, whether thine, or whose ?

Meph. I'll then, belike, at the DOCTORS' Feast to-day
Attend, your humble friend and servitor.
Just one thing more—as life and death's uncertain,
I'd wish to have a line or two in writing,

Faust. And dost thou ask a writing, too, poor pedant ?
Know you not Man ? Man's nature ? or Man's word ?
Is it not enough that I have spoken it ?
My very life—all that I have and am,
What is it but an echo of my word,
Pledge of the will that gives it utterance ?
If words be nothing, what is writing more ?
Is the world's course one sea of stormy madness,—
Its thousand streams, in conflict everlasting,
Raving regardlessly ? roll they not on ?
Must they not roll ?—and can it be that I,
In this perpetual movement, shall not move—
Held back, the slave and prisoner of a promise ?
Yet in this fancy all believe alike :
If a delusion, all men are deluded—

And is there one that would be undeceived?
 Truth and the feeling of integrity
 Are of the heart's own essence—should they call
 For sufferings, none repents the sacrifice.
 Oh, happy he, whom Truth accompanies
 In all his walks—from outward cumbrance free—
 Pure of all soil—dwelling within the heart,
 Light to his steps and guidance : oracle
 To lead or to mislead, none doth he seek ;
 Consults no casuist, but an honest conscience ;
 Of sacrifices recks not, and repents not.
 But a stamped parchment and a formal deed,
 With seal and signature, all shrink from this
 As something that offends and wounds our nature ;
 It robs, methinks, the words of all their life,
 The letter, and that only binds us now ;
 Such virtue, and no other can it have,
 As seal and stamp, as wax and parchment give—
 But why?—why argue for it or against it?—
 Is writing more than the unwritten word?
 —What, evil one, what is it you require?
 Brass? marble? parchment? paper?—do you wish
 Graver or chisel? or plain pen and ink?—
 Have which you please—any or all of them.

Meph. Why this excitement? why this waste of oratory?
 These frantic gestures?—any scrap will do ;—
 Just scratch your name, there, in a drop of blood.

Faust. A silly farce—but if it gratifies you——

Meph. Blood it must be—blood has peculiar virtues.

Faust. Fear not that I will break this covenant :

The only impulse now that sways my powers,
My sole desire in life, is what I've promised !
I've been puffed up with fancies too aspiring,
My rank is not more high than thine ; I am
Degraded and despised by the Great Spirit ;
Nature is sealed from me ; the web of thought
Is shattered ; burst into a thousand threads ;
I loathe, and sicken at the name of knowledge.
Now in the depths of sensuality
To still these burning passions ; to be wrapped
In the impenetrable cloak of magic,
With things miraculous to feast the senses !
Let's fling ourselves into the stream of time,
Into the tumbling waves of accident,
Let pain and pleasure, loathing and enjoyment,
Mingle and alternate, as it may be ;
Restlessness is man's best activity.

Meph. Nothing whatever is there to restrain you—
If your desires be as you say, to taste
Of every sweet—sip all things—settle nowhere—
Catching each moment while upon the wing
In random motion all that meets the eye,
Rifling from every flower its bloom and fragrance,
If any thing will do that is amusing—

I wish you joy of this new life—come on—
Set to at once—come—come, no bashful loitering.

Faust. Hearken. I have not said one word of bliss—
Henceforth do I devote and yield myself,
Heart, soul, and life, to rapturous excitement—
Such dizzy, such intoxicating joy,
As, when we stand upon a precipice,
Makes reel the giddy sense and the brain whirl !
From this day forward am I dedicate
To the indulgence of tempestuous passion—
Love agonising—idolising hatred—
Cheering vexation—all that animates
And is our nature ; and the heart, serenely
And separated from the toil of knowledge,
Cured of the fever that so long oppressed it,
Shall cease to shut itself against the wounds
Of pain : whate'er is portioned 'mong mankind
In my own intimate self shall I enjoy,
With my soul grasp all thoughts most high or deep,
Heap on my heart all human joys and woes,
Expand myself until mankind become
A part as 'twere, of my identity,
And they and I at last together perish.

Meph. A pretty passion for a man to cherish !
Believe me, who have for some thousand years,
Day after day, been champing this hard food,
Bitter bad diet is the same old leaven.

Take a friend's word for it who ought to know,
 Never hath man from cradle to the bier
 Succeeded in digesting the tough dough ;
 To man the Universal is not given.
 The Whole is only for a God—in light
 He lives—eternal light—Us hath he driven
 Into the darkness—yours is Day and Night.

Faust. This daunts not me !

Meph. Said boldly and said well !

To me there seems to be one obstacle ;
Ars longa, vita brevis—the old story—
 Take a few lessons more—and then determine.
 Call to your aid some builder up of verses,
 Let his mind wander in the fields of thought,
 Imagining high attributes to heap
 On you—the lion's magnanimity—
 The fleetness of the stag—the fiery blood
 That dances in the hearts of Italy—
 The constancy and firmness of the North—
 Let his invention gift you with the secret,
 With lofty thoughts low cunning to combine—
 To love with all a young heart's ardent impulses,
 Yet following closely some cold plan of reason—
 And thus to reconcile each contrariety.
 A pleasant person this Herr Microcosmos,
 I think I've met him somewhere in society.

Faust. What am I then—if here too all in vain

The passions and the senses pant and strain,
If this—the crown of our humanity
Is placed on heights I never can attain?

Meph. You are just what you are—nay--never doubt it,
Heap lying curls in millions on your head ;
On socks—a cubit high—plant your proud tread,
You are just what you are—that's all about it.

Faust. Alas ! in vain poor I together scraped
All that man's science till this day hath shown ;
And all that his imagination shaped,
I in ambition's dreams have made my own.
A weary task it was—a sullen strife,
And now I sit me down, helpless, alone,
No new power comes—no strength—no spring of life.
Not by a hair's breadth higher is my height,
Far—far as ever from the infinite.

Meph. Aye ! this is man's presumptuous view—
Mine, less ambitious, is more true—
Why to these moody fancies give
The rein ? while living, why not live ?
Why, what the mischief ! you have got
Your head—hands—haunch—paunch—and—what not—
But all that I employ—enjoy—
Is it less mine ? When to my car
My money yokes six spankers, are
Their limbs not my limbs ? Is't not I
On the proud race-course that dash by ?

Yes, I it is that sweep along,
Swift in their speed—in their strength strong—
Mine all the forces I combine—
The four-and-twenty legs are mine—
Up ! up ! throw off this cloud of gloom !
Come ! come !—into the world—come ! come !—
Away with dreams—your theorist
Is—let me tell you—like a beast
On a dry heath, whom a bad Spirit
In one dull circle round and round
Keeps whirling, while on all sides near it
The bright green pastures everywhere abound.

Faust. But how begin ?

Meph. First, must we fly from hence—
What place of martyrdom is this ? what life
Is this to lead ? or can you call it life,
Wearying yourself and pupils thus for ever ?
Better leave such work to your neighbour Paunchman,
Why stay to plague yourself with threshing straw ?
Afraid, even in a hint, to intimate
Your best acquirements to the boys who crowd
Your lecture-room ; even now upon the passage
I hear the foot of one.

Faust. Impossible ; I cannot see him now.

Meph. The poor lad has been waiting a long while ;
We should not let him go without some notice ;
A quarter of an hour will do for him—

Come, Doctor, help me on with your cap and gown,
 Trust to my wits—I rather like the whim—
 This masquerade dress becomes me charmingly,
 Meanwhile, you may be getting into trim
 Fit for this fashionable trip of ours. [Exit FAUST.]

MEPHISTOPHELES *in FAUST's long gown.*

Ay, thus continue to contemn
 Reason and knowledge, man's best powers,
 And every hope he can inherit !
 Still speak despisingly of them,
 Heart-hardened by an evil spirit ;
 Soul and senses in confusion,
 Mocked by magical delusion ;
 Still indulge derision vain.
 Mine thou art, and must remain !
 His is an eager, restless mind,
 That presses forward unconfined
 And, in the anticipation
 Of a brisk imagination,
 Ever active, still outmeasures
 The slow steps of earthly pleasures :
 Him, through the world's wild vanity,
 Its wearisome inanity,
 Will I hurry forward, thus
 Breaking his impetuous
 And fiery temper—he will sprawl,

And start, and stand—then stick and fall—
Meats and wines unsatisfying
Shall before his lips be flying—
The withered spirit seeks in vain
Health and refreshment to obtain—
What need of seal and signature
In blood, such spirit to secure?

STUDENT *enters.*

Stu. I am but just arrived—your name
My chief attraction; and I came
At once,—forgive my strong desire
To see and speak to him, whose fame
Has spread so far—whom all admire.

Meph. Fame has been most obliging, then?
You see a man like other men—
Did you seek farther, you might meet
Ablar instructors.

Stu. I entreat
Your care and counsel—with a guide
Where could I better be supplied?
I come with heart and spirits free,
And youth—and the professor's fee.
My mother scarce would let me come;
But I love learning more than home—
Have for improvement travelled far—

Meph. And in the best place for it are.

Stu. And yet, if I the truth may say,
 I would I were again away :
 Walls like these, and halls like these.
 Will, I fear, in no wise please !
 The narrow gloom of this cold room,
 Where nothing green is ever seen ;
 No lawn—no tree—no floweret's bloom—
 'Mong benches, books, my heart is sinking,
 And my wasted senses shrinking—
 I mourn the hour that I came hither ;
 Ear and eye, and heart will die,
 Thought, and the power of thought, will wither.

Meph. This is all custom : as at first
 Unwillingly the young child sips
 The breast ; but soon, with eager thirst,
 And pressure of delighted lips,
 Clings to the mother's heart, that gives
 The living food on which he lives ;
 Thus thou, each day more deeply blest,
 Wilt drink from Wisdom's nursing breast.

Stu. Oh, to my heart shall she be strained
 With love !—but how is she obtained ?

Meph. First, let me beg; that you will mention
 What line of life is your intention ?

Stu. Oh, I long ardently to know
 Whatever man may learn below,
 All that we contemplate on earth,

And all that in the heaven hath birth,
To roam through learning's wondrous maze,
And comprehend all Nature's ways.

Meph. Right ; but by prudence still be guided,
Guard most, that thought and mind be not
Much dissipated and divided.

Stu. With soul and strength will I apply,
But now and then could seize with pleasure
A few short hours of idle leisure.
A little thoughtless liberty ;
A pleasant summer holyday,
When skies are bright, and fields are gay.

Meph. Make good use of your time, for fast
Time flies, and is for ever past ;
To make time for yourself begin
By order—method—discipline ;
For this I counsel my young friend
A course of logic to attend ;
Thus will your mind, well-trained, and high,
In Spanish boots stalk pompously !
With solemn look, and crippled pace,
The beaten road of thought will trace :
Nor here and there, through paths oblique,
In devious wanderings idly strike ;
For days and days you then are taught,
That, in what hitherto had gone,
Like eating, and like drinking, on,

One, Two, and Three, the guide must be
In this which seemed till now so free.

But, as the weaver's work is wrought,
Even so is formed the web of thought ;
One movement leads a thousand threads,
Unseen they move, as now above
The shuttle darts, now darts below ;
One beat combines a thousand twines,
And not unlike would seem the flow
Of mind, when Nature thinks in us.

But now in steps *Philosophus*,
To prove it could not but be thus.

*" The first was so—the second so—
Then must the third and fourth be so—
And if the premises be hollow,
That the conclusion will not follow."*

The language this of all the schools
The Art of Weaving taught by rules
That men profound and boys believe !
—Do they teach any one to weave ?
Here he, who seeks to learn, or gives
Descriptions of, a thing that lives,
Begins with " murdering, to dissect,"
The lifeless parts he may inspect—
The limbs are there beneath his knife,
And all—but that which gave them life !
Alas ! the spirit hath withdrawn,

That which informed the mass is gone—
They scrutinize it, when it ceases
To be itself, and count its pieces—
Finger and feel them, and call this
Experiment—analysis.
Is what we handle then the whole?
Is there no animating soul?
In Nature is there nothing meant?
No law, no language of intent?
Oh! could your chemist, in whose hand
The fragments are, but understand
The terms he uses! “*Encheiresis*
Naturæ”—for the phrase expresses
With scorn, that it seems strange should be
In words thus accidentally,
How less than nothing can avail
These tricks of dabbling and detail.

Stu. I cannot wholly comprehend your meaning.

Meph. No matter—next time you’ll get better on—
When you have learned to arrange, and classify,
And body all you hear in syllogisms.

Stu. My brain is stupefied—I feel
As if, within my head, a wheel
Was whirling round with ceaseless reel.

Meph. Next—most important thing of all—
With zeal to metaphysics fall.
There, see—or think that you see—plain,

What—does not pass within the brain.
Our faculties are too confined
To guide us here—the human mind
Fails—and we are and must be blind.
Thoughts are or are not in the head,—
Use serviceable words instead ;
But first be sure the next half-year
At every lecture to appear—
Five hours each day for lecturing—
Be there the moment the bells ring.
Be sure beforehand to prepare,
Have read the syllabus with care ;
Have every paragraph well conned,
Watch, lest the teacher go beyond
The matter written in his book ;
Then, as you write his dictates, look
That you take down *verbatim* all
And every sentence he lets fall,
As if each sentence scripture were,
That comes from the professor's chair.

Stu. This, sir, you need not tell me twice—
I feel how useful the advice ;
What one has thus in black and white,
He can take home with him at night.

Meph. But what profession is your choice?

Stu. Law shall not ever have my voice.

Meph. In this, I own, you show discerning:

I know, and do not love, this learning.
Laws every where are like the taint
Of an inherited complaint,
The curse of an infected race :
Their downward progress you may trace,
From land to land, through blighted nations,
Afflicting distant generations—
Reason made nonsense, good intent,
In lapse of time warped from its true sense,
Things for the common welfare meant,
Becoming thus a common nuisance.
Unhappy, that it was thy fate
To have been born an age too late.
The laws for thy great grandsire made
Are laws to thee—must be obeyed—
Must be obeyed, and why? Because,
Bad though they be, they are the laws ;
But of the rights by Nature taught,
And born with man, they take no thought.

Stu. You deepen my abhorrence for
That, which I did before abhor—
I wish to learn Theology.

Meph. I fear to lead you wrong—and I
Speak here with more of hesitation.
It is a dangerous vocation,
This same Theology : its ways
Are such a tangled serpent maze—

Such poison every where disguised—
And every where as medicine prized—
That which is which, or why 'tis so,
Few can conjecture—none can know.
The best thing that the case affords
Is—stick to some one doctor's words :
Maintain his doctrines out and out,
Admit no qualifying doubt ;
But stick to words at any rate,
Their magic bids the temple gate
Of Certainty fly safely ope—
Words, words alone are your best hope.

Stu. But in each word must be a thought—

Meph. There is, or we may so assume,—
Not always found, nor always sought,
While words—mere words, supply its room.
Words answer well, when men enlist 'em,
In building up a favourite system ;
With words men dogmatize, deceive ;
With words dispute, on words believe ;
And be the meaning much or little,
The Word can lose nor jot nor tittle.

Stu. Pardon—I feel my questions tease you.
Just for a moment more—one word
On Medicine, so please you.
With but three years for it, it were absurd
For one like me, without a guide,

To enter on a course so wide ;
And your experience may suggest,
In such a field, what path is best.

Meph. [*aside*]. I'm sick of this pedantic tone,
Too long assumed. Now for my own !

[*Aloud.*] The trade of Medicine's easiest of all ;
'Tis but to study all things—every where—
Nature and man—the great world and the small—
Then leave them at hap-hazard still to fare.
It is, you see, plainly impossible
That one man should be skilled in every science—
Who learns the little that he can, does well :
The secret of the art is self-reliance.
A man can learn but what he can ;
Who hits the moment is the man.
—You are well made—have common sense,
And do not want for impudence.
Be fearless—others will confide no less,
When you are confident of your success—
The only obstacle is indecision ;
But, above all, win to yourself the women—
They have their thousand weaknesses and aches,
And the one cure for them is the Physician.
A due consideration for the sex
Will teach the value of decorous seeming :
Let but appearances be unsuspecting.
And they are every thing their doctor wishes.
The title “ Doctor ” is essential,

Our university credential,
 That, as in one approved and tried,
 They may undoubtingly confide.
 Then in the very earliest stage
 Of new acquaintanceship you lead them,
 Enjoying every privilege
 Of tête-à-tête familiar freedom ;
 Although the young physician's eyes
 Exhibit half, and half disguise
 Something, like tenderness, the while
 Mingling with the habitual guile
 Of the sly acquiescent smile :
 Then may you feel the taper wrist,
 Nor will there one of them resist
 The hand professionally prest
 —Permitted boldness—on her breast,
 Or round her waist the free arm thrown,
 To feel how much too tight her zone.

Stu. This seems more feasible—one sees
 Something like reason in all this—
 Winning the household through the wife.

Meph. Theory, friend, is old and grey,
 And green the golden tree of life !

Stu. Is this reality?—so like a dream
 All seems ! May I, upon some future day,
 Resume my visit?—learn the grounds and root
 Of these your doctrines?

Meph.

Come when it may suit.

Stu. One favour more—deem not your guest
Intrusive—grant me this request—
Just in my album write a line.

Meph. With pleasure. [*Writes, and returns the book.*]

Stu. [*reads*]. *Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.*

[*Shuts it respectfully, and exit.*]

Meph. If the wily proverb guide thee, and my cousin the
sly snake,
A weary man thy likeness to the gods will of thee
make !

Faust. [*Enters.*] Where go we now ?

Meph. Oh ! wheresoe'er you please !—
See all that's to be seen in common life,
And then, so please you, visit the gay world,
Dancing and revelling scot-free, and careless
Who pays the piper.

Faust. What, with my long beard ?
How shall I trim it into decent shape ?
And I want ease of manners, and the knowledge
Of life—why, the experiment must fail !
I cannot—never could at any time—
Be what society requires : I am
Abashed in company—shall every moment
Be at a loss !

Meph. My good friend, have no fear
On this score—be but self-possessed—that is
The only art of life.

Faust. How do you mean
To travel?—where are servants, horses, carriage?

Meph. We only spread this mantle out, and it
Wafts us through air in this our daring journey.
Bring out with you no loads of heavy baggage :
A little gas, which I will soon have ready,
Will lift us high above the earth ;—light laden,
We will move fast, and soon be far away !
Welcome, my friend, to the new life before you—
A pleasant change. I wish you joy of it !

AUERBACH'S Cellar in Leipzig.—Set of Merry Companions.

Frosch. Is no one laughing?—no one drinking?
Come, come, a truce to sober thinking !
Hang these long faces—come, be sprightly !
What, you that used to blaze so brightly !
All dull and damp—smoking together
Like dunghill straw in rainy weather ?

Brander. 'Tis your fault that we are not jolly—
Have you no beastliness, no folly
To treat us to to-night ?

[*Frosch throws a glass of wine over BRANDER'S head*].

Have both.

Bran. Brute that you are ! Were I not loth——

Fro. You got but what you asked me for.

Sicht! Come, come, we'll have no civil war—

We'll have no difference of opinion

In this our absolute dominion.

Whoever quarrels, kick him out—

Now raise the chorus round about—

Lift every voice, and swill, and shout—

With holla—holla—ho!

Alt Mayer. Help! help! I am lost—bring me cotton! the
cheers

Will split open my skull, and play hell with my ears.

Sie. When the arches ring again,

We feel the bass in full power then.

Fro. Right, right, say I, with all my heart;

If any one in evil part

Takes any thing, that here is done,

Why, kick him out, the bitch's son.

Alt. A tara—lara—da.

Fro. All throats are tuned.

[*Sings.*]

The Holy Romish empire now,

How does it hold together?

Bran. A nasty song—psha!—a political song

A most offensive song. Thank God each day,

Rising from bed, that you have nought to say

With governing this Romish empire; I

Greatly rejoice and bless my stars therefore,

I am not Emperor or Chancellor;

Still I see no sufficient reason why

We should not have a ruler ;—I propose
That we elect a Pope—what qualification
Should mark a candidate for consecration,
All of ye know.

Fro. [sings].

*Greet her, Lady Nightingale,
Greet my love ten thousand times.*

Sie. Love-meetings and greetings—let us not hear of
them.

Fro. Love-greetings and meetings—who can keep clean
of them ?

Sings.]

Undo the door in stilly night—
Open latch—thy love keeps watch ;
For thy sake—is he awake,
Shut-to the door at morning's light,

Sie. Yes ! sing, sing on—a little while sing on !
Sing her sweet praises !—I will laugh anon.
Me she deceived, and thee she is deceiving,
Devil that she is—whom there is no believing—
Has played the same tricks with each man that sought her—
I wish some goblin of the forest caught her
On a cross-road—or that, from the witch-dances
On Blocksberg, trotting home, an old buck-goat,
With his long-bearded chin and meg-a-geg throat,
Made up to her—'tis some such brute she fancies ;
A young fellow of proper flesh and blood,

To be thus thrown away were far too good ;
From me no serenading should she gain,
Other than dashing in each window-pane.

Bran. [*striking on the table*]. Silence there—silence—all
attend to me—

Gentlemen, I know life, and how to live ;
And, as some of us seem in love to be,
A song for love-sick people will I give.
Your merry singer is the best physician
For a poor devil in such sad condition.
Here all of you attend—come, cease your chattering—
And listen to a song of the first pattern—
And all join in the chorus :—

[*Sings.*]

Once in a cellar lived a rat,
Whose paunch each day grew smoother ;
He dined on butter, supped on fat,
And looked like Doctor Luther.
The cook put poison in his way,
And when our poor rat tasted it,
He felt a cramping in his heart,
As fierce as if Love wasted it.

As fierce as if Love wasted it.

And he ran round, and out he ran,
And looking for a cure, he
Drank at each puddle, gnawed, and scratched,
And raved in perfect fury.

In pain he fell—in pain he sprang,
The cook with pleasure gazed at it ;
Poor creature felt at heart a pang,
As fierce as if Love wasted it.

As fierce as if Love wasted it.

And torture drove him at noon-day
To run into the kitchen ;
He fell down on the hearth, and lay
Convulsing there and screeching.
Loud laughed the cook to see him sprawl
In death, and feel she hasted it :
Ha! ha! quoth she, your heart is gone,
As sure as if love wasted it.

As sure as if Love wasted it.

Sie. How the heavy logs enjoy it,
As if a rat had nothing good,
And 'twere a virtue to destroy it.

Bran. The rats, it seems, are special favourites ;
Creatures of generous gentle blood,
And hold high place in your good graces.

Alt. Old baldpate, with the paunch there,—how his wits
Are gone !—to him the rat's case his own case is—
With food too good for it the belly swollen,
Then the poor thing in death convulsions rolling—
No wonder it should jar and strike
Upon his nerves—it is too like.

MEPHISTOPHELES *and* FAUST *enter*.

Meph. [*in conversation with FAUST*].—And first I feel
anxiety,

To show you our "Society
Of merry fellows ;"—free and gay,
Regular rioters are they,
And their whole life is holiday ;
The requisites for happiness
Are few, are—what these men possess :
With lively spirits—self-conceit—
And little,—very little wit—
'Tis the same life, the whole year round,
The self-same set together found ;—
Each night, their songs—their drink—their game—
Their mirth—their very jests the same ;
And as its tail diverts a kitten,
So they with their own jokes are smitten :
They ask no more than thus to sup—
Without a headache to get up—
And while the host will credit give
Are satisfied—and thus they live !

Bran. They're travellers off a journey, you may see it
In their odd manners—are not here an hour.

Fro. You're right, quite right ! Leipzig, say I, for ever !
Leipzig's a little Paris in itself :
You'd know our Leipzig people any where.
Their manners are so finished.

Sie. But these strangers,
What think you, are they?

Fro. Only wait a moment—
In the twinkle of a bumper I will tell you—
I'll worm it out of them as easily
As draw an infant's tooth: let me alone
For managing them: I guess that they belong
To the nobility, they look so haughty,
So distant—you would almost say—displeased.

Bran. They are mountebanks, I'll lay you any wager.

Alt. Probably.

Fro. See if I don't screw it out.

Meph. [to FAUST]. Always the same, they never scent the
devil,

Even when he has them by the nape of the neck.

Faust. Your servant, gentlemen—

Sie. Thanks, sir, and yours—

[*Looking at MEPHISTOPHELES, in a low tone.*]

The fellow limps a little on one foot.

Meph. Will you permit us to sit down with you,
And for good wine, which cannot be had here,
Give us the pleasure of good company?

Alt. You seem a most fastidious gentleman.

Fro. You are lately come from Rippach, are you not, sirs?—
Have been at supper with old Hans to-night?

Meph. To-day we did not stop;—last time we spoke to him
He told us some good stories of his cousins—

And sent his compliments to each of you.

Alt. A home-thrust that—the fellow's not to be done.

Sie. He knows the world, and how to make out life.

Fro. Wait, wait, until—I'll have him before long.

Meph. Was I deceived, for just as we came in
We heard, or thought we heard, a merry chorus
Of practised voices?—what a rich effect
Music must have along this vaulted roof.

Fro. You are a virtuoso then—

Meph. Oh, no !

My skill is next to none—but I love music.

Alt. Give us a song—

Meph. A hundred, if you please.

Sie. Something original—something brand-new.

Meph. We're just returned from Spain, romantic Spain,
The land of wine and song.—[*Sings.*]

Once on a time there was a king,

A lovely queen had he—

But dearer far than queen or son,

He loved a big black flea.

Fro. A flea ! is it possible I heard him right ?

A flea ! oh, what a guest to grace a palace !

Once on a time, there was a king,

A lovely queen had he—

But dearer far than queen or son,

He loved a big black flea !

He called the royal tailor,

Who measures him, and stitches
A coat for the young favourite,
And a little pair of breeches.

Bran. Forget not, sire, to charge the tailor strictly
That they be well and fashionably made—
And as he sets a value on his head,
That he shall leave no seam, or plait, or wrinkle !

Meph. Of silk and satin were the clothes
Our young lord looked so fine in—
He sported ribands—and a cross
Upon his breast was shining !
Soon Minister, he wore a star,
Lived splendidly and gaily,
His poor relations all got place,
And thronged the palace daily.

And Queen and Maid got bites and stings,
And were afraid to scratch 'em ;
They cursed the flea and all his kin,
But did not dare to catch 'em !
But we, if we get sting or bite,
None hinders us to scratch 'em ;
And if the fleas be troublesome,
We kill them when we catch 'em.

CHORUS.—*And if, &c.*

Fro. Bravo ! bravo ! that was excellent.

Sie. We'll catch and play the devil with the fleas.

Bran. With pointed nail and finger, pressed together.

Alt. Freedom and Wine for ever!—Wine and Freedom.

Meph. Willingly would I drink long life to Freedom;
But that your wines are execrably bad.

Sie. You must not venture to say this again!

Meph. Only I fear to vex our worthy host,
I'd give you something better from our cellars.

Sie. Out with it then. I'll take the blame on me.

Fro. Pour out a bumper if you wish to please us—
None of your sample thimblefuls for me—
When I try wine, I like a deep long draught—
That is the only way to judge of it.

Alt. [*in a low voice.*] I've strong suspicions they are
from the Rhine.

Meph. Bring me a gimlet.

Bran. What to do with it?—

You cannot have your wine-casks at the door.

Alt. Behind, there, is the landlord's chest of tools.

Meph. [*taking up the gimlet.*] Now say what wine you wish.

Fro. What do you mean?

Have you so many?

Meph. Each may choose his favourite.

Alt. (*to FROSCH.*) Ha! you begin to lick your lips already.

Fro. Well then, if I may choose, I'll take the Rhenish:
The best gifts we receive are from our country.

Meph. [*boring a hole in the edge of the table opposite FROSCH's seat.*] Now get a little wax—and make some stoppers.

Alt. 'Tis plain that they are jugglers.

Meph. [to BRANDER.]

Sir, your choice?

Bran. I'll have Champagne—sparkling Champagne for me!

[MEPHISTOPHELES bores again ; one of the party has
in the meantime prepared the wax stoppers and
stopped the gimlet holes.

Bran. One cannot always do without the Foreigner—

But give him to me in the shape of wine.

A true-born German hates with all his heart

A Frenchman—but their wines are excellent.

Sie. [as MEPHISTOPHELES approaches his seat.] I'd have
you know I hate all acid wines—

Give me a glass of genuine sweet!

Meph.

Tokay

Then let it be.

Alt. No, gentlemen, this won't do!

Now look me straight in the face, old mountebank:

I see you but bamboozle us!—

Meph.

Yes, yes!

A very likely story—to play tricks

On noble guests like you! now fast—make ready—

Out with the word—pray, sir, what wine shall I give you?

Alt. Any and all! whatever I can get.

[After all the holes are bored and stopped, MEPHIS-
TOPHELES, with strange gestures.]

Grapes are of the vine-branch born;

The buck-goat's is a branch of horn

Wine is sap—and grapes are wood,
 The wooden board yields wine as good.
 All is clear to him that seeth—
 Lift the veil and look beneath,
 It is but a deeper glance
 Under Nature's countenance—
 Now behold—your prophet saith—
 Miracles—if you have faith.
 Every man draw up his stopper,
 And drink such wine as he thinks proper.

All. [*as they draw the stoppers, and the wine each has
 chosen runs into his glass.*] Flow on, bright rill—flow on
 and fill

Our hearts with joy—flow on at will !

Meph. Drink—but be cautious how you spill;
 There's danger if a drop but falls. [*They drink repeatedly.*

All. [*sing.*] That we will—that we will !

Happy as the cannibals :

Like five hundred swine we swill.

Meph. Look at them, they're the happiest of men.

Faust. Take me away—I'll not come here again.

Meph. Wait till you see them in their glory :

We'll soon have fun !

Sie. [*drinking carelessly, spills some of the wine, which
 turns to flame.*] Help, help ! fire, fire !—Hell fire !

Meph. Down, friendly Element !—be still, I say—
 —This time 'twas but a drop of purgatory !

Sie. What means the fellow? Damn him—he shall pay
Dearly for this ; you'd think he did not know us.

Fro. [to MEPHISTOPHELES.] Better take care no tricks like
this to show us.

Alt. The sooner we get rid of him the better—
There's nothing to be had from such a debtor.

Sie. You, sir, are guilty of strange impropriety ;
Playing your mountebank pranks in such society.

Meph. Silence, old wine-tub !

Sie. Broomstick ! one would think
He might rest satisfied with these feats of his,
Without being impudent into the bargain.

Bran. Be silent, and thankful that we do not flog you !

Alt. [draws a stopper out of the table ; fire flies out]. I'm
burnt—I'm burning !

Sie. Kill him—kill the scoundrel !
He's a magician !—Kill him ! he's fair game !

[*They draw their knives and attack MEPHISTOPHELES.*

Meph. [with solemn gestures]. Wandering voices mock the
ear !

Forms, that phantoms are, appear !

Be ye far away, and near !

Be ye there ! and be ye here !

[*They stand gazing on each other in amazement.*

Alt. Where am I ?—in what lovely land ?

Fro. What a show of vineyards near !

Sie. Clustering grapes invite the hand.

Bran. See them through the green leaves here—
 Ripe and heavy—look at them ;—
 Oh ! what grapes and such a stem !

*[He seizes SIEBEL by the nose. The others do the same
 one with the other, and are raising their knives.]*

Meph. *[as from above].* Clouds of Error pass away !
 See ye how the Devil can play !
 Let each startled reveller
 See who plays the Devil here.

*[Vanishes with FAUST. The fellows start back from
 one another.]*

Sie. What's this ?

Alt. How's this ?

Fro. Is this your nose ?

Bran. *[to SIEBEL].* And yours, on which my fingers close ?

Alt. I feel the shock through every limb ;
 A chair !—I faint !—my eyes grow dim !

Fro. What is the matter with you all ?

Sie. Where is he ? what's become of him ?
 If I can catch him, how I shall——

Alt. Catch him, indeed ! 'tis easy trying
 To deal with such—I saw him flying
 Out of the cellar on a cask—
 You may as well give up the task :
 Heavy as lead these feet of mine
 Are grown.—*[Turning towards the table.]* We've lost our well
 of wine.

Sie. All was deception—trick—design !

Fro. Yet, what I drank, I thought was wine !

Bran. The ripe grapes too—did they deceive ?

—Who after this can but believe ?

WITCH'S KITCHEN.

On a low hearth a large caldron is on the fire—in the thick smoke are discovered several strange figures. A FEMALE CAT-APE (little long-tailed monkey) is sitting beside the caldron, to skim it, and take care it does not boil over. THE MALE CAT-APE, with the young ones, sits near, warming himself;—fantastic articles of furniture, suitable to the place, seen hanging from the walls, &c.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. This senseless witchcraft sickens and disgusts me—
And, sayest thou that I shall recruit life's powers,
Here, in this loathsome den of filthy madness ?—
Shall I petition an old hag for counsel ?
And can the nauseous puddle of that pot
Make me a younger man by thirty winters ?
There's little hope if thou hast nothing better—
My expectation is already gone !
—Is there in Nature no restorative
But this ? Has Spirit never yet devised
Means different to restore the spring of life ?
Meph. Now do I recognize my friend's good sense ;—

Yes ! there are also natural means, by which
Life's bloom and vigour may again be given ;
But in a different book this lesson lies,
And it forms an odd chapter.

Faust. I will learn it.

Meph. There is a means, and it requires not go'd,
Magic, or medicine ;—away with you
Into the fields—begin to hew and delve—
Confine yourself, and limit every wish
Within a narrow circle—feed upon
Meats, simple, undisguised—and live, in short,
Beast-like, 'mong beasts—deem it no degradation
Thyself to spread the dung upon the field
The growth of which thou art to reap—this is
Indeed the best way to repair life's powers,
And wear at eighty a hale countenance.

Faust. This cannot be—I am not used to it—
Nor can I learn to take up now the spade—
Such narrow life would never do for me.

Meph. We must recur then to the witch.

Faust.

Why so ?

—What's the particular use of an old hag
In the matter ? Can't you cook the draught yourself ?

Meph. That were a pretty waste of time—why, man,
A thousand bridges might be built, before
'Tis done—it asks not skill and science only,
But patience must brood over it—the spirit

In silence must remain for years fermenting ;
 Time, and time only, clears and strengthens it,—
 All things belonging to it are mysterious—
 Its powers and its ingredients wonderful—
 True—'twas the devil that first invented it,
 But yet the devil can't make it—look—look, yonder—
 What a handsome crew they are—both maid and
 man.—

[*To the APES.*] It seems the mistress is from home.

The Apes. Gone from home—to the rout,
 Through the chimney she went out ;
 Gone to carouse
 On the chimney stone on the top of the house !

Meph. Will she stay
 Long away ?

Apes. 'Twixt the time she comes and goes,
 We can scarcely warm our toes.

Meph. What think you of these dear young creatures ?

Faust. All makes me sick—voice, form, and features !

Meph. Well, I must own, I greatly relish
 The graces which their style embellish. [*To the APES.*
 Tell me, execrable baby,
 What the mess you mingle may be—
 And the lumps, my pretty jewel !
 That are floating in the gruel.

Apes. A beggar's dish—we boil and stew it.

Meph. And most men, without knowing, chew it.

Old Ape. [*fawning upon* MEPHISTOPHELES.] Throw the
dice—begin, begin—

I am poor, so let me win—

Me to win, and you to lose,

Is the way that I would choose—

Money's all in all;—the witch

Is made honest, if made rich.

Give me gold, and by that rule,

Who will say I am a fool? [watery,

Meph. As the Ape talks of gold, see his lips growing
I wish we could get him a share in the Lottery.

The Old Ape [*while the young CAT-APES are playing and
rolling round a large bowl.*]

Such is the world !

So is it twirled,

Now rolling onward,

Now rolling downward,

Ceaselessly, restlessly,

Still does it spin ;

Like glass it is brittle,

And broken by little,

Glimmering, shimmering,

Hollow within—

Living am I—

Stop, my dear son,

Thy sporting have done,

Think thou must die !

All is clay,
And must crumble away !

Meph. What's the purpose of the sieve ?

Ape. If a man comes here to thieve,
With this eye-glass thus we view him ;
Raise it thus, and thus look through him.

*[Runs to the FEMALE, and makes her look through it
at MEPHISTOPHELES.*

Through the sieve look there—look strait—
Read his features—read his fate.
Answer, if thou art not deaf—
Dost thou know him—the old thief ?
Dost thou dread, from fear or shame,
To name him by his proper name ?

Meph. And what's the meaning of the pot ?

Ape. How silly a sot,
To ask what's what ;
The fool knows not
The use of the pot—
The use of the kettle—

Meph. Unmannerly wittol,
Be quiet a little.

Ape. Be brisk—take the whisk,—and sit down on the
settle.

[Forces MEPHISTOPHELES to sit down.

Faust [*who has been all this time before a glass, now ap-
proaching, and now standing off from it*]. What is this
that I see—how heavenly fair

The form that shines in this enchanted glass !
 Oh ! lend me, Love, thy swift and silent wings,
 That I may fly away to where she is !
 Near me she seems, yet hopelessly removed,
 And living in another atmosphere !
 Alas ! if from this spot I do but stir,
 If I but venture to approach more near,
 There seems a dusky cloud to gather o'er her ;—
 Image of woman, beyond woman fair,
 Oh ! beautiful transcendently—has Earth
 Charms such as this—in that reclining form,
 Say rather that all charms of many heavens
 United are.—Can this indeed be woman ?
 Can this, indeed, be a created being ?

Meph. Fine cause of wonderment !—after seven days
 Of work, if he who made this pretty world,
 And who admired his workmanship, made something,
 Worth looking at ! Ay, gaze on her in rapture—
 This, by the way, is one of these same treasures
 That I am pretty safe in promising :
 Blessed the man who brings the fair bride home !

[FAUST *continues looking into the glass.*—MEPHISTOPHELES, *lolling on the settle, and with the whisk in his hand, continues speaking.*

Here on my kingly throne I sit me down,
 With sceptre too—I only want a crown.

The Apes [who have been playing all kind of fantastic

gambols, bring MEPHISTOPHELES a crown with loud acclamations]. Monarch proud—

With sweat and blood

Smear it—wear it—

[*They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it in two pieces, with which they go dancing about.*

'Tis done—'twas to be ;

We speak and we see—

We hearken—we listen—

We rhyme and we reason.

Faust [*still before the glass*]. Alas ! I feel my senses leaving me.

Meph. And stranger still, even my head's growing giddy !

Apes. We have words, and we can link

Syllables that chime and chink ;

Sense unsought—thus is caught ;—

Every jingle is a thought—

Every word with meaning fraught—

Language, glib and random, thus

Does the work of thought for us ;

Let but your own fancy mingle

With the jargon and the jingle,

As you listen to the lays ;

Bring the meaning you are gleaning,

Give the poet all the praise.

Faust [*as before*]. My heart's on fire—let us depart.

Meph. This is the true poetic art—

And I have never met with prettier poets,
 Could they but keep the secrets of their trade.

[The caldron, which the female CAT-APE has forgotten to attend to, begins to boil over—a great blaze arises, and streams up the chimney.—THE WITCH comes down through the flame with horrid screams.

The Witch. Ou ! Ou ! Ou ! Ou !

! Damned beast ! cursed sow !—

The pot has boiled over—the broth's overturned,
 The liquor is lost, and the Mistress is burned !

Damned beast—

And what is this ?

[Seeing FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

And who are ye ?

What brings ye here ?

Who sent ye here ?

May fiery pain

Burn bone and brain !

[Dips the skimming ladle in the caldron, and sprinkles the flames at FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and the CAT-APES—the APES whine.

Meph. *[flourishes the fan, and breaks pots and glasses.]*

Broken, broken !

Hell-broth splashing,

Glasses crashing,

Payment for the words you've spoken !

It is all in sport, my honey !

Nothing but a frolic funny !
 Keeping time, old carrion odious,
 Fitly with thy voice melodious !

[*The WITCH steps back with rage and astonishment.*

Knowest thou no more than that o' me,
 Thou raw-boned old Anatomy !
 Skeleton ! the devil blast her !
 —Know you not your Lord and Master ?
 Shall I dash the old deceiver's
 Bones into a thousand shivers ?
 Smash her, and cats, and crocks together ?
 —Know ye not my vest's red leather ?
 Know ye not the cock-tail feather ?
 What mask is there upon my features,
 To hide me thus from my own creatures ?
 And am I called upon to mention
 My name, my rank, and my pretension ?

The Witch. Pardon, my Lord, this rough salute :

I do not see the cloven foot,—
 And where are your two ravens ?—Where——

Meph. Enough, old fool,—for once I spare ;—
 'Tis long since we have met, and strange
 Has been, in such a time, the change—
 The world's grown wise—in every movement
 Is seen the Spirit of Improvement ;
 Reform to every thing extended—
 Among the rest the devil is mended ;

For court has left his wildernesses,
Thrown off his ancient savage dresses ;
The curling tail and talons horrid,
And horns to guard the wrinkled forehead.
All gone—the northern phantom's vanished,
By modern education banished !
—As to the foot—against my will,
I bear that witness with me still ;
'Twould injure me in the good graces
Of some who figure in high places ;
So, what I can, I do to hide it,
And for the purpose, am provided
With padded calves—and thus am able
To limp no more than's fashionable—
Many young men, that I might mention,
Avail themselves of the invention.

The Witch. Satan again—my own old boy,
Once more with me !—I'll die with joy.

Meph. Woman, that name—I beg to be excused—
Call me not so again.

The Witch. And why? and wherefore? what the mischief
ails
The good old name?

Meph. It has been too much used,
And sounds like something in the fairy tales ;
Is so familiar, that men deem it fable ;
Men believe nothing now above the level

Of every-day experience—they are able
To disprove all things ;—don't believe a letter
That speaks of me,—are they for this the better?
—Devils that they are, they don't believe a devil !
Call me Lord Baron—no one can object
To that, or some such title of respect.
I am a cavalier, as good
As any—am of ancient blood ;
Look at my scutcheon, all who doubt it—
See here—I never go without it.

[*Struts about with pompous gestures.*

The Witch [*laughing immoderately*]. Ha ! ha !—this is so
like you—is so clever—

You're, after all, the same gay rascal ever !

• *Meph.* [*to FAUST.*] This, every day's experience teaches,
Is the true way to deal with witches.

The Witch. What, gentlemen, would you desire
To drink ?

Meph. I thank you—we require
A bumper—one will be enough—
Of—you know well the right old stuff.
Give us the oldest you have here.
[*To FAUST.*] Its strength is doubled every year !

The Witch. Most willingly—you need not ask
A second time—here is a flask,
I taste myself, now and again—
You'll not find any smell remain.

Here—take a dram—but if I give it
 To him—you know he can't outlive it
 An hour, unless some charm protect
 His life from the assured effect.

Meph. He is a friend, 'twill do him good—
 Thrives like yourself on witches' food—
 There's nothing you can give that is
 Too strong for such a stomach as his.
 Come—chalk your circle—chant your charm—
 Fill high the cup, 'twill do no harm.

[The WITCH, with extraordinary gestures, describes a circle, and places strange things within it. Meantime the glasses begin to chime and ring; the caldron to sound and make music. Lastly, she brings a great book, places the CAT-APES within the circle; one is made to serve her for a reading-desk, others hold torches. She signs to FAUST to approach.] [scene !

Faust to MEPHISTOPHELES. No, no ! I'm sick of the whole
 What good is it? what can it mean?
 These raving gestures? and this rapid
 Torrent of nonsense? filthy—vapid
 And loathsome cheat.—I've seen such stuff
 Before; and hated it enough !

Meph. 'Tis pure professional farce—mere fudge—
 You should not be so hard a judge !
 She is but acting the physician ;
 This hocus-pocus exhibition

Assists the cure—makes the draught operate
With good effect, and at the proper rate.

[*She makes FAUST enter the circle.*

The Witch [*with a strong emphasis, begins to declaim from the book*].

Understand me let all men !
Of One make Ten,
Let Two go then :
Bid Three
Now be
The square of Three :
Thus the Witch
Makes you rich ;
Drop Four
From your score :
From Five and Six
You should fix
To take Seven and Eight away,
Then all is clear as day.
And Nine is One,
And Ten is None,
This is the Witch's One-times-one.

Faust. She seems in earnest, old deceiver !
—How like the ravings of a fever !

Meph. There is an endless volume of this stuff—
I ought to know it—I've lost time enough
Puzzling it out—for downright contradiction

Is, to the wise and fools, an equal mystery.
 My friend, in the old almanack of history,
 You'll find such jumbles made of fact and fiction ;
 And by the help of this, or some such juggle,
 Errors spread wide ;—truth suffers in the struggle.
 Doctrines are lisped by infants ; taught in schools,
 And are believed : for who contends with fools ?
 To customary words men still will link
 Their faith—poor dolts—imagining they think !

Witch. The height, the might,
 Of wisdom's light,
 The knowledge from the wide world hidden,
 Cheers humblest minds :
 Who seeks not finds :

 The welcome guest is the unbidden.

Faust. This nonsense, so like meaning, splits
 My skull. I soon would lose my wits :
 Methinks, a million fools in choir
 Are raving and will never tire.

Meph. Enough ! enough ! incomparable sibyl !
 Hand us the drink—fill the cup to the brim—
 No thimblefulls for us—no niggard dribble—
 Fear not—such draught will never injure him,
 He is one of us, and of the highest grade :
 Has drunk deep before now—be not afraid !

[*The WITCH, with many ceremonies, pours the drink into a
 cup : as FAUST raises it to his mouth, a light flame rises.*

Off with it fast—why should you fear it?
—Once down, 'twill warm your heart and cheer it.
How's this? *my* friend, and much the same
As one of us—afraid of flame?

[*The WITCH dissolves the circle. FAUST steps out.*

Meph. [*to FAUST*]. Now! out at once! you must not rest!

Witch [*to FAUST*]. Much good may it do! [*Aside.*] I
hope the best!

Meph. [*to the WITCH*]. If I can serve you, sure you might
Command me, on Walpurgis night.

The Witch. Here is a song—a pretty glee.
Hum it a few times,—you will see
Some merit in it, and effect
More than you would at first expect.

Meph. [*to FAUST*]. Come, quick! be for the present
guided:
This draught will do you good, provided
It gets fair play; but it requires
Brisk motion till the frame perspires,
And its full force is felt to dart
At once through each and every part.
And then, not sooner, will I teach
What joys the lazy hand can reach,
Of indolent voluptuousness.
The pleasures that our nobles bless;—
Soon in thy cheery heart, I trow,
Will Cupid rock him to and fro.

Already the young urchin lurks
Within, and in the spirit works.

Faust. Once more !—one other look into the glass !—

Fair form—too fair more than a form to be !

Meph. Come ! come ! no form the beauties can surpass,

That soon in living woman thou shalt see !

[*Aside.*] With this draught in him he will meet

A Helena in every street !

THE STREET.

Faust [*to MARGARET passing on*]. Fair lady, may I offer
you my arm ;

And will you suffer me to see you home ?

Marg. I am no lady—and I am not fair

I want no guide to show me the way home.

[*Disengages herself, and exit.*]

Faust. By Heaven, she is a lovely child ;

A fairer never met my eye,

Modest she seems, and good and mild,

Though something pert was her reply—

The red lips bright—the cheek's soft light—

My youth hath not departed quite !

She passed, her timid eyes declining,

Deep in my heart they still are shining—

And her light spirits' lively play

Hath stolen me from myself away !

MEPHISTOPHELES *enters.*

Faust. Hearken here, sir, get me the girl ; and fast.

Meph. The girl !—what girl ?

Faust. She that this moment passed.

Meph. What—she ? she was but now at church

At her confession—I was there.

And, hid by the confession chair,

Was listening to her from my lurch.

Poor thing—she is all innocence—

Had nothing in the world to tell !

With such to meddle is not well.

Her purity is a defence,

That leaves the tempter no pretence.

Upon this child I have no power.

Faust. She's passed fourteen, if she's an hour !

Meph. Could Liederlich be worse than this ?

The profligate, whose folly is,

To think each flower of beauty his.

Calls it a purchasable trifle,

And every charm he sees would rifle ;

Thinks truth and honour but a name—

My friend, give up this hopeless game.

Faust. Sound doctrine this, most reverend,

I hope your sermon's at an end :

Now, once for all, conceited fellow,

I am determined on't, and tell you,

She must, this very night, be mine :

You and I part, if you decline.

Meph. Compose yourself—be reasonable—

If in a fortnight I be able

To make out opportunities !

Faust. A fortnight ! give me but seven hours !

I want no devil to help me then,

And ask no aid from any powers

But those belonging to all men,

To fool a child like this with ease,

And make her anything I please.

Meph. How like a Frenchman ! I regret

To see you discontented ; yet

Why thus impatient ? the delight

Is, after all, less exquisite,

Than when with some delay and doubt,

And difficulty fenced about,

You win the treasure guarded long ;

Play with the pretty thing awhile,

And toy and trifle and beguile,

And to your will the soft wax mould,—

As witness many a story told,

Of true love in Italian song.

Faust. But, fortunately, I require

No such incentives to desire.

Meph. Now, not to take or give offence,

Believe me, here all violence

Is useless—in a little while

The damsel may be won by guile ;—
A stratagem, perhaps, may gain
The fortress—storming it were vain !

Faust. Give me, meanwhile, some little thing
Of hers—a garter or a ring—
A kerchief from her snowy breast—
Show me the chamber of her rest !

Meph. To prove how sensibly I feel
Your pangs, and, if I could, to heal ;
I gratify, without delay,
Your wish, and take you there to-day.

Faust. And shall I see her ? have her ?

Meph. No !

She to a neighbour's has to go,
And when I find that she is gone,
You may indulge yourself alone ;
Breathe in the very room where she
Hath slept, and dream of joys to be.

Faust. May we go now ?

Meph. It scarce were pleasant
So early.

Faust. Make me out some present.

Meph. Presents so soon ! this promises
Speedy success—they all love dress !
Oh, I know many a place of pleasure,
Where such things are, and many a treasure
Buried of old, and soon will find
Some lure to win the young thing's mind.

EVENING.—*A Neat Little Room.*

Margaret. I would give something now to know
The gentleman who met me, though ;
He had a proud and princely air,
Is one of the nobility ;
Look on his brow, you read it there,
And if he were not, he would stare
With somewhat more civility. [*Exit.*

MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST.

Meph. Come in—tread softly—but come in.

Faust. [*after a pause*]. Leave me, now leave me, I
entreat.

Meph. [*prying about*]. The place is tidy and quite clean ;
—Not every damsel's is so neat. [*Exit.*

Faust. [*looking round*]. How calm ! how happy dwells the
tender light

In this still sanctuary reposing here,
And the sweet spirit of peace pervading all,
And blessing all.—Spirit of peace and love,
I give myself to thee ! Oh, love, whose breath
Is fed on the delicious dew of hope,
Be thou henceforth my life !

How round us breathe

In every thing the same prevailing quiet
And neatness, and the feeling of contentment !

—In low estate what more than riches are,
And this poor cell how very, very happy !

[He throws himself on the leathern arm-chair beside the bed.]

Receive me, thou who hast with open arm,
Year after year, the generations gone
Welcomed in joy and grief : how many a swarm
Of children round this patriarchal throne
Gathering nave clung—perhaps beside this seat
A happy child—I well can fancy it—
Even now she scarce is more—on Christmas eve
My love has bent her at her grandsire's feet ;
'Mong the good children each year to receive
The gifts that heaven's dear child comes down to give.
Kissing the good old man I see her stand,
Her young round cheeks pressed on his withered hand.

The spirit of contentment, maiden dear,
Is breathing in thy very atmosphere ;
I feel it sway me while I linger here.
The sense of neatness, felt in every thing,
Speaks with a mother's voice, and bids thee spread
The little table with its covering,
The floor with crisp sand crackling to the tread.
Every where round the hand beloved I trace,
That makes a paradise of any place.

Here could I linger hours on hours,
Where dreams and meditative thought,

And, Nature, thy benignant powers

 Within her virgin bosom wrought,
As day by day each influence pure,
Of heaven and earth her heart mature,
And fain would welcome forth, and win
To light, the angel from within.

 Here lay the slumbering child, her tender breast
Filled with the warmth of happy life ; and here
The heavenly image, on the soul imprest,
Came out, as clouds past off, divinely clear.

 And thou ? what brings thee hither now ?
In this mad moment what art thou ?
These softening of the heart ! and then
This rage of wild desire again !
Poor Faust ! has some magic cloud
Befooled thine eyes ? thy reason bowed ?
Else why this burning passion strange ?
And why to love this sudden change ?
Are we the sport of every breath of air ?

 And, should she now return and meet
Thee here, how would the boaster shrink
Into the coward ! at her feet
In what confusion sink !

Meph. [*entering*]. Away—I see her at the door.

Faust. I go, and I return no more.

Meph. This casket, with its jewels rare,

I got it—but no matter where—
 Or—what was to be given instead,—
 Some things are better left unsaid ;—
 Quick—put it in the press—'twill seize on
 Her fancy—lull asleep her reason ;
 Then, guess you, how the dream will end.
 I got them for another friend :
 The casket and the trifles in it
 He thought might buy a happy minute ;
 And he was one who knew the fashion
 In which to woo, and woman's passion ;
 But child is child, and maid and lover
 Play the same game the wide world over.

Faust. I know not ; ought I ?

Meph. Can you ask it ?

Perhaps you wish to keep the casket ;
 If so—and that 'tis avarice—
 I wish you joy of this cheap vice ;
 I'm glad the momentary bubble
 Of love has burst—it saves me trouble ;
 And easier pastimes you may find
 Than practising upon her mind.
 My poor brain scarcely understands
 What you are at—I rub my hands
 And scratch my head.

[Places the casket in the press, and closes the lock.

Come—come—what do you mean ? the object is

To wind this sweet young child to your wish and will.
And now—as I live—you're looking starched and chill,
As if you were going up to your lecture-chair
With PHYSICS in the body standing there,
And METAPHYSICA in her grey hair.
,Come ! come !

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MARGARET [with a lamp].

Marg. It feels so close, so sultry here,
Yet out of doors I thought it chill.
—When will my mother come? A thrill
Runs through my frame—I am, I fear,
A foolish, foolish woman.

[*She begins to sing as she undresses herself.*

There was a king in Thulé,
And he loved an humble maid ;
And she who loved him truly,
When she came to her death-bed,

A golden cup she gave him,
Which none could better prize ;
And ever, as he drank of it,
Tears dimmed his flowing eyes.

And when he came to die,
To his heirs his wealth he told ;
Left all without a sigh
But his mistress' cup of gold.

As at the royal banquet
Among his knights sate he,
In the high hall of his fathers,
In their fortress o'er the sea,

Up stood the gay old monarch ;
For the last time up he stood ;
For the last time drained the blessed cup,
And threw it in the flood.

He saw it falling, filling,
And sinking in the sea ;
His eyes lost sight of it, and sank,
And never more drank he.

*[She opens the press to put in her clothes, and
perceives the casket.]*

How came this brilliant casket here ?
I locked the press, I'd almost swear.
The cover's beautiful—I wonder
What it may be that lies under ?
Some pledge for money by my mother
Lent to somebody or other.
I think I'll open it—and, see,
Attached to it, and tempting me,
A riband with a little key.
How very beautiful it is !
I've never seen the like of this !
Jewels and pearls !—At mask or ball
'Twould grace the proudest dame of all

Who glitter at high festival.

I wonder how 'twould look on me?

Whose can the glorious splendour be?

[She puts them on, and stands before the glass.

Oh, if I had these ear-rings only!

Drest thus, I seem a different creature!

What good are charms of form and feature

Though poor maids are

Both mild and fair,

The world for ever leaves them lonely—

Man may praise,

Yet half he says

Seems less like kindness than compassion—

For gold he strives,

For gold he wives—

Alas! the *poor* are not in fashion!

PROMENADE.—FAUST *walking up and down in thought—to him.*

Meph. By Love, which I contemn, and Hell's

Essence of fire—things can't be worse:

Oh, that I could be something else

Than what I am, that I might curse!

Faust. What ails thee now? What pinches thee so sore?

A face like that I never saw before.

Meph. I'd damn myself to everlasting evil,

But that I am myself the devil.

Faust. This frantic scene—what can it mean

Meph. Think, only think, that splendid set
Of pearls, I got for Margaret,
A priest has made his own of them.
Her mother, soon as she detected
The treasure, something wrong suspected.
The old hag o'er her book of prayer
Sits moping, mumbling, grumbling there,
Or, for she has a fine sharp nose,
Through the house prowling, prying goes,
On the scent to ascertain,
For the smell decides right well
What is holy, what profane,
She snuffled at the chain and gem,
Found not the smell she likes in them.
"My child," she said, "things thus unholy,
Or suited not for one so lowly,
Will seize and fasten on the heart,
And hold it till health, peace, depart.
To the Virgin Mary bring
These in humble offering;—
Sinful things of earth we give,
And receive from Heaven, instead,
Heaven's own food restorative,
That our precious souls may live
Fed on manna—angels' bread!"
At this poor Madge looked far from pleasant,
Provoked at having lost the present:

Why, thought she, is the gift rejected?
Or he, who gave it me, suspected?
The giver is a rich man—must
Be generous—and therefore just
And good—and why should we distrust?
The mother strait sends for the priest;
He comes, and he enjoys the jest.
His features brighten up with rapture,
And thus he preaches o'er his capture:—
“ You feel the matter right, dear madam;
These pearls—'twere wrong the poor child had 'em:
To them who strive is grace accorded,
And he who conquers is rewarded.
The Church will feel (we cannot question)
No difficulty of digestion;
Will swallow without fear of surfeit
The ill-got goods that sin makes forfeit;
Whole realms, their produce and their profit,
She eats up, and thinks nothing of it:
The Church alone, with conscience quiet,
Can thrive upon this doubtful diet.”

Faust. That this is false each day evinces,
Or true as well of Jews and princes.

Meph. On this, he swept into his pocket
Ear-rings and bracelet, chain and locket,
And made no more of pearls and casket,
Than if he pocketed a basket

Of nuts,—then treats them with a lecture
On vanity,—states his conjecture
Upon the uses of affliction,
And leaves them with his benediction.

Faust. And Margaret——

Meph. Sits in restless mood——

Does nothing—knows not what she should—
Thinks night and day on what she lost,
But dwells on him who gave them most.

Faust. Poor thing ! her grief goes to my heart !
Bring more gems—come—come—no delay—
The first, coarse common things were they.

Meph. [*in affected vexation*]. Mere trinkets flung in sport away !
—My toil is nothing, nor the value
Of what I give !——

Faust. Be silent, shall you
Thus mock at me and my affection ?
Act for my ends, by my direction.
Court thou the widow—tax invention
For sweet things—draw off her attention—
Come—come—you're dull as water-gruel,—
Up—up—away for chain and jewel !

Meph. My lord, I cheerfully obey. [Exit FAUST.]

How a man fooled with love will fling away
Sun, stars, earth, heaven, upon the chosen lady—
All cheap as presents to a child on May-day ! [Exit.]

THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

Martha [*alone*]. God help and pity me, and pardon
My poor old man! he treats me badly;—
Thus to go off—'tis very hard on
A wedded wife,—here pining sadly
Am I upon my lonely straw.
I loved and doted on him so,
His very will to me was law;
And for no reason thus to go
And die abroad [*weeping*]*—*he must have died—
Yet 'twould be satisfactory
If I could have it certified.

Enter MARGARET.

Marg. Martha.

Mar. My little Margery!
Sweet child, what can the matter be?

Marg. My knees are sinking under me.
I've found another casket, one
Like that so lately had and gone,
Laid in my press—of ebony—
The rings and jewels in it are
More brilliant than the former far.

Mar. Your mother must not hear it, though,
Or straightway to the priest they go.

Marg. Look at them, only look at them.

Mar. Fortunate girl.

Marg. Alas, one gem
I cannot—can I?—ever dare
Put on in church or any where.

Mar. Come here as often as you please,
And try them on where no one sees :
Before the glass be whole hours spent
Adjusting every ornament.
We will enjoy their full effect,
With none your secret to suspect ;
Then as occasions come, a ball,
A dance, a day of festival,
We let them one by one appear—
A chain, a pearl-drop in the ear—
And coin some story or another
To keep the matter from your mother.

Marg. Twice to have had such caskets brought,
There's something in it more than ought ! [A knock.
Good God ! my mother ! I'll be seen.

Mar. 'Tis a strange gentleman.—Come in.

Meph. [enters]. I've come unceremoniously ;
But, ladies, you will pardon me.

[Retreats respectfully before MARGARET.]

To Martha Schwerdtlein was my visit :
I'm told this is her lodging. Is it ?

Mar. Sir, I'm the person. What's your pleasure ?

Meph. I'll call when you are more at leisure :
You have a guest of consequence ;

I'll call again in three hours hence.

Mar. [*to Marg.*] The funniest thing I ever knew—
The gentleman imagined you
To be some lady of high rank.
I can't but laugh.

Marg. I have to thank
The gentleman's extreme good nature.
I am a poor young humble creature :
These ornaments are not my own.

Meph. I did not judge by them alone ;
'Tis something in your mien and glance.
My visit was a lucky chance.

Mar. [*aside*]. To know what brings him, I am dying.

Meph. I wish I had news more gratifying ;
But blame me not, though sad it prove.
Your husband's dead, and sends his love.

Mar. Is dead ! the faithful creature dead !
My husband—would 'twere I instead.

Marg. Friend, let thy strong good sense prevail
O'er grief—

Meph. And hear the sad detail.

Marg. I fear at all to think of love,
Such loss my certain death would prove.

Meph. Grief waits on joy—joy follows grief.

Mar. Tell on ; it will be some relief.

Meph. In Padua, at St. Anthony's,
In consecrated earth he lies !

A cool bed under the church floor,
Where he sleeps soundly.

Mar. Nothing more?

Meph. Oh, yes! a death-bed legacy :
His last commission was to thee,
To have three hundred masses said,
With requiem service for the dead.
His last was a religious thought :
This is the whole of what I brought.

Mar. What, not a coin, no trinket token,
Nothing to soothe his poor heart-broken ?
Why, the most paltry artisan,
The veriest wretch in form of man,
Some small memorial still will hoard,
Some little pledge in secret stored,
To show his love is not forgot—
Will starve—will beg—but parts it not !

Meph. Madam, I'm sorry for his blindness
To the true value of your kindness :
'Tis your mistake, to think he squandered
His money—as he died, he pondered
The past—and, as his heart relented,
His sins and his bad luck repented.

Marg. Unhappy men ! I weep for them !
He shall not want my *requiem* !

Meph. The sweet child ! what a tender touch of
True feeling ! that's the girl for me—

I take it you deserve to be
Out of hand married, and made much of.

Marg. Time long enough 'twill be till then.

Meph. You'll find admirers 'mong the men :
A husband in due course, no doubt,
I'll see to bring it soon about,
And if not married out and out,
With a gallant we can mayhap
Fill up as pleasantly the gap.

Marg. 'Tis not the custom of the place.

Meph. Custom or not, it is the case.

Mar. Tell on.

Meph. I stood at his bedside ;
The rotting straw on which he died,
—Something less foul than dung, not much,
Infectious to the smell and touch.—
He died a Christian, and in debt,
Settled his scores with Heaven ;—the trifle
Due at the wine-shop, is due yet.
“ Alas,” said he, “ I used my wife ill.—
Would die at peace, did she forgive.”

Mar. Poor man ! I long ago forgave.

Meph. “ But 'twas her folly, as I live.”

Mar. What ! standing on the very grave
Did he say this ? assert this lie ?
And did he tell you it was I,
I who was wrong ?—

Meph. He did: but out
The truth has come, and leaves no doubt.
He lied: your very countenance
Decides the matter at a glance!—
“Mine was hard work, you may conjecture,
(Thus ran his peevish death-bed lecture),
First, all her children to be fed;
And while I toiled to make them bread,
Not let to eat my crust in peace.”

Mar. What, will his slanders never cease?
Love, Honour, Truth, forgotten quite;
Our tenderesses day and night.

Meph. Not so: he thought of you with great affection.
“As I,” said he, “was late from Malta sailing,
I found myself in prayer; a sudden rapture,
Following a burst of tender recollection
Of wife and children, and the prayer prevailing
Was heard on high. That day we made a capture;
A Turkish vessel laden with rich treasure
For the great sultan: ’twas a gallant fight,
And valour triumphed, and was well rewarded:
And when they came the shares of each to measure,
I got, to say the least of it, my right.”

Mar. What? how? a prize? think you, he buried it?

Meph. Who knows where heaven’s four winds have scattered it?

Bury it?—no, his heart was far from sordid:

That his death proves, his generous nature hurried it.
A lady, one of your nice Neapolitans,
As he was loitering in their pleasant city,
Looked on his loneliness, kind soul, with pity,
And saw his vanity—and soothed and flattered it—
Fastened upon him, led him such a jolly dance,
That with his cash, and him, all was soon over.
Marks of affection, too, she gave her lover,
Of such a kind, that to the blessed hour
In which your poor saint died, he felt their power.

Mar. Scoundrel, to use his wife and children so !
Ought not the poverty, which his neglect
Had heaped on us, his shameless course have checked ?

Meph. It ought ; and he is punished for it now :
But as this will not mend the case,
I would, if I were in your place,
Put on my mourning, keep a good eye out,
And wed again, when the year came about.

Mar. Where could I find, in this wide world of men,
Any thing like my own poor man again ?
There could not be a creature kinder, fonder ;
His only fault was, he from home would wander ;
And when I think of him, my eyes are swimming :
He was so good, without a single vice,
Except his taste for foreign wines and women.
And the society they bring--and dice.

Meph. Well ! if on his side he had only made

Allowances as just and generous,
Your quarrels had been easily allayed.
Why, I myself—if you indulge me thus—
With such good sense—in a few little things—
Am tempted to propose exchanging rings.

Mar. Oh, sir, you are a pleasant gentleman :—
Sure you were speaking but in jest.

Meph. [*aside.*] I'd best be off: this vile old pest
Has her brains turned already with the plan
Of marrying me at once outright !
My only safety is in flight.
Damn her ! she'll keep the devil to his word. [*To MARGARET.*
How goes it with your heart ?

Marg. What means my lord ?

Meph. [*as if to himself.*]—The good sweet innocent child !
[*Aloud.*] Ladies, farewell !

Marg. Farewell !

Mar. Sir ! sir ! don't leave us till you tell
One little matter more : I want a witness
To prove his death and burial—how—when—where—
Formally proved ; and you will see the fitness
Of having it on record—'twould be pleasant
To have it in the papers of the week.

Meph. "*At the mouth of two witnesses the matter
Shall be established.*"—By good luck, at present
There's one in town, who to the fact can speak ;
A man of character and high condition :

He'll make the necessary deposition—

I'll bring him in the evening.

Mar.

Don't be later.

Meph. And this young woman—shall we find her here?

She will so please him—nay, I do not flatter ;—

A fine young man—has travelled far and near—

Is so admired—and so admires the sex,

And has so true a feeling of decorum.

Marg. I feel afraid—to meet him would perplex

And so confuse—I'd blush to death before him.

Meph. Were he a king—should it be thus?

Mar. The garden, then, behind my house—

We shall expect both gentlemen

This evening there—farewell till then.

THE STREET.—FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. How fare you? goes it swimmingly on and swift?

Meph. Hurrah! my friend—I'm glad to see your heart

On fire—she shall be yours in less than no time:

This evening, we all meet at Neighbour Martha's.

Of all the women that I ever saw

She is the veriest gipsy—is the one

To mould his Margaret to the doctor's purpose.

Faust. All promises well so far.

Meph.

But we are asked

For something in return.

Faust. That's reasonable—
As one good turn, they say, deserves another.

Meph. We are only asked to make a deposition,
In proper form, that her dead husband's bones
Are lying decently interred in Padua,
Quietly resting there in holy ground.

Faust. Mighty fine doings! what a pretty jaunt
You have contrived for us!

Meph. *Sancta simplicitas!*
Why should we go? we are asked but to make oath—
This may be done without the toil of travel,
Or trouble of any kind.

Faust. Is this your plan?
If you have nothing better to propose,
The scheme is at an end.

Meph. Oh, holy man!
Is it there you are now? Doctor, is this your
scruple?
Is this the first time in your life that you
Have borne false witness? have you lectured on
God—and the world—and all that moves therein—
On Man—and on "how thought originates,"
And that enigma, man's mysterious nature,
The intellectual and the moral powers—
Have you not dealt in formal definitions,
With forehead unabashed, and heart undaunted?
Yet, if you did but own the truth, your conscience

Must tell you—does it not?—you know no more
Of all these matters than of Schwerdtlein's death,

Faust. Thou art, and wert, and thou wilt ever be
A liar and sophist.

Meph. Yes ; if by appearances
Only you judge : you, a philosopher,
Should look a little deeper—you yourself,
Ere two days pass—will you not?—all in honour,
As you would call it—fool this poor child's fancy,
And swear,—your casuistry will then be silent—
How from your soul you love her—love her ever.

Faust. Yes, and such oath is true—

Meph. —As any other ;—
And then of everlasting faith and love
Will be the talk,—of all-absorbing passion—
Of the one feeling—felt but once—for one :
Will this, too, be a language that the heart
Can recognize as true?

Faust. Peace, fiend ! it will,
If that I feel, and if for the emotion—
The frenzy call it, rather—I still seek
A name and can find none—if through the world
My fancy ranging seeks analogies
That are, and ever must remain, imperfect—
If words that speak of time be insufficient
Even feebly to express this burning feeling,
And that, thus forced, I call it endless—deathless—

Eternal—yes, eternal—say you that
Language like this isa Satanic lie?

Meph. Yet I am right.

Faust. Hark ye—take this with you—
I'll spare my lungs, and cease to argue further—
But, as I said, take this with you ;—no matter
What side a man adopts, or of what subject—
If he has but a tongue, he'll not want reasons
To prove him in the right : as now, for instance ;—
I'm tired of talk—you then are in the right—
You must be, sure, I have no help for it.

THE GARDEN.—MARGARET *on* FAUST'S *arm*, MARTHA *with*
MEPHISTOPHELES.—*Walking loiteringly up and down.*

Marg. You do but play with my simplicity,
And put me to the blush. A traveller
Learns such good nature—is so pleased with all
things
And every body :—my poor talk, I know,
Has no attraction, that could for a moment
Engage the attention of a man, who has
Seen so much of the world——

Faust. One glance—one word—
One little word from thee, I value more
Than all the wisdom of th' world's wisest ones.

[*Kisses her hand.*

Marg. How could you think of it? How could you kiss it?
It is so coarse—so hard—is spoiled with all work
On every day—how could it but be coarse?
My mother's habits are too close—my tasks
Are too severe. [*They pass on.*]

Mar. And are you—are you always travelling thus?

Meph. Alas! that claims of business and of duty
Should force me to it. We feel pangs at parting
From many a spot where yet we may not loiter.

Mar. In youth's wild days, it cannot but be pleasant
This idle roaming round and round the world,
With wildfire spirits, and heart disengaged :
But soon comes age and sorrow ; and to drag,
Through the last years of life, down to the grave
A solitary creature—like the wretch,
Who moves from prison on to execution—
This must be bad for body and for soul.

Meph. You make me shudder at the dreary prospect.

Mar. Be wise—secure yourself in time. [*They pass on.*]

Marg. Yes !—out of sight, soon out of mind.
I feel this courtesy is kind ;—
That you, who must have many a friend
Highly informed, should condescend
To speak with one in my poor station.
Of such neglected education,
—In every thing so unimproved—

Faust. Believe me, dearest, best beloved,

That, which the world calls information,
Is often but the glitter chilling
Of vanity and want of feeling.

Marg. How ?

Faust. Ah ! that—singleness of heart,
And absence of all artifice,
—Gifts, as they are, above all price,
Heaven's holiest blessing—should be thus
Of their own worth unconscious !
That—meekness, gentleness, the treasure
Which Nature, who doth still impart
To all in love, and lavish measure,
Gives to the child, whom she loves dearest,—
Should——

Marg. Think of me when you are gone,
A moment now and then—of you
I shall have time enough to think.

Faust. Your time is passed, then, much alone ?

Marg. Why, yes ; and then our house affairs,
Poor though they be, bring many cares.
We have no servant maid, and I
Must cook, knit, sew, must wash and dry ;
Run far and near—rise ere the light,
And not lie down till late at night.
And then my mother's temper's such,
In every thing she asks so much ;
Of saving has so strict a sense,

And is so fearful of expense ;
So anxious, so particular :
—Not that our circumstances are
So limited, as not to give
The means like other folk to live.
'The property my father had,
And died possessed of, was not bad :
A house, and garden here, that yields
Something worth while, and some town fields
Just at the gates. My days, somehow,
Are tolerably quiet now—
My brother earns a soldier's bread
Abroad ;—my little sister's dead.
Trouble enough I had with her,
Yet cheerfully would I incur
Ten times the toil—so dear was she.

Faust. A very angel, if like thee !

Marg. Even from its birth, the child I nurst—
And so it loved me from the first.
Born to distress—its father torn
Away by death, ere it was born.
My mother, worn out with disease—
We long had given her up for gone—
Recovering faintly by degrees,
Came slowly, very slowly on.
She had no strength—she could not think
Of nursing it—and so, poor thing,

I reared it ; for its natural drink,
With milk and water tried to bring
The creature on—and thus my own
It seemed to be, and mine alone—
Lay on my arm, and on my breast
Would play and nestle, and was blest.

Faust. This must have been the purest joy.

Marg. Yet were there hours of great annoy—
Its cradle was by my bedside :
It kept me half the night awake,
To make it quiet when I tried.—
At times must I get up, to take
The little urchin into bed ;
This would not do—then must I rise,
Walk up and down with measured tread,
And seek with songs to hush its cries.
Then daylight brought its tasks to me :
Ere dawn must I at washing be—
Trudge to the market—light the fire ;
And if I felt the trouble tire
On one day, 'twas the same the next.
I felt dispirited and vext
At times ; but I was wrong in this ;
For, after all, his labour is
What gives a poor man's food its zest,
And makes his bed a bed of rest,

[*They pass on.*]

Mar. We women are the sufferers : who can make
Any thing of a dissolute old rake?

Meph. Yet have I perfect faith in woman's skill ;
You may, for instance, make me what you will.

Mar. But tell me plainly, have you never met
One whom you loved?—thought you of marriage yet?

Meph. A blessed state—in Proverbs we are told,
A good wife better is than pearls or gold.

Mar. But is there none with preference you would name?

Meph. All are polite and every where the same.

Mar. Have you no one in seriousness addressed?

Meph. With ladies can you think that I would jest?

Mar. You still mistake me.

Meph. I regret to find
How slow I am : but one thing to my mind
Is clear, that you are very, very kind. [*They pass on.*]

Faust. And so thou didst, my angel—didst thou not?—
The moment that I came into the garden,
Remember me again, upon the spot?

Mar. Did you not see it?—I held down my eyes.

Faust. And thou dost,—dost thou not?—the freedom
pardon
Which, as you passed from the Cathedral home,
I rashly took?

Marg. I felt so much surprised,
And was, I scarce can tell you, so confused,
And trembled like a guilty thing accused.

“Into his head could such a thought have come?—
 What must he think of thee?—there must have been
 Something improper in thy walk or mien ;
 Something that gave this gentleman to see,
 Here is a girl with whom you may make free.”
 Yet must I own I did not then detect
 How my heart pleaded for thee, nor suspect
 I with myself was angry, that, with thee,
 As angry, as I ought, I could not be.

Faust. Sweet love !

Marg. One moment wait.

*[She plucks a star-flower, and picks off the leaves
 one after another.]*

Faust. Why pluck the star-flower ?

—Do you wish a bunch of flowers ?

Marg. No, I just fancied

Trying a little game of chance.

Faust. What mean you ?

Marg. You will laugh at me.

[She plucks off the leaves, and murmurs to herself.]

Faust. What are you murmuring ?

Marg. *[half aloud].* He loves me—loves me not.

Faust. Angelic creature ?

Marg. He loves me—not—He loves me—not—

[As she plucks off the last leaf with eager delight.]

He loves me !

Faust. Yes, my child, deem this language of the flower

The answer of an oracle—"He loves thee!"

Dost thou know all the meaning of "He loves thee?"

[*Holds both her hands.*]

Marg. I am all over trembling.

Faust.

Tremble not!

Oh, let this look, this pressure of the hands,

Say, to thee, what no words can say: henceforth

Be our whole being lost in one another

In overflowing joy—that lives and lives

For ever and for ever! could it end,

It were—but no, it cannot, cannot end!

[*MARGARET presses his hands; disengages herself from him, and runs away. He stands for a moment, thoughtful, and follows her.*]

Mar. The night is coming on.

Meph.

We should be going.

Mar. I would invite you to stay longer, but
We live in a censorious neighbourhood.

They seem to have nothing to think of or to do

But watch the doors, and who go in and out:

Do what you will, your doings will be misconstrued:

But our young couple—saw you them?

Meph.

They've flown

Up yonder walk—gay butterflies—

Mar.

He seems

Caught.

Meph. And she too. 'Tis the way of the world.

A SUMMER HOUSE.—MARGARET *runs in; fixes herself behind the door; holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevice.*

Marg. He comes.

Faust. Ah, rogue! and do you thus provoke me?
I've caught you at last. *[Kisses her.*

Marg. *[embracing him, and returning the kiss].* Dearest and best, with my whole heart I love thee.

[MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.

Faust *[stamping].* Who's there?

Meph. A friend.

Faust. A brute.

Meph. Full time to go.

Mar. *[comes up].* 'Tis late, my lord—

Faust. May I not see you home?

Marg. My mother would——farewell.

Faust. Must I then go?—
Farewell.

Mar. Adieu!

Marg. To meet again, and soon.

[Exeunt FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

Marg. How many things a man like this
Must know;—and I had but a “Yes,”
For every thing he said;—confused
By every word; yet he excused

Each fault of mine. What can it be,
That thus attaches him to me.

FOREST AND CAVERN.

Faust [*alone*]. Yes ! lofty Spirit, thou hast given me all,
All that I asked of thee ; and not in vain,
In unconsuming fire revealed, hast thou
Been with me, manifesting gloriously
Thy presence—thou hast looked on me with love,
—Hast given me empire o'er majestic Nature ;
Power to enjoy and feel ! 'Twas not alone
The stranger's short permitted privilege
Of momentary wonder that thou gavest ;
No, thou hast given me into her deep breast
As into a friend's secret heart to look ;
Hast brought to me the tribes of living things :
Thus teaching me to recognize and love
My brothers in still grove, or air, or stream.
And when in the wide wood the tempest raves,
And shrieks, and rends the giant pines, uproots,
Disbranches, and, with maddening grasp uplifting,
Flings them to earth, and from the hollow hill
Dull moaning thunders echo their descent ;
Then dost thou lead me to the safe retreat
Of some low cavern, there exhibiting
To my awed soul its own mysterious nature !

Of my own heart the depths miraculous,
Its secret inward being all exposed !
And when before my eye the pure moon walks
High over-head, diffusing a soft light,
Then from the rocks, and over the damp wood,
The pale bright shadows of the ancient times
Before me seem to move, and mitigate
The too severe delight of earnest thought !—

Alas ! even now I feel MAN's joys must be
Imperfect ever. The ecstatic bliss,
Which lifts me near and nearer to the gods ;
This is thy gift ; but with it thou hast given,
Inseparably linked, this vile associate,
Whom I abominate, but cannot part :—
Cold, insolent, malicious, he contrives
To make me to myself contemptible ;
And with a breath will scatter into nothing
All these high gifts : with what officious zeal
He fans my breast into a raging flame
Of passion, to possess that perfect form
Of loveliness ! Thus, from desire I pass
On to enjoyment, and, uneasy still,
Even in enjoyment languish for desire !

[MEPHISTOPHELES enters.]

Meph. Have you not had enough of this before ?
A pretty kind of life to live for ever !

Well enough for a trial. Come, come, let us
Seek something new.

Faust. I wish you had something else
To do than thus torment me when I'm quiet.

Meph. Well! well! and if you wish I'll leave you here
To your delights—never say it again.
Great loss to me, indeed, 'twould be to lose
A petulant, unsocial, crazy creature
Of a companion—kept the whole day long
Busy, and never can make any guess
From my lord's countenance, whether your worship
Is pleased or is displeased by what I do.

Faust. Ay, there's the tone—that is so very like him:
Tires me to death—expects me then to thank him!

Meph. Poor child of earth! and couldst thou, then, have
borne
Thy life till now without my aid? 'Twas I
That saved thee from imaginations idle!
I guarded thee with long and anxious care;
And, but for me, even now thou wouldst have been
Idling in other worlds! Why sittest thou there,
Lingering in hollow cave, or rifted rock,
Dull as the moping owl? Why, like the toad,
Dost thou support a useless life, deriving
Subsistence from damp moss and dripping stone?
Sweet pastime this! most charming occupation!
I fear you've not forgotten your old trade.

Faust. Couldst thou conceive what added life is given
In hours like this, passed in the wilderness,
And couldst thou feel it—still thou wouldst remain
The devil thou art—still hate and poison it!
Wouldst grudge the short delight——

Meph.

Delight indeed!

Yes, transcendental rapture!—mighty fine!—
In night and dew lying among the hills,
In ecstasy embracing earth and heaven—
To swell up till you are a kind of god—
To pierce into the marrow of the earth
In a fool's fancies—all the six-days' task
Of the creation in thy breast to feel—
And in the pride of conscious power enjoy
I know not what of bliss,—to cherish love
That has no limits, but must overflow
Till it loves every thing that is—till earth
And man's poor nature, in the trance forgotten,
Has passed away—and then the glorious hour
Of intuition ending—how it ends
I must not say——

Faust.

Fie, fie upon thee.

Meph.

Yes!

“Fie, fie!”—it does not suit your taste, forsooth—
Fie, fie! this mannerly word sounds very well
In your mouth now. The modest ears are closed,
And will not hear of what the modest heart

Yet cannot go without. Good, good!—a word,
However, upon what you said—I grudge not
To you or any man such pleasure, as
He now and then may feel, in playing tricks
Of self-deception ; pity 'twill not last.
You are already blown out of your course—
Are almost what you were when first we met ;
And, if you don't take care, will fret yourself
Soon into actual madness—frenzy-fever,
Or melancholy horror. For your own sake
Have done with this : your love, poor creature ! sits
Within there,—you should soothe her ! All with her
Is sad and gloomy—out of her poor mind
You never are : she loves devotedly,
Poor thing !—on thee she thinks—thinks evermore.
First came the flood of thy o'erflowing passion,
As swells, when the snows melt, a mountain brook
Above its banks—and thou into her heart
Hast poured the sudden gush ; and now the brook
Is dry with thee again : methinks 'twere well,
Instead of reigning here among the woods
On an imaginary throne, that you
Would comfort the young monkey, and requite
The poor thing for her love,—to her the time
Seems miserably long—she lingers at
The window, gazes on the clouds that pass
Slow o'er the old town-walls. “ Oh that I were

A little bird !" she cries. This is her song
 All the day long, and half the heavy night !
 One moment is she mirthful—mostly is
 Sad,—then she weeps till she can weep no more ;
 Then, as 'twould seem, she is at rest again.
 But mirth or grief, whatever the mood be,
 This all is love—deep, tender, passionate love.

Faust. Serpent—vile serpent !

Meph. [*aside*]. Ay, and one that stings

Faust. Infamous wretch, begone ! name not her
 name—

Pollute it not—stir not into desire
 My half-distracted senses.

Meph. What is this ?—

She deems herself abandoned—and is right.

Faust. Off, viper !

Meph. You are raving—I am laughing :
 What a hard task it is, forsooth—just think,
 And let it cure your spirits,—you are going
 Not—as to look at you one might believe—
 Not to the gibbet—but to a fond mistress !

Faust. What were the joys of Heaven, though with them
 blest

In her embrace ?—could my disquiet be
 Stilled on her bosom ? could it hush to rest
 This drear presentiment of her undoing ?
 And am I not the outcast—the accurst—

The homeless one,—whose wanderings never cease—
The monster of his kind? No rest for me—
No aim—no object ; like the stream, that, nurst
With swelling rains, foaming from rock to rock,
Along its course of ruin,
On to the inevitable precipice—
Plunges impatient down the blind abyss,
And violently seeks the desperate shock.
And—by the side of such mad stream—was she,
—A child with a child's feelings ;—her low cot
In the green field upon the mountain slope,
And all that she could wish, or love, or hope,
Her little world, all—all in that poor spot ;—
And I—the heaven-detested !—was it not
Enough, that the mad torrent grasped and tore
The rocks, and shivered them to dust, and bore
All, that opposed me, in my downward course
On with me ?—Her, too, her—her peace—her joy—
These must I undermine ?—these too destroy ?
Hell ! hell !—this victim also !—Thy support,
Devil ! and the dreadful interval make short !
What must be, be it soon ! Let the crush fall
Down on me of her ruin—perish all—
She—I—and these wild thoughts together !

Meph. What ! in the fever-fit again ?
How seethes and burns the muddy brain !
—Idiot, go in, and comfort her.

Thus is it ever with the crazy pate,
 When difficulties thwart,
 Or unforeseen calamities occur :
 Fools, when they cannot see their way,
 At once grow desperate,
 Have no resource—have nothing to propose—
 But fix a dull eye of dismay
 Upon the final close.
 Success to the stout heart, say I,
 That sees its fate, and can defy !
 —Yet art thou, though of such soft stuff,
 In most things pretty devil enough ;—
 Of all insipid things, I least can bear
 That sickening dose—a devil in despair !

MARGARET'S OWN ROOM.

Marg. [alone at the spinning-wheel].

[Sings.]

My peace is gone,
 And my heart is sore :
 I have lost him, and lost him,
 For evermore !

The place, where he is not,
 To me is the tomb,
 The world is sadness,
 And sorrow and gloom !

My poor sick brain
Is crazed with pain,
And my poor sick heart
Is torn in twain !

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore,
For lost is my love
For evermore !

From the window for him
My heavy eyes roam ;
To seek him, all lonely
I wander from home.

His noble form,
His bearing high,
The smiles of his lip,
And the power of his eye ;

And the magic tone
Of that voice of his,
His hands' soft pressure,
And oh ! his kiss !

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore ;
I have lost him, and lost him,
For evermore !

Far wanders my heart
 To feel him near,
 Oh ! could I clasp him,
 And hold him here !

Hold him and kiss him,
 Oh ! I could die !
 To feed on his kisses,
 How willingly !

MARTHA'S GARDEN.— MARGARET—FAUST.

Marg.—Promise me, Henry.

Faust. Be assured, my love.

Marg. Now tell me how you are as to religion ?
 You are a dear good man—but, I rather fear
 You have not much of it.

Faust. Forbear, my child,
 You feel I love you, and for those I love
 I would lay down my life. I would not rob
 Any one of his feeling, or his church—

Marg. 'Tis well—but more than that—we must believe.

Faust. Must we ?

Marg. Oh, had I any influence !
 —You honour not the holy sacraments ?

Faust. I honour them.

Marg. But you do not receive.—

At mass or shrift 'tis long since you have been.
Do you believe in God ?

Faust. Forbear, my love;
Who can say truly, "I believe in God?"
—Ask it of priest or of philosopher,
And the reply seems but a mockery
Of him who asks.

Marg. Then thou dost not believe !

Faust. Misunderstand me not, thou best-beloved :
Who can name Him, and, knowing what he says,
Say, "I believe in Him?" And who can feel,
And, with self-violence, to conscious wrong
Hardening his heart, say, "I believe him not!"
The All-embracing, All-sustaining One,
Say, doth he not embrace, sustain, include
Thee?—Me?—Himself?—Bends not the sky above?
And earth, on which we are, is it not firm?
And over us with constant kindly smile,
The sleepless stars keep everlasting watch !
Am I not here gazing into thine eyes ?

And does not All, that is,
—Seen and unseen, mysterious all—
Around thee, and within,
Untiring agency,
Press on thy heart and mind ?

—Fill thy whole heart with it—and when thou art
Lost in the consciousness of happiness—

Then call it what thou wilt,
Happiness!—heart!—love!—God!
I have no name for it—Feeling is all;
Name, sound and smoke,
Dimming the glow of heaven!

Marg. This is all good and right;
The priest says pretty much the same,
But in words somewhat different.

Faust. Every where,
All hearts beneath the universal Heaven,
In its own language each doth utter it—
Then why not I in mine?

Marg. Made easy thus
'Tis plausible—yet must it be unsafe:
Thou art no Christian.

Faust. Hush, my child.

Marg. I grieve to see the company thou keepest.

Faust. What do you mean?

Marg. The man whom thou hast ever at thy side,
I hate him from the bottom of my soul.
In my whole life, has nothing given my heart
So deep a wound, as that man's alien visage.

Faust. Beloved, fear him not.

Marg. The very sight of him makes my blood thrill!
To most men I feel kindness—but him
Do I detest; and with a feeling strong,
Strong as my love for you—strong as my wishes

To have you with me—does a secret shudder
Creep over me when I behold this man.

He is—I cannot be deceived—he is
A villain;—God forgive me, if I wrong him !

Faust. He's a queer fellow—do not mind his oddities.

Marg. I would not—could not, live together with
him.

If for a moment he comes to the door,
He will look in with such an air of mockery,
And a half scowl, and a face dark with anger
Kept down—you see he has no interest
In any thing—'tis written on his brow
He feels no love for any living soul—
And when I am so happy in thy arms,
In the sweet confidence of love forgetting—
Forgetting every thing but thee, then—then
He's sure to come, and my heart shrinks and withers !

Faust. Foreboding angel, these are weak misgivings !

Marg. The feeling overmasters me so wholly,
That if he does but join us, straightway seems it
As if I ceased to love thee—where he is
I could not pray. This eats into my heart.
Henry, it cannot be but that you feel
In this as I do.

Faust. This is antipathy.

Marg. I must away.

Faust. Alas ! and may I never

Meet thee, where none can come to trouble us?

One little hour--and must it never be?—

Heart prest to happy heart, and soul to soul!

Marg. Ah, that I slept alone! This very night

How gladly would I leave the door unbolted!

But then my mother's sleep is far from sound;

Did she awake and find you there, I should,

Methinks, drop dead upon the spot.

Faust. Dear angel, throw aside such fears; this phial

Take with you. Three drops of it only, poured

Into her drink, wrap nature up in sleep,

Deep tranquil sleep.

Marg. I must do as you bid.
Could I refuse you?—'Twill not injure her?

Faust. It will not: otherwise would I advise it?

Marg. Dearly beloved, if I but look on you
I must obey—I cannot hesitate:
There is a something not to be resisted,
Which overpowers me—makes your will my guide
In everything; and having gone so far
Already, is choice left me? Having given
So much, what is there for me to refuse?

Meph. [enters]. The monkey! is it gone?

Faust. Again
Spying?—

Meph. Yes, and I heard quite plain
The doctor schooled,—the catechumen

Getting a lesson in his creed,
And catechism, from a young woman,
Just now;—I hope that it agreed
With you ! The girl's anxiety
For sentimental piety
Is soon explained. The man, think they,
Who worships in the good old way,
When his priest bids him kneels and bows,
Is likely to obey his spouse :
This of itself ensures his wife
A quiet, fair and easy life.
The women fancy, and the fact is
Confirmed, or often so, in practice,
That their admirers are most found
Where your religious men abound—
Love is almost the same emotion :
The devotee—such is their notion—
Thus for the sex feels true devotion,
Courts amorous thoughts and mystic dreaming,
Is led by priests, and follows women.

Faust. Oh ! what a monster must thou be,
To see not, or with scoffing see,
How this poor girl's affections lead
The pious creature thus to plead ;
The faith, in which she moves and lives—
That which alone salvation gives—
So she believes—may make her fear

Danger to one whom she holds dear ;
 Fear for the issue of a strife
 Where more, she feels, is risked than life !

Meph. Most sentimental sensualist,
 —Philosopher at once and beast,—
 Led by the nose by a young flirt !

Faust. Abortion—spawn of fire and dirt !

Meph. [*scornfully*].—On Physiognomy she also lectures
 Profoundly—feels, when I am present,
 Sensations strange and most unpleasant :
 —Suppressed malignity my smile betrays ;
 I wear a mask, forsooth, I will not raise,
 And what it hides she sapiently conjectures,
 Something mysteriously allied to evil,
 A genius—or, perhaps, the very devil.
 To-night then.

Faust. What's to-night to thee ?

Meph. I've my amusements too—we'll see.

AT THE WELL.—MARGARET and LIZZY [*with pitchers*].

Lizzy. Have you not heard of Hannah's pretty doing ?

Marg. No, not a word—I've been but little out.

Liz. Kate told it me to-day—there's not a doubt
 Of its truth. This comes of airs and impudence,
 I always said her pride would be her ruin.

Marz. What mean you?

Liz. What I mean all know but you—
Why, when she eats and drinks she's feeding two.

Marg. Poor thing !

Liz. Poor thing, indeed ! great pity for her ;
Why, she was always finding some pretence
To be in company with this adorer
Of hers ;—at every party—every walk—
How she made out a time for private talk !
Would hang upon his arm, and still be seen
For evermore with him, at booth or green.
She thought herself so fine, none could come near her ;
And then their feastings—cakes and wine must cheer
her

After their rambles : then her vanity
About her beauty almost like insanity—
And then her meanness—think of her insisting
Upon his making handsome presents to her—
Then came soft words, when there were none to listen,
Then all a girl can give she gave her wooer !

Marg. The poor, poor thing !

Liz. And do you pity her?
When *we* were kept close to our wheels, and when
Our mothers would not suffer us to stir
Abroad at night, or loiter with the men,
Then were they on the seat before the door,
Or in the dark walk lingering evermore ;

Now for the stool and white sheet of repentance ;
For one, I feel no sorrow at her sentence.

Marg. Poor creature ! but, no doubt, he'll marry her.

Liz. He :—he'll be no such fool—the de'il may carry
her,

For what he cares—they say that he is off ;
He'll find another market soon enough.

Marg. That is not fair.

Liz. 'Twill be almost as bad,

We will so plague her—if she get the lad ;—
The wedding garland, should she think to wear it,
From the mock virgin shall the children tear it ;
And, at her door, what fun we shall have, spreading
Chopped straw, to greet the promise of their wedding.

[*Exit.*

Marg. [*returning home*]. How I would rail when some
poor girl went wrong !

How, when it was another's sin and shame,
Words of reproach would rise up to my tongue !
It was, it was black—oh how black, and I
Blackened it more and more—no words of blame
'This virtuous scorn of mine could satisfy—
Others might fall, but I more proud became—
I blessed myself, and held myself so high,
And I who thus could feel—am I the same ?
But could I—who could—have resisted here ?
All was so good ! all was so very dear !

ZWINGER.—*A Little Shrine.*

*In a niche of the wall an image of the MATER DOLOROSA,
with flowers before it.—MARGARET places fresh flowers
in the bowls.*

Marg. Mother benign,
 Look down on me !
 No grief like thine ;
 Thou who dost see
 In his death-agony
 Thy Son divine.

In faith unto the Father dost thou lift up thine eyes ;
In faith unto the Father dost pray with many sighs.
The sword is piercing thine own soul, and thou in pain dost
prayer,
That the pangs which torture him, and are thy pangs, may
pass away.

And who my wound can heal
And who the pain can feel,
That rends asunder brain and bone ?
How my poor heart, within me aching,
Trembles and yearns, and is forsaken—
Thou knowest it—thou alone !

Where can I go ? Where can I go ?
Every where woe ! woe ! woe !

Nothing that does not my own grief betoken ;
And when I am alone,
I moan, and moan, and moan,
And am heart-broken.

The flowers upon my window sill,
Wet with my tears since dawn they be ;
All else were sleeping, while I was weeping,
Praying and choosing flowers for thee.

Into my chamber brightly
Came the early sun's good-morrow ;
On my restless bed, unsightly,
I sate up in my sorrow.

Oh, in this hour of death, and the near grave,
Succour me, thou, and save !
Look on me with that countenance benign.
Never was grief like thine,—
Look down, look down on mine !

NIGHT.—*Street before Margaret's door.*

VALENTINE [*a soldier—MADGE'S brother*].

Till now, as round the canteen hearth,
My comrades, in their drunken mirth,
Would of their favourites gaily boast,
And pledge with soldier's glee the toast ;

How on my elbow I would rest,
Smile as each swore his own the best,
And stroke my beard, and raise my glass,
And when my turn to name the lass
Came round, would say, "Each to his taste ;
In my own home my heart is placed.
Where is the maiden, any where,
That with my Margaret can compare ?
Is there than Madge's in the land
A truer heart or fairer hand ?"
Oh, then, how cups and goblets rang,
While voices rose with joyous clang :
"Right, right," in chorus, hundreds cried,
"First of them all—the country's pride—
His sister is"—and dumb and tame
The boasters suddenly became.
And now—oh, I could rend my hair,
Could dash my brains out in despair ;—
Now must I feel my bosom gored
By daggers in each casual word,
And every ruffian's sneering eye
And scornful taunt my patience try ;
Gnawing my wrath must I remain,
And suffer and suppress my pain,
Nor dare say any word again ;
As hears the debtor gibe and curse,
Who meets a claim with empty purse.

Avenge it—what can vengeance do ?
Must I not feel the taunt is true ?

See yonder ! sneaking out of sight,
Two skulking scoundrels.—Am I right ?
—'Tis he—would Heaven that it were he—
He scarce shall 'scape me if it be.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust. See. in the window of yon sacristy,
How from its little lamp the constant light
Streams up—while, at the sides, less and less bright,
'Tis fading—till it dies in the thick night
That deepens round—and thus it is with me—
Darkness on every side around me spreads.

Meph. And I am like the thievish cat that treads,
Prowling along, up ladders and down leads—
A nibble in the dark—there's no harm in it—
Or snatching on the roof a stolen love-minute.
Already do I feel the power,
The fun and frolic of the hour ;
The advent of WALPURGIS NIGHT
Bids every limb thrill with delight :
Another night—another day,
And then the glorious FIRST OF MAY ;
Then to the Brocken fare we forth,
Then learn that life is something worth,

Faust. Behold yon blue light glimmering !
Is that the treasure ? Lurks it there ?
And will it from the dark earth spring ?

Meph. Be patient—you shall shortly bring
The casket into open air :
I peeped into the secret hoard,
And saw the lion-dollars stored.

Faust. What ! merely money ? who would think it ?
What good is this ? no ring—no trinket ?
No ornament for the dear girl ?

Meph. Oh yes ; there are some beads of pearl.

Faust. I am glad of it,—it is not pleasant
To go to her without some present.

Meph. Is there then no such thing as pleasure,
But what you may by payment measure ?
I differ there with you—but see,
The heaven is hushed, and full of stars :
Now for a moment favour me
With silence—while I sing some bars
Of an old song—a sweet old air,
Touched with true skill—a moral song
That lures the heart and will along.

[*Sings to the guitar.*]

Why, Catherine, stay
At dawn of day,
At dawning gray,
Before the younker's door ?

The merry blade
 Lets in the maid,
 That out a maid
 Never departeth more !
 Beware—beware,
 And guard, ye fair,
 Your hearts with care.

Poor things, beware of men—
 Oh, listen not to any thing
 They may say, or swear, or sing,
 Till on the finger is the ring—
 Beware, say I again.

Val. [*comes forward*]. What brings ye here? whom come
 ye to destroy,
 Cursed rat-catchers?—to the devil with the lure—
 To the devil with the scoundrels.

Meph. Well done, boy,
 The poor guitar is cracked beyond all cure,
Val. Now for his skull.

Meph. Now, Doctor, now's your time.
 Courage—stick close—that's a brave fellow :
 Have at him—just do as I tell you—
 Out with your duster—thrust away—
 I'll parry.

Val. Parry that.

Meph. Child's play !
 Easily done.

Val. And that.

Meph. As easy quite.

Val. The devil assists him in the fight—
My hand is wounded.

Meph. Now thrust home.

Val. Oh, torture !

Meph. The clown's done for—come,
We'd best be off—have not a minute
To lose—already is the cry
Of murder raised—and although I
Know the police, and have friends in it,
This is a very ugly scrape.
To manage it in any shape
Perplexes me.

Mar. [*at the window*]. Up !—Up !—

Marg. [*at her window*]. A light !

Mar. Railing and scuffling—how they fight !

People. [*in the street*]. One of them is already dead.

Mar. Seize on the murderers—are they fled ?

Marg. [*coming out*]. Who is it ?—who ?

People Thy mother's son.

Marg. Oh God !

Val. I die—said soon—soon done !
Women, why stand you wailing, crying ?
Will you not listen ? I am dying.
Margaret, take counsel, you are still
Young, and conduct your business ill ;

I speak in confidence—you are
A strumpet—throw away pretence—
Be one in earnest—there were sense
In this—be one thing or the other.

Marg. My God ! what can you mean, my brother ?

Val. Best let the name of God alone !
That which is done, alas ! is done.
The past is past—the wretched game
You play is everywhere the same,
Begins in folly—ends in shame.
First one man visits—then, less private,
Another ; soon the coy beginner
Will welcome all, till she arrive at
The streets, and is a common sinner.

When SHAME is born, she shrinks from sight,
Draws over her the veil of night,
Trembles at every stir, and tries
Of hood and cloak the mean disguise.
Yea—unfamiliar yet with sin—
Would hush the warning voice within.
On moves she unobserved, unknown ;
But bigger soon, and bolder grown,
Walks, hand in hand, the broad highway,
With SLANDER, in the eye of day,
And as her features, marred and coarse,
From hour to hour look worse and worse,

While men behold her with affright,
She stalks affronting the daylight.

Already do I see the day,
When all, with loathing, turn away
From thee, as from a plague-struck corse,
I see the gnawings of remorse :
—Abandoned outcast of the street,
How wilt thou bear their eyes to meet ?
Never, as once, the golden chain
To wear in pride—never again !
Never again, that fairest face,
To shine at church, in the high place,
And never more the dance to grace ;—
No more in modest pride to deck
With frills of snowy lace thy neck ;
But in some filthy nook to lie,
'Mong strumpets live—'mong beggars die ;
And find, for thee, heart-broken one,
Though God has mercy, Man has none.

Mar. Pray, dying man, for mercy ; dread
To heap God's curses on thy head !

Val. Fiend, could I tear thy leprous skin !
Procuress ! sordid slave of sin !
Then might I rest, my conscience freed
From every weight by that one deed.

Marg. My brother—oh, what agony—
 Brother, forgive—I grieve for thee.

Val. Cease weeping thus for me: thy fall—
 That was the sharpest wound of all.
 Fearless I go—as fits the brave—
 To God and to a soldier's grave.

CATHEDRAL.—*Service.—Organ and Anthem.*

MARGARET *among a number of people.*—EVIL SPIRIT
behind MARGARET.

Evil Spirit. How changed is everything
 With thee, poor Margaret,
 Since when, still full of innocence,
 Thou to this very altar
 Didst come, and from the little old thumb'd prayer-
 book
 Didst lisp the murmured prayers ;
 Half with the children out at play,
 In a child's happy fancies, thy young heart,
 And half with God in heaven.
 And dost thou, canst thou think ? . . .
 Thy brain, where wanders it ? . . .
 In thy heart oh what a weight
 Of guilt, of evil done !

Choir. JUDEX ERGO CUM SEDEBIT,
 QUIDQUID LATET ADPAREBIT,
 NIL INULTUM REMANEBIT.

Marg. I feel so tightened here,
 The pillars of the wall
 Are grasping me ;
 The arch above
 Weighs on me.—Air !

Evil Spirit. Hide thyself—sin and shame
 Will find thee out—
 O, never were they hidden—
 Air—light—exposure—
 Woe's thee !

Choir. QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS,
 QUEM PATRONUM ROGATURUS,
 CUM VIX JUSTUS SIT SECURUS.

Evil Spirit. From thee their countenances
 The sons of light all turn.
 To reach to thee their hands
 Makes the pure shudder—
 Woe !

Choir. QUID SUM MISER TUNC DICTURUS.

Marg. [*fainting, to the girl next her*]. Your flasket, friend.

WALPURGIS NIGHT.—*Hartz Mountains.*

SHIRKE AND ELEND.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES.

Meph. Would not a broomstick be a good thing here
For a tired man to ride? I wish I had got
A buck-goat, rough and tough—neck thick, trot quick :
The road is long, and we are loitering,
The time just come—the place still far away.

Faust. While I feel firm upon my limbs, the road
Thus wild and intricate but pleases me ;
And this knobbed staff affords support enough.
Why should we wish the way more short? To steal
Silently through the deep vale's labyrinth,
And issuing thence to climb these rocks, from which
'The bubbling water gushes up for ever,
And streams a white precipitous cataract—
'Tis this—'tis this that makes such paths delightful.
The stirring breath of spring hath waked the birch,
And the slow pine already feels her power—
Shall we alone of all that live and breathe
Remain uninfluenced by her cheering spirit ?
Meph. I can feel nothing of it—all within
With me is winter—give me the bleak snow,
And the cold ice upon my desolate path.

With what a red and melancholy light
 The waning moon's imperfect orb is moving,
 Casting faint, cold, unserviceable beams,
 And making each step dangerous—lest the foot
 Dash 'gainst some straggling tree or jutting rock ;
 I'll call a wildfire Will-o'-the-Wisp to light us.
 See, there is one burns bright and merrily.
 The freakish spark, look, how he flings away
 On the regardless night his spendthrift splendour.
 Holla ! my friend, come join our company ;
 Come, come, instead of wasting idly there,
 Come be the pilot of our perilous way,
 Move on, and light us through the desert moors.

Will-o'-the-Wisp. Yours most respectfully—I'll strive to
 serve you ;

But it is struggling against nature—devious
 And zig-zag is our customary course.

Meph. Ha, ha !—ha, ha ! he thinks to mimic man ;
 Go straight—for once—in the devil's name, go straight—
 On, saucy spark, on—or I'll blow thee out,
 Poor gleam of marsh-light life.

Will-o'-the-Wisp. 'Tis plain to see
 That the master of the house is here—my lord,
 I will be all I can be, to oblige you,—
 But, think, the hill to-day is mad with magic ;
 And, if we should not go the straightest road,
 Remember that your guide is but a meteor.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, METEOR [*alternately*].

SONG.

Into the magic world, the centre
Of fancies strange and dreamy science,
By a meteor led, we enter,
His wild light our best reliance.
Then, Meteor, guide us on in haste,
Through regions lonely, wide, and waste.

Woods—how swift they vanish by us!
Trees on trees—how fast they fly us!
And the cliffs, with antic greeting,
Bending forward and retreating,
How they mock the midnight meeting;
Ghastly rocks grin glaring on us,
Panting, blowing, as they shun us!

Trickling on, through sward and stone.
Rill and rivulet run down—
Murmuring and rustling near,
Voices meet and mock the ear;
Sweet sounds greet us from above:
Are they—are they words of love?
Tender tones, that from the wild wood
Whisper back the days of childhood?
All that was, when we were young,

EDEN to the heart, now meets it ;
 And the rock, with airy tongue,
 Recalls, restores, the enchanted song,
 And lingering in love repeats it.
 How the song of echo chimes
 Like the voice of other times !

Tu-whoo !—Tu-whoo !—the owl's in view—
 Nearer, clearer, comes his hooting—
 Through the dusk air see him shooting—
 The long-horned owl, with pinions gray,
 The blind bat born in circles dizzy,
 The crow—the lapwing—and the jay,
 Are wakeful all—all out and busy—
 See lizards in the green twigs tender,
 With heavy paunch and long legs slender—
 Every where strange sights we see—
 Are they what they seem to be?—
 Here's many a twining plant that flings
 Round rock and root its serpent strings,
 And seeks to dart, in eager watch
 The heedless journeyer's foot to catch.
 From close-compacted living masses
 Its angry fangs on each who passes ;
 Every where around us playing,
 Many-coloured mice are straying,
 Numberless, 'mong moss and heather ;

And the fire-flies crowd together,
With buzzing motion, swarming, crushing,
Round our meteor leader rushing !

We be strangers here who stray,
Natives of the hills are they,
Gleesome creatures bright and gay,
Merry guides ! hurrah ! hurrah !—
Wild the escort—wild the way !

Tell me, tell me, where we are—
We have wandered fast and far—
Is our wizard journey ended ?
Is the Brocken yet ascended ?
Round us every thing seems wheeling,
Trees are whirling, rocks are reeling—
All in rapid circles spinning,
With motion dizzying and dinning,
Every thing that round us races
Makes grotesque and fiendish faces ;
Swelling, puffing, multiplying,
On all sides wild-fire lights are flying.

Meph. Come, be alive—so far, so well :
We're at the half-way pinnacle.—
The worst is over now—catch fast
My mantle, while we turn and cast
A glance beneath us on the mines
Where MAMMON in the mountains shines '

Faust. What a strange glimmer stains the ground,
Like the dull heavy clouds around
The east, ere yet the sun ascends :
Far down the dusky hue extends,
For leagues below earth's surface spread,
A gloomy—thick—discoloured red,
Tinging the dreary sides of this
'Desperate, hope-deadening precipice—
Here rises smoke, there vaporous whiteness,
But yonder what a blaze of brightness
On every object round is gleaming !—
Now in a narrow thread 'tis streaming,
And now the illuminating current
Bursts sparkling like a winter torrent,
Here, round the vale, you see it wind,
In long veins delicate and slender,
And there in bondage strict confined,
It brightens into burning splendour !
A thousand sparks, like gold-dust, sprinkling
The waste air, are before us twinkling,
And see the tall rock kindling, brightening,
Glow with intensity of lightning—
Turret,—'twould seem—and fence and spire
Lit up at once with festal fire.

Meph. Well, is not Mammon's princely hall
Lit gaily for our festival !
I'm glad you've seen it—the wild night

How they cling on one another's
Arms !—each crushes each and smothers,
Till, tangled, strangled, down come all ;
And the wild Winds through the ruin
Are howling, hissing, and hallooing !
Down the valleys how they sweep,
Round and round, above and under,
Bend the giant cliffs asunder,
And, with shout and scream appalling,
Catch the mighty fragments falling !
How they laugh, and how they leap,
As they hurry off their plunder !
Headlong steep, and gorges deep,
Gulf, and glen, and rock, in wonder,
Echo back the stormy thunder !
——List !—I thought I heard a ringing
In my ear of voices singing—
Above—around us—faint, now clearer,
Distant now—now warbling nearer—
Now, all the haunted hill along,
Streams the maddening, magic song !

Witches in Chorus. On to the Brocken the witches are
flocking—

Merry meet—merry part—how they gallop and drive,
Yellow stubble and stalk are rocking,
And young green corn is merry alive,
With the shapes and shadows swimming by,

To the highest heights they fly,
Where Sir Urian sits on high—
Throughout and about,
With clamour and shout,
Drives the maddening rout,
Over stock, over stone ;
Shriek, laughter, and moan,
Before them are blown.

A Voice. Before the rest—beyond the best—
Who to lead the group is fitter ?
In savage pride see Baubo ride
On her sow about to litter.

Chorus. Baubo—honour to whom honour—
Benediction be upon her—
Forward, mother !—as we speed us,
Who so fit as thou to lead us !
Forward—clear the way before us !
Then follow we in screaming chorus !

A Voice. Whence came you ?

A Voice. Over Ilsenstein—
As I past I peeped into a nest,
And the night-owl, scared from her stupid rest,
Fixed her frightened eyes on mine !

A Voice. O go to the devil—why drive you so fast ?

A Voice. She grazed my side as she hurried past,
And the skin is sore and the blast is chill :
Look there—see where—'tis bleeding still.

Chorus of Witches. The way is long, and weary, and wide—
And the madman throng crowds on every side—
The pitchforks scratch, and the broomsticks scrape,
Will the child within escape,
When the mother, crushed to death,
Suffocating pants for breath?

Wizards and Warlocks. [*Semichorus* 1.] I like the lazy snail,
we linger and trail :
Our woman-kind, as fleet as the wind,
Have left us far and far behind—
On a road like this men droop and drivel,
While woman goes fearless and fast to the devil.

Wizards and Warlocks. [*Semichorus* 2.] Swift they go, and
swift they go,
And gain a thousand steps or so,
But slow is swift, and swift is slow.
Woman will bustle, and woman will juggle,
But yet at the end will lose the day,
For hurry and hurry as best she may,
Man at one long bound clears the way.

Voices from above. Come with us—come with us from
Felsen-see,
From the lake of rocks to the eagle height
Of the hills—come with us—to-night—to-night !

Voices from below. To wander above, is the thing we love.
Oh for one hour of this one night !
For one mad dance on the Brocken height !

When shall we join in the wild delight?
 We have washed, and washed, and washed us white
 Again and again—we are barren quite—
 But our hearts are aglow, our cheeks are bright—
 We have watched a-left—we have watched a-right,
 And we hear the sound of the far-off flight
 As they hurry away, and are swept from sight.

The Two Choruses. That wind that scattered the clouds is
 dead,

And they thicken soon o'er the wandering moon :
 She hides her head—and the stars are fled ;—
 With a whispering, whistling, drizzling sound.
 And a fall of meteor fires around—
 Onward, onward, hurry, skurry,
 The hell-driven rout of wizards hurry.

Voice from below. Stop—stop—stop.

Voice from above.

What voice is this

Calls to us from the abyss?
 Seems it that the words just spoken
 From the crannied rock have broken?

Voice from below. Stop—stop—stop—for me—for me—
 Guarded and bound with slant rocks round—
 Stop—stop—stop—and make me free—
 Three hundred years moiling, three hundred years toiling,
 Hurry work—weary work—step after step ;—
 I grasp and I grope, and in time I have hope
 To climb to the top—sisters, stop—sisters, stop—

I anoint every joint, and I pray my own prayer,
In the May-sabbath night, to the Prince of the air.—
Are you not my kindred?—and why am I hind'red
From mixing among you, and meeting him there?

Both Choruses. Brooms fly fast when warlocks ride 'em
Rams, with those who know to guide 'em ;
Broken branches gallop lightly ;
Pitchforks, too, make coursers sprightly.

A buck-goat or boar is as good as the best of them ?
Each man for himself, and who cares for the rest of them ?
Many an egg-shell air-balloon,
To-night will land at our saloon ;
He who fails in his endeavour
To join us now, is gone for ever.

Half-Witch from below. Far away I hear their laughter,
Hopelessly I stumble after ;
Cannot rest at home in quiet—
Here I cannot join the riot.

Witches in Chorus. Strength is given us by this ointment—
We will keep to-night's appointment—
We can speed on sea, no matter
Were the sail a cobweb tatter ;
And a plank as weak and thin as
Snail's abandoned shell our pinnace.
He who cannot fly to-night,
Will never soar a wizard's flight.

Both Choruses. And when we've reached the topmost
bound,
Like swallows skim the haunted ground ;
Far and wide upon the heath,
Spread your circling guard beneath ;
Watch and ward 'gainst treachery,
With all the hosts of witchery.

Meph. The air is heavy and oppressive,
And the whirling din excessive ;
Rattling with the ceaseless babble,
Of the tumultuous hell-driven rabble ;
Sultry, vaporous, and sickening ;
To a denser substance thickening,
Burning noisomely, and glittering
With fiery sparks for ever frittering,
Poisoning every thing it reaches,
Atmosphere for fiends and witches.
But cling more close to me, or we will lose
Each other soon—where art thou ?

Faust [*from a great distance*]. Here I am !

Meph. What, lost already—torn away so far—
Then must I show that I am master here !
Make way, good people, for my young friend yonder :—
Room for young VOLAND—room, sweet people, room.
Here, Doctor, cling to me, and with one spring
We'll rid ourselves of the whole set at once.
They are too bad—this raving is too much

Even for me.—Look yonder at the blaze
Of brightness—a distinct and steady flame !
How different from all the brimstone torches
And wildfire lights that madden round the hill,—
It tempts me to explore that distant copse—
Come let us steal away from this wild crowd.

Faust. Spirit of Contradiction—well, lead on !
I cannot but admire the bright idea
Of wandering to the Brocken in May-night,
To enjoy, forsooth, the charms of solitude.

Meph. See, see the lights ! how cheerily they burn !
There seems to be a merry set assembled,
A little party met of choice gay spirits.

Faust. Yet would I rather be above—see ! see !
Where through the whirls of smoke bursts the red light,
And glows and triumphs—in what hurrying waves
Numbers on numbers evermore increasing,
The thickening throng streams onward — still — still
onward—

All under the resistless fascination—
All to the worship of the evil One—
The clue to many a puzzling mystery
May be found here—to-night will be unravelled
Many a strange riddle.

Meph. And strange riddles, too,
May be proposed to-night, and not unravelled—
But leave we the great world and its distractions,

While we enjoy our quiet corner here.

'Tis quite established that, in all large parties.

The guests divide in small and scattered circles—

See the young witches all are naked there,

And all the old ones with coy bashfulness,

Veiling their timid charms—come, come, look pleasant,

If it were only to oblige a friend—

'Tis not much trouble, and we'll have rare sport.

I hear the music—curse upon their scraping !—

But 'twill sound better when we're used to it.

Come, come, I must insist upon your coming—

Come—I must introduce my honoured friend.

Well now, what think you ? Is not this a long

And splendid room ? You scarce can see the end !

A line of fires—at least a hundred, shine

Brilliantly : what a scene of gaiety

Of all kinds—chatting, dancing, drinking here—

Cooking, and making love—can any thing

In the world be pleasanter ?

Faust.

In what character

Are we to know you—devil, or conjuror ?

Meph. I travel, usually, *incognito* ;

But upon gala days the great display

Their stars and orders.—I've no need to sport

A garter—for the horse's foot is here

In high repute.—See you that sliding snail ?

Eye—smell—touch—all gathered up into one ?

Hither she creeps—her trembling feelers out —
 Instinctively she knows that I am here,
 And touching—smelling—eyeing, on prowls she,
 Crowding herself together—wide awake—
 Out of her frozen sleep suddenly roused.
 Even if I wished disguise, it here would be
 A thing impossible—come, come with me.
 Forward from fire we saunter on to fire :
 Play you the lover where I introduce you.

[*As they pass on, MEPHISTOPHELES addresses a party
 sitting round a few dying embers.*]

Old gentleman, pray, how do you get on
 In the corner here? Why—sure you ought to be
 Alive, and flirting in some merry circle.
 See, where the gay young girls are giggling, yonder,—
 If you are thus dull, you might have stayed at
 home.

General. Who may trust a people's favour,
 Though he fight for them for ever?
 To nations, as to girls ungrateful,
 The young are dear, the old are hateful.

Ex-Minister. Little now to prize or praise ;
 —Give me back the good old days,
 When kings and courts obeyed our call.
 And ourselves were all in all.

Parvenu. I was one of Fortune's pupils,
 Disregarded doubts and scruples ;

Thus her golden gifts I found ;
Then, alas ! the wheel turned round.

Author. How public taste declines !—they never
Read works that once were counted clever ;
—And then the critics—all invidious—
Pert, prating, ignorant, fastidious !

Meph. [*who has suddenly assumed the appearance of extreme
old age*]. I feel the world is waning into age ;
All things are ripening fast for the last day.
With feeble, tottering feet, for the last time,
I've climbed the witches' hill—the wine of life
Is low with me—and therefore 'tis that I,
An old man, think the world is on the lees.

Huckster-Witch. Who'll buy ? who'll buy ?—great bargain
going !

Rare things here to tempt the knowing !—
Stop and see them !—my collection
Well deserves minute inspection.
Such variety, in vain
Would you hope to meet again,
Of the curious articles,
Which your own old woman sells :
Rare and precious ! every one
Hath on earth its business done.
Will you have the dagger knife,
That hath drained a brother's life ?
Or the cup that held a draught,

Which was death for him that quaffed?
 —This was from a royal feast,
 And a queen had drugged the bowl:
 —This a chalice, and the priest,
 —On him a confiding soul
 Looked for comfort—poured in it
 Venom of the aconite:
 Here are trinkets—chain and gem—
 Young man, you should purchase them—
 Pearls, with which the wealthy donor
 Won vain woman to dishonour.
 Poor things! poor things!—the best and kindest
 Fall soonest, for their heart is blindest,
 And feels, and loves, and does not reason—
 And they are lost—poor things! poor things!
 —Here are swords, the gift of kings,
 That have done the work of treason;
 Or pierced, some coward hand directing,
 The sleeping or the unsuspecting.

Meph. Old lady, you mistake the times we live in—
 Every one's heart to novelty is given:
 Throw out your box of relics—such antiques
 As these no creature fancies now or seeks.
 The past is dead and gone—the present passion
 Is novelty—this trash is out of fashion.

Faust. Scarce know I who I am or where—
 They crowd and rush as at a fair.

Meph. Forward the whirling crowd is striving,
All driven along the stream and driving,
All rushing on in one direction,
And each enjoying the reflection
That he to-night is his own sovereign,
That his own thoughts his movements govern,
Unconscious that the same broad river
Bears down its wave each self-deceiver.

Faust. Who's that ?

Meph. Her features closely scan—
'Tis the first wife of the first man.

Faust. Who, say you ?

Meph. ADAM'S first wife, LILITH.
Beware—beware of her bright hair,
And the strange dress that glitters there :
Many a young man she beguileth,
Smiles winningly on youthful faces,
But woe to him whom she embraces !

Faust [*looking at another group*]. The old grey witch—
how she squats down—poor devil !
Panting for breath—half dead—fainting and floundering—
And the young vixen with her finds the revel
Rather too much for her—she, too, is foundering.

Meph. Nonsense, the fun will ne'er be over.
Advance, my friend, and play the lover.
Look, man, the girl's well worth the winning—

Come, join the dances just beginning.

[FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES take partners.

Faust [dancing with the young witch]. 'Twas my fortune
once to see

In a dream an apple-tree ;
Rosy apples—one, two, three—
With a glad smile tempted me ;
And to-night again I seem,
In the trance of that sweet dream,
Lovely is the tree I wis,
And the apple pleasant is.

His Part. Dear little apples—ay ! their price
Was more than gold in paradise—
And pleasant to the sight and touch
I come from gardens rich in such.

Meph. [with the old witch]. I had a troubled dream,
and it
Was haggard as a night-mare fit.
I saw an old tree torn and split,
And yet it pleased me, I admit.

His Part. With lowest courtesy I salute
The gay knight of the Horse's Foot ;
The tree of knowledge, trunk and root,
Is his—and his must be the fruit.

Proctophantasmist. Cursed devils—how they murder
All attempts at keeping order :
All in vain it is to prove

To Spirits by what laws they move :—
Mocking at all regulation,
Ridiculing demonstration,
See them onward still advancing,
Ghosts ! like men and women dancing.

Faust's Part. Who's this presumes to interfere?
What means the forward fellow here ?

Faust. What—he?—why he is everywhere—
He never dances—but he guides
Opinion—disapproves—decides—
On carriage and the true division
Of time gives laws with calm precision.
While others *dance* he *criticizes*,
And all is perfect that he prizes ;
And what he does not prate about
Is but of small account, no doubt ;
Nay, such his wondrous powers of seeing,
What he beholds not has no being ;
Our careless grouping must perplex him,
But dancing forward's sure to vex him.
The only figures he approves
Are where the set in circles moves,
Still turning his own humdrum round
Within the same contracted bound,
Holding, at times, grave consultation,
Listening to him with veneration,

As he with magisterial rigour
Commands a change of tune and figure.

Proc. Still here ! defying me ! this rabble
Of rude ghosts !—'tis intolerable !
What ! restlessly still thronging hither ?
Vanish from my sight—fade—wither—
How can men say that spectres haunt 'em ?
—The mind, does it not make the phantom ?
Who and what are they ?—mere relations
That we may see or not at pleasure—
And here they come and—grant me patience—
Mix in the dance—converse at leisure.
I thought, that, by my labours brightened,
The world for this was too enlightened.
These devils—they rise, and in derision
Of all I say, still cross my vision.
What—beings, that have no existence,
To mock each law of time and distance !
Why, after this, the TEGEL ghost
May grin again at his old post.
I thought I'd swept away these fancies
Of plays, and poems, and romances !
Still here ! with all the noise of Babel,
These dreams of a forgotten fable !

Faust's Part. Silence, silence, old intruder !

Proc. What ! the ghosts are growing ruder—

How they beard me, in defiance
Of every inference of science !
Fiends, I tell you to your faces,
I will make you know your places !
What ! in public thus to fool us !
A mob of ghosts, forsooth, to rule us ! [*The dancing goes on.*
To-night—why this is Goblin-hall,
Spirits and spectres all in all.
My comments—what are they?—the cavils,
Of a sour cynic on his travels,
A passing stranger's jealous spite.
—But Time will set the matter right,
Good sense assert its proper power,
Dethrone the tyrant of the hour,
And take revenge on my tormentors,
Goblins, and ghosts, and ghost-inventors !
Meph. He'll throw himself into a puddle :
There will he, stupefying, muddle,
Till leeches, clinging to his body,
Are weary of their banquet bloody :
For spirits sinking—spirits rising
The one cure is phlebotomizing ;
Delusions vanish soon—the leech
Diseases of the head can reach
And cure them—biting on the breech.—
Blue devils fade fast, and, disappearing,
Smile on the sage with aspect cheering.

The brain will thus correct and clear its
Vague whims, and vexing thoughts of spirits.
—Why have you quitted thus already
Your sweet and captivating lady,
Who sang so lovingly and well,
And danced so——

Faust. Why, I fear to tell ;
But from her mouth, while she was singing,
I saw a little red mouse springing.

Meph. Why start at trifles, my good fellow?
'Tis well it was not grey or yellow.
What can these dull suspicions profit?
The mouse—why make a mountain of it?
A pretty sort of reason this is
To fly a loving lady's kisses.

Faust. And then I saw——

Meph. What?

Faust. Look, Mephisto, there,
See you far off, and shadow-like, a fair
Pale form—a lovely girl—almost a child—
Standing alone—with sweet eyes, sad and mild?
She looks on us—she moves—she leaves the place—
Her feet are bound—she slides with mournful pace.
I cannot from my heart dispel the wild,
Strange thought, that her's is my own Margaret's face.

Meph. Repel that thought ; 'tis but an idle trick
Of heated fancy, and the form you see

Is nothing but a magic mockery.
To gaze on it most dangerous may be.
Charmed by its marble stare, the blood grows thick
And hardens into marble ; but ere now
You must have heard of pale MEDUSA's brow.

Faust. Ah, no ! a corpse's eyes are those
Whose lids no loving fingers close.
'Tis she—that form—that face—that breast
So often to my bosom prest.

Meph. Fool ! 'tis delusion ! every lover
Would there his charmer's looks discover.

Faust. What mirth is here—and, oh ! what grief—my
glance
Still—still returns to that pale countenance ;
And see around her neck a slender chain,
That stripes the snowy skin with crimson stain :
Scarce broader than a knife's thin edge it gleams—
A strangely chosen ornament it seems.

Meph. Yes, you are right ; for I can see it too,
— But think no more of it than others do.
Be not surprised, if you should see her carry
Her head under her arm—'twere like enough ;
For since the day that PERSEUS cut it off,
Such things are not at all extraordinary.
But see, all others here are pleasant ;
Cease moping, and enjoy the present :
All around the hill is merriment—

Try thou the same experiment.

Never did crowded capital

A gayer throng together call ;

And if my senses do not err,

Yonder's an open theatre.

— Well, what's your business ?

Scriviblis. We are just beginning—

'Tis a new piece—the last of seven—seven is

The customary number here—'twas written

By a young amateur of fancy—the actors

Are dilettanti all—your pardon, gentlemen,

But I must vanish—I'm an amateur

Myself—and for this one night draw the curtain.

Meph. Blocksberg for ever !—not a player

On earth but merits to be there !

WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM ;

OR,

THE GOLDEN BRIDAL OF OBERON AND TITANIA.

AN INTERLUDE.

Manager. To-day our trouble is but small,

No need of nice machinery ;

A valley moist and hill are all

The necessary scenery.

Herald. 'Mong mortals with the fiftieth year
Of wedlock comes the Golden Feast—
A happier feast of gold is here
Commemorating discord ceast.

Oberon. Subject spirits, crowd the scene,
Celebrate, with exultation,
The union of your king and queen,
This happy reconciliation.

Puck. Here comes Puck—you'll always find me
Circling in the merry dance,
And a hundred more behind me
Twinkling joyous feet advance.

Ariel. Sweet, heavenly sweet is Ariel's song.
What a crowd of hideous features
The music wins, and what a throng
Follows me of lovely creatures !

Oberon. Men and wives who would agree,
We invite your imitation ;
The only certain recipe
For dying love is separation.

Titania. If wife be cross, and husband fuming,
To make them know each other's worth,
To the South Pole take the woman,
And her husband to the North.

The Whole Orchestra. Insect swarms, in murmuring flight,
Our musicians of the night,
Fly, and gnat, and bee, and beetle,
Ply mouth, nose, and winglet little,
Crickets, chirping, 'mong the bushes,
And hoarse frogs croaking from the rushes.

Solo. Hear the drowsy bagpipe groan,
The bag's a soap-blown bubble airy,
And grumbling through the winding drone
Come sullen sounds extraordinary.

Embryo Spirit. Spider's foot and lizard's belly,
And winglets for the embryo !
The animated lump of jelly
Writes verses of the smoothest flow.

Partners dancing. Little steps—light, springy leaps
Through honey-dew and field-flowers fragrant ;
How pleasant, but that something keeps
From fields of air the willing vagrant !

Inquisitive Traveller. A thousand figures here burlesque
A masquerade's wild gaiety,
And mingling with the groups grotesque,
See Oberon the little deity.

Orthodox Divine. What ! without claws—without a tail !
Yet all whose thoughts are sober on

Such serious subjects know too well
The "GODS OF GREECE" and OBERON.

Artist from the North. As yet my works are sketches
merely,
Though you'll admit done prettily,
But I've made my arrangements nearly
For travelling in Italy.

Formalist. What sinful, riotous excesses !
Fool that I was to join the crowd here—
Such shockingly indecent dresses !
And but a witch in two wears powder !

Young Witch. Keep powder, patch, and petticoat
For grey-haired hags—skins smeared and sooty—
While I sit fearless on my goat
In the free pride of naked beauty.

Matron. For scolding we've too much politeness—
Sneers like this are best forgotten.
Rosy cheek, and soft neck's whiteness,
May they soon be coarse and rotten !

Leader of the Band. Insect-harpers, as you wander
Round the hall in many a ringlet,
Spare the naked beauty yonder
Wound of sting, or touch of winglet.

Grasshoppers from the green bushes,
Brown frogs croaking from the rushes,
Brave musicians for the night,
Watch that the tune and time go right.

Weathercock [*pointing in one direction*]. Weil, what a
brilliant company !

The girls how fair and unaffected !
And not a man but seems to be
For beauty from mankind selected !

Weatherc. [*pointing in the opposite direction*]. What devils
all ! unless the ground
Should cleave asunder to receive them,
I'll fly from this place, with one bound,
'To hell, or any where, to leave 'em.

Xenien. Small as insects, here we bring
Our little shears ; the crops we gather
Will be a grateful offering
To Satan, our liege lord and father !

Hennings. What merry groups are crowding there !
Up to every frolic started ;
And when they're gone—I won't say where—
We call them foolish, but good-hearted.

Musaget. Oh happy, happy bard ! whom chance
To such a circle introduces.

With these I'd rather lead the dance
Than be Apollo with the muses.

Genius of the Old Times. Come, follow me through smooth
and rough :

Cling close—there's little need of ceremony.
On Blocksberg we'll find room enough,
The wide Parnassus 'tis of Germany.

Inquisitive Traveller. What's yonder pompous fellow's
name ?

With long and solemn strides he's pacing,
And, like a dog that snuffs the game,
The Jesuits, methinks, he's tracing.

Crane. I seek my prey in waters clear,
I seek it in the troubled rivers ;
This scene is my delight, for here
Are devils mixed with true believers.

Worldling. For true believers every thing
Works good in all ways unexpected ;
With hymns the Blocksberg rocks shall ring.
From many a convent here erected.

Dancer. Is this another company,
With trumpets sounding—banners glittering ?
No ; 'tis the boreal lights I see :
From marshes hear the booming bittern.

Dancing-master. Devils—how they fling and jump—
Through the figure flounce and scuffle ;
Spite of wooden leg and hump,
How they caper, cut, and shuffle !

Fiddler. Hatred in every heart ! the tone
Of Orpheus' lyre, with charm celestial,
Soothed brutes ; to-night the bagpipe's drone
Tames into peace the blind and bestial !

Dogmatist. Well, I'll maintain it—spite of sneer,
Or argument, or gibe uncivil—
I see a thousand devils here,
Which proves the being of a devil.

Idealist. Imagination's power to-night
For my sensorium too intense is ;
If I be all that meets my sight,
Then surely I have lost my senses.

Realist. Reality . . . is torturing me ;
I'm wearied with this scene of wonder ;
The ground—it seems the ground to be—
Gives way my tottering feet from under.

Supernaturalist. Here, for my system, as I rove,
Delighted I derive assistance ;
If there be devils, it must prove
Of angels also the existence.

Sceptic. Misled they follow fairy rays,
That promise gold with gay delusion :
DEVIL and DOUBT, the proverb says,
And both increase to-night's confusion.

Leader of the Band. Grasshopper among the bushes,
Brown frog croaking from the rushes,
Hell and all its devils haunt ye,
Good-for-nothing dilettanti—
Pretty sort of harmony,
Nose of gnat and snout of fly.

Shrewd Fellows. Call us *Sans-souci*—for you know
That each of us, a gay philosopher,
If on his feet he cannot go,
Walks on his head, nor fears a toss over.

Awkward Clumsy Creatures. Oh once, Heaven help us !
we could dance ;
How pompously we then did swagger !
Now shoes out-worn, and sore feet torn,
Along the course we faintly stagger.

Will-o'-the-Wisps. From the sink and slough we come,
From the hole of steaming nitre ;
And yet, in all this dazzling room,
Shine there sparks more gay or brighter ?

Falling Star. Rapidly I shot from high,
With fiery course in brightness starry ;

Here broken on the grass I lie,
With none to help me, none to carry.

Heavy Bodies. Places—places—round go we—
Where we dance how bare the sod is ;
Spirits move, and all may see
Spirits have substantial bodies.

Puck. Like awkward elephants they thump
The ground with clumsy hoofs and heavy,
Strange shadows ! Puck alone is plump,
The sleekest spirit at the levee.

Ariel. If wings be yours—boon Nature's gift—
And if the spirit so disposes,
Then follow Ariel—follow swift—
Your guide to yonder hill of roses.

Orchestra [*pianissimo*]. Daylight !—the cloud-built stage
—the wreaths
Of vapour,—where are they ?
On reed and rush the free air breathes,
And sweeps the dream away.

A GLOOMY DAY.—*A Plain.*

Faust. In misery—in despair—long wandering in wretchedness over the wide world ; and now taken up—shut up in the prison as a malefactor—this gentle, unhappy creature

—for horrid tortures. To this—and has it come to this? Treacherous, worthless Spirit! and this hast thou been concealing from me! Stand, there, stand! Ay! roll the devil eyes furiously round in thy head—ay! stand and defy me with thy unsupportable presence. Taken up—in distress irretrievable—given over to evil spirits—abandoned to—man—man that passes judgment, and is devoid of feeling; and all this, while you have been lulling and rocking me and deluding me among loathsome dissipations, and hiding from me her continually increasing wretchedness, and have left her to perish without help!

Meph. She is not the first!

Faust. Dog! abhorred monster! turn him, oh, thou infinite Spirit, turn the reptile again into his dog's shape, in which it was often his pleasure to scamper before me by night, to roll before the feet of the unthinking passer-by, and as he fell to fasten on his shoulders. Turn him again into his darling shape, that he may crouch upon his belly before me in the sand, and that I may trample upon him with my foot—the outcast! Not the first! Misery—misery—by no human soul is it to be fathomed how more than one creature should have sunk into the depths of this distress—that the first should not have suffered enough in her agonizing tortures to secure the atonement of all the rest before the eyes of the All-merciful! I feel marrow and life harrowed up by the misery of this one—only this one! thou art grinning calmly over the fate of thousands!

Meph. At our wits' end we are again, it would seem, already—just where you mortals find the overstrained faculties snap. Why seek our society, if you cannot go through with it? Think of flying, and yet art not proof against dizziness! Did we force ourselves upon thee? or thou thyself upon us?

Faust. Show not thy thirsty teeth thus defyingly—I loathe thee. Great, glorious Spirit! thou who didst deign to appear to me, thou who knowest my very heart and soul; why hast thou chained me with this companion who feeds on mischief, and battens on destruction?

Meph. Are you done?

Faust. Save her, or woe to thee! the most horrible curse on thee for thousands of years.

Meph. I cannot loosen the avenger's fetters—I cannot open his bolts. Save her! Who was it that threw her into ruin—I or thou? [FAUST looks wildly around.

Art thou grasping for the thunder? Well that it has not been given to you wretched mortals! To dash to pieces one who stands in your way—however innocent—that is just the tyrant's way of rescuing himself in every perplexity.

Faust. Take me thither—she shall be free!

Meph. The danger to which you expose yourself—have you thought of that? The guilt of blood shed by your hand still lies on the town. Over the place where the murder was committed avenging spirits are hovering and watching for the returning murderer.

Faust. That, too, and from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Take me thither, I say, and set her at liberty.

Meph. I will,—and all I can do I will. What that all is, listen till I tell you. Have *I* all power in heaven and on earth? I will cloud the gaoler's senses. Do you possess yourself of the keys, and carry her off with human hand. Meanwhile I watch; the magic horses are ready, and I take you away. This much I can do.

Faust. Up and away!

NIGHT.—*Open Plain.*

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES *rushing along on Black Horses.*

Faust. What are the figures near the gibbet doing?
Weaving, 'twould seem!

Meph. No—rather boiling, brewing
Some filthy broth—mumbling some incantation.

Faust. East they move, and west they move—now kneel,
now bend down in prostration.

Meph. Witches worshipping their master.

Faust. They scatter something on the earth, and now
seem pouring a libation—
They sprinkle something in the air.

Meph. Forward! forward!—faster! faster!

PRISON.

Faust [*with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket*]. 'Tis many a day since I have trembled thus.
 Misery on misery heaped—a heavy burden,
 More than man can endure, has weighed me down.
 And here within these damp walls doth she live,
 And is to die because she was deluded—
 To die for that her brain was wild and frenzied.
 And thou dost hesitate to go to her !
 Dost fear to look upon that face again !
 Onward, irresolute !—this wavering
 Delays not death.

[*He takes hold of the lock.—Singing from within.*

SONG.

*My mother ! my mother !
 The wanton woman—My mother hath slain me.
 My father, inhuman, for supper hath ta'en me—
 My little sister hath, one by one,
 Laid together each small white bone,
 'Mong almond blossoms to sleep in the cool ;
 And I woke me a wood-bird beautiful.
 Fly away, fly away, all the long summer-day,
 Little bird of the woods, fly away ! fly away !
 Faust* [*opening the wicket*]. She feels not that her love is
 listening—

Hear the chains, as they clank, and the straw rustling.

[*He enters.*

Marg. [*hiding her face in the straw of her bed*]. Woe!

woe! they come! they come!—death, bitter death!

Faust [*in a low voice*]. Hush! hush! 'tis I who come to rescue thee!

Marg. [*rolling herself at his feet*]. Art thou a man? Have pity upon me.

Faust. Hush! hush! these screams and shrieks will wake the keepers. [*He takes hold of the chains to unlock them.*

Marg. [*throwing herself on her knees to him*]. Savage, who gave this cruel power to thee?

It is not more than midnight now—have mercy!

Is it too long a time to wait till morn? [*She stands up.*

And I am still so young—so very young!

And must I die so soon?—and I was fair—

And I was fair, and that was my undoing.

Oh, if my love were here—but he is gone—

'Torn is my garland—scattered all its flowers—

Oh, do not grasp me with such violence—

Ah, spare me! sure I have not injured thee;

Let me not weep and pray to thee in vain!

Spare me—I never saw thy face before.

Faust. I must—I must endure this misery!

Marg. I know that I am wholly in thy power—

Only permit me first to give my breast

To this poor child of mine: all the long night

I hugged it to my heart, they took it from me ;
 They took away my child to torture me,
 And now they say that I have murdered it,
 And never never more shall I be happy :
 And they sing songs about me—'*twas ill done* ;
It was ill done—so the old ballad runs.

Who told them I was meant in it ?

Faust [*throws himself down*]. A lover, Margaret, lies at
 thy feet ;

He comes to undo these bonds—unloose these fetters.

Marg. [*throws herself beside him.*] Let us kneel down, and
 call upon the saints.

See ! see ! beneath us hell boils up—the devil
 Is raving there below in hideous din !

Faust [*aloud*]. Margaret—Margaret.

Marg. [*with eager attention*]. That is my love's voice.

[*Springs up—her irons fall off.*]

Where is he ?—Where ?—I heard my own love's voice !

Now am I free, none, none shall keep me from him.

I'll clasp his neck—will lean upon his bosom ;

I heard him call,—he's standing on the threshold,—

I heard him call the name of Margaret ;—

Amid the noises and the howls of hell,

And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish
 scorn,

I heard my own love's voice—his loving voice :

Faust. 'Tis I.

Marg. 'Tis thou !—oh, tell me so once more !

[*Presses him to her bosom.*]

Tis he, 'tis he—my pangs, where are they now ?

Dungeon, and chains, and scaffold, where are
they ?

'Tis thou, and thou hast come to rescue me.

I am already free : look—there's the street

Where we first met—where first I saw my love—

And yonder is the cheerful garden, smiling,

Where I and Martha waited to receive thee.

Faust [*striving to take her away*]. Come, come with me.

Marg. Oh, stay a little while—

Some moments more—I love to stay with thee !

[*Caressing him.*]

Faust. Haste—haste—a moment lost we dearly rue it.

Marg. So short a time away from me, my love,
Already hast forgotten how to kiss !

Why do I feel so sad upon your neck ?

Time was all heaven was pressing down upon me

In all thy words,—in every look of thine,

Yes, very heaven,—and then, then you did kiss me

As if you would smother me with your kisses !

Kiss me—now kiss me, love—or I kiss thee !

[*She embraces him.*]

Ah me ! your lips are cold—are dumb—are dead—

Where are my kisses, where ? with whom have you left
them ?

Where is my love? who robbed me of your love?

[*Turns from him.*]

Faust. Come, come—take courage, follow me, my love.
I love thee with unutterable love;
But follow me,—this one—this one request.

Marg. [*turning to him*]. And is it thou, and is it thou indeed?

Faust. Yes, yes! But come!

Marg. And do you break my chains!
And do you take me to your heart again!
How is it you do not shudder at my sight?
And knowest thou whom thou art delivering?

Faust. Come!—the deep night is fading fast away.

Marg. My mother, I have murdered her—my child,
I drowned my child—Oh was it not a gift
To thee and me?—yes thee! yes, thine! and thou art here,
I scarcely can believe it is thyself.
Give me thy hand—it is not then a dream;
Thine own dear hand. Oh, God! his hand is moist—
Wipe, wipe it off! methought it felt like blood!
What hast thou done? Put up the bloody sword;
I pray thee do.

Faust. Oh think not of the past;
That which is done, is done. You are killing me.

Marg. No, you must live. No, you have to remain,
I will describe to you the graves which you
To-morrow must see made; the best place give
To my poor mother—near her lay my brother—

And by their side, a little space away,
But not too far from them must be my place—
And lay the little one on my right breast ;
No other will lie with me in that bed !
To nestle down in quiet side by side
To thee—oh what a happy thing it was—
A happy thing that never more can be.
I feel as if I forced myself on thee,
And that thou wert repelling my embrace ;
And yet thou art the same—and yet thy looks
Are good and kind, as they have ever been.

Faust. Oh, if thou feelest that 'tis I, come, come.

Marg. What ? out there ?

Faust. Yes ! out into the free air.

Marg. Ay, to the grave—does not death lurk without ?
Come to the bed of everlasting rest—
Yes, yes—that's all—that's all—not a step farther—
Are you going, Henry ? may I go with you ?

Faust. Come, come ; the gates are open, only come.

Marg. I dare not go ; there is no help for me.
What good is it to fly ? My steps are watched.
It is a hard thing to be forced to beg,
And harder, harassed by an evil conscience.
'Tis hard to wander in a foreign land,
And then, whate'er I do, at last they'll seize me.

Faust. I will be with thee.

Marg. [*wildly*]. Fly, fly,

Save thy poor child ;
Away to the road,
By the side of the stream,
And across the path
That leads to the wood ;
Then turn to the left,
And over the plank,
It lies in the pond.
Loiter not, linger not.
Still does it stir
With the motion of life.
The little hands struggle
More faintly and faintly,
Rescue ! Oh rescue !

Faust. Recall thy wandering mind—be calm! be calm!

One step, and you are free.

Marg. Oh, that we had but left that hill behind!

See there, my mother sitting on a stone—

Icy-cold comes a dead hand on my temples.

My mother there is sitting on a stone,

And her grey head is trembling, and her eyes

Close, and she now has ceased to nod ; her head

Looks heavy, and she sleeps too long—too long—

Oh, when she sank to sleep how blest we were!

It was a happy time !

Faust.

She listens not ;

Words have no weight with her. There is no way,
But forcibly to bear thee hence.

Marg. Touch me not ; no, I will not suffer violence :
Seize me not with that murderer's grasp ; whate'er
I did was done for thee, my love. I did
Every thing my love asked me, willingly.

Faust. Day dawns--oh, hasten hence, my love ! my love !

Marg. Day ! yes, 'tis day, the last, the judgment-day ;
My bridal-day it should have been ; tell none
That thou hast been with poor weak Margaret.
Alas ! my garland is already withered ;
We'll meet again, but not at dances, love :
The crowd is gathering tumultuously,
The square and street are thronged with crushing thousands ;
The bell hath sounded ; the death-wand is broken ;
They bind and blindfold me, and force me on :
On to the scaffold they have hurried me ;
Down in the chair of blood they fasten me :
And now, through every neck of all that multitude
Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.
The world is now as silent as the grave !

Faust. Oh, that I never had been born !

Meph. [*appears at the door*]. Away, or you are lost ;
This trembling, and delay, and idle chattering,
Will be your ruin ; hence, or you are lost ;
My horses shiver in the chilling breeze
Of the grey morning.

Marg. What shape is that which rises from the earth ?
 'Tis he, 'tis he, oh, send him from this place ;
 What wants he here ? Oh, what can bring him here ?
 Why does he tread on consecrated ground ?
 He comes for me.

Faust. Oh, thou shalt live, my love.

Marg. Upon the judgment-throne of God, I call ;
 On God I call in humble supplication.

Meph. [*to Faust*]. Come, or I leave thee here to share
 her fate.

Marg. Father of heaven, have mercy on thy child.
 Ye angels, holy hosts, keep watch around me.

Henry—I am afraid to look at thee.

Meph. Come—she is judged !

Voice [*from above*]. Is saved.

Meph. [*to Faust*]. Hither to me !

[*Disappears with FAUST.*]

Voice [*from within, dying away*]. Henry ! Henry !

THE END.



THE SECOND PART
OF
GOETHE'S FAUST

TRANSLATED BY
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HENRY MORLEY

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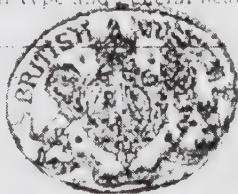
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INTRODUCTION.

IN the close of the "Prelude at the Theatre" with which Goethe called the public to his show, before opening with the Prologue in Heaven in his First Part of Faust, the manager indicates the spirit of the whole design :

Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it, and the work will be completed.

* * * * *

Stut on our narrow stage with lofty stature,
As moving through the circle of wide Nature.
With swiftest speed, in calm thought weighing well
Each movement,—move from Heaven, through Earth, to Hell.

What is known as the First Part of Goethe's Faust, is a complete work, dealing with man's individual life as the poet felt it in his earlier years. But the use of the Faust legend for poetic contemplation of this stage of life on which we all are players, had fascination for Goethe. He went on to a second play on the same subject, parallel in many respects with the first, in which Helena takes the place of Gretchen, the problem of the race is the main theme, and the final triumph of good, evil itself shaping unconsciously the future good, leads to the close in Heaven. The Prologue also was in Heaven : all begins and ends in God. As a play, the Second Part is feebler than the First, deficient in that individual life and action which is inseparable from any play meant to be acted, and, in some parts, wholly unactable. The poet has chosen to sound in his own way the depths in the great stream of life and sport over its shallows, without suffering his invention to be bounded by conditions proper to one form of art. The genius of a great master is lavished upon every part of the design. One individuality is never absent, that of Goethe himself. The whole man is in the two parts of Faust ; and from that point of view the Second Part is even stronger than the First. As the utterance of riper life, its scope of thought

is larger, its temper calmer. It is, in some sense, as an *Odyssey* after an *Iliad*. It abounds more in the thoughts and images that men take with them as companions in life. It is more a Morality Play than a true Drama, but a Morality Play that joins philosophy to faith, and applies to the dissection of life a range of power to which the best of the old morality writers could make no approach.

Goethe, born in 1749, began to work on *Faust* in 1774, when his age was five-and-twenty; in the days when the French Revolution was on its way, and problems of life in every form vexed all who thought. Goethe, like most other young poets of the time, could say of those days with the Solitary in Wordsworth's *Excursion*—

Then my soul
Turned inward to examine of what stuff
Time's fetters were composed, and life was put
To inquisition long and profitless.

"The Sorrows of Young Werther," written at that time, show clearly enough that Goethe's inquisition would have been long indeed and profitless if his mind had not grown as the work proceeded. Goethe was incapable of writing the Second *Faust* when he began the First. He knew that his whole design was beyond the years he then had, but he set boldly to work, as every man must who would within a lifetime bring some large and worthy labour to an end. The scenes in the First Part were not written consecutively. In 1790 a fragment was published of which every part had been written before 1776. The complete play of *Faust*—known as the First Part, but not the less a complete play—was first printed in 1808 in an edition of Goethe's works published at Tübingen in thirteen volumes. The second *Faust* had then been for at least eight years in his mind. He was working in 1800 upon *Helena* scenes for the second *Faust*, when he had not yet written the *Walpurgis Night* or the scene of *Valentine's* death for the first. Long afterwards, in 1827, Goethe published for the first time, in the fourth volume of a collected edition of his works, some eighty pages of *Helena*, a classico-romantic *Phantasmagoria*. The second *Faust* was not finished until the 20th of July 1831, and Goethe died on the 22nd of March 1832. He would have completed his eighty-third year if he had lived to his next birthday on the 28th of August; but he was within a month of eighty-two when he put

the last touch to his second Faust, the composition of the two Faust poems having occupied his mind at intervals during fifty-seven years of the long life of which it was meant to be, and is, the fullest utterance.

Goethe called his *Helena*, when published separately as an Interlude to Faust, a "Classico-romantic Phantasmagoria," and it is at any rate clear that a healing influence is ascribed to Greek art when wedded to the Teutonic mind. The child of Faust and *Helena*, *Euphorion*, mounts high. Goethe did consider Byron to have mounted high, and had Byron in mind at times when dwelling on *Euphorion*. But *Euphorion* is as much an ideal as his parents; and if we speak of the union of Faust with *Helena* as union of the Teutonic with the Classical, we still limp behind the genius of the poet, who looked behind those words to abiding attributes of human life. The reader who begins this second Faust with clear conception of the opening scene, in which man is surrounded by the beneficent powers of Nature, and then follows to the contrast in the succeeding pictures of "the world's vain mask," may think his way through the book, finding much to dwell on at the first reading, more at the second, and yet more at the third. Of a really great work the enjoyment grows with the familiarity that breeds contempt of what is trivial. We have now included in this Library both Fausts, Goethe's whole work, in as clear, vigorous and true a version as the English language is likely to furnish. The frequent happiness of Dr. Anster's lines was the result of studious care where the ease may be thought greatest, and it was the care of a good scholar with a lively wit who loved the poets, and might have set up as a minor poet on his own account if he had thought that worth while. But the dainty charm of Goethe's own verse, which puts thought to music following the lightest change of mood, is wholly untranslatable. To attempt to translate some of his songs is as hopeless as if one were to attempt to translate into English

the sweet sound
That breathes across a bank of violets.

Allowance made for this inevitable loss, the whole Faust can be read and felt and pondered over, and grown into, in English or in German. Shakespeare deals with the problems of life in his plays with an absolute insight, and to the utmost of

man's power leaves each problem duly solved. In Faust the debate is ever present and the process of solution is less clear.

Let me add here a few words written by Goethe himself, in his "Kunst und Alterthum," when he was about to print the Helena Interlude :

"Faust's character, in the elevation to which latter refinement, working on the old rude tradition, has raised it, represents a man who, feeling impatient and imprisoned within the limits of mere earthly existence, regards the possession of the highest knowledge, the enjoyment of the fairest blessings, as insufficient, even in the slightest degree, to satisfy his longing : a spirit, accordingly, which struggling out on all sides, ever returns the more unhappy. . . .

"I could not but wonder that none of those who undertook a completion of my Fragment had lighted on the thought, which seemed so obvious, that the composition of a Second Part must necessarily elevate itself altogether away from the hampered sphere of the First, and conduct a man of such a nature into higher regions under worthier circumstances.

"How I for my part had determined to essay this, lay silently before my own mind, from time to time exciting me to some progress ; while, from all and each, I carefully guarded my secret, still in hope of bringing the work to the wished-for issue."

A life prolonged to more than fourscore years seemed the fulfilment of a hope that must have been very doubtful when Goethe was about to print the Helena scenes as a fragment. The whole work is now before us. In his comment upon the Helena scenes in the "Foreign Review" of 1828 (it is to be found in the first volume of his "Miscellanies"), Thomas Carlyle said wisely, that "everywhere in life the true question is not what we gain, but what we do; so also in intellectual matters, in conversation, in reading, which is more precise and careful conversation, it is not what we receive, but what we give." Therefore the student of these two Fausts, comparing them, observing the significant contrasts and analogies between them, as well as following their sequence, if after all he should find that he has not got much out of them, might go on to reflect with satisfaction upon all the power of thought they have got out of him.

H. M.

September 1886.

FAUSTUS:
THE SECOND PART OF FAUST.

—♦—
ACT I.

A PLEASING LANDSCAPE.

FAUSTUS, *lying on a flowery grass-plot, weary, restless, striving to sleep.* TWILIGHT—*Spirits flit, hovering about—beautiful little forms.*

ARIEL.

[Song, accompanied by Æolian harps.]

IN the spring, soft showers of blossoms
Sink down over all the earth;
And the green fields—a wide blessing—
Smile for all of mortal birth.
And the generous little Fairies
Haste to help whom help they may.
Is he good? or is he evil?
What know they? or what care they?
He is man—he is unhappy;
And they help whom help they may.

[Addresses the FAIRIES.]

Ye, round this head who sweep in airy rings,
Here, generous, gentle spirits, noble Elves,
In your true nature manifest yourselves.

Make soft the heart—assuage its savage strife ;
Chase back remorse—repel his burning stings ;
Cleanse from the thoughts foul bygone wreck of life.
Four are the pauses of the lingering night—
To speed and charm them be it your delight.
First in cool pillows let his head sink deep ;
Then bathe him in the dew of Lethe's stream,
Soon, his cramped limbs relaxing them, sweet sleep
Comes strengthening him to meet the morning's beam.

Then, brightest proof of fairy might,
And, kindest boon of fairy wight,
Give him back to holy light !

*Chorus of FAIRIES, at first singly ; then two, and more,
alternately and together.*

When the twilight mists of evening
Darken the encircling green,
Breezes come with balmy fragrance—
Clouds sink down with dusky screen ;
And the heart—sweet whispers soothe it
Rocked to infant-like repose ;
And the eyes of the o'er-wearied
Feel the gates of daylight close.

Night hath now sunk down—and rising
Star comes close on holy star ;
Sovereign splendours—tiny twinklers—
Sparkle near and shine from far :
Sparkle from the glassy waters—
Shine high up in the clear night ;
While, of peace the seal and symbol,
Reigns the full moon's queenly light.

On have flown the hours—and sorrows
Vanish ; nor can joy abide.
Feel through sleep the sense of healing !
In the purpling dawn confide !

Green vales brightening—hills out-sweiling ;
Flowering copses—budding tree—
In the young corn's silver wavelets
Bends the harvest soon to be.

Wake to Hope, and Hope's fulfilment ;
In the sunrise see the day !
'Thin the filmy bands that fold thee :
Fling the husk of sleep away !
Dare—determine—act. The many
Waver. Be not thou as these.
All things are the noble spirit's
Clear to see, and quick to seize.

[An exceedingly loud noise announces sunrise.]

Ariel. Hearken ! hark ! the storm of sunrise—
Sounding but to Spirits' ears—
As the HOURS fling wide the portals
Of the East, and Day appears.
How the rock-gates, as the chariot
Of the sun bursts through, rebound !
Roll of drum, and wrath of trumpet,
Crashing, clashing, flashing round ;
Unimaginable splendour—
Unimaginable sound !
Light is come ; and in the tumult,
Sight is deadened—hearing drowned.

In the bells of flowerets hide,
Or beneath the green leaves glide ;
Deeper, deeper in the rock,
Shrink ye from the deafening shock !

[FAIRIES disappear.]

Faustus [alone]. Life's pulses reawakening leap anew,
The gentle twilight of the dawn to greet ;
And thou, O Earth !—for nature still is true—

Didst, this night, of the common boon partake ;
And, breathing in fresh vigour at my feet,
Already, with thy charms of new delight,
Dost in my heart the earnest wish awake
To strive towards Being's unascended height.
Half seen, half hid, in twilight gleams the world ;
The dawning woodland rings with ceaseless sound,—
Life's thousand voices : rapture infinite ;
And, to and fro the valley, mist-wreaths curled
Gush in loose streaks ;—yet downward pierces deep
Heaven's brightness. From the vaporous gulf profound
Start boughs and branches, disenthralled from sleep ;
And sparks of colour leap up from the ground
In trembling flower and leaflet dew-impearled.

A paradise is everywhere around.

Look up ! O' th' mountains, how each giant height
Reveals the unrisen sun with solemn glow :
They are the first to enjoy the eternal light
That later will to us its way have found.
Now, on the green-sunk Alpine meadows low
The dawn-streaks a distincter radiance shed ;
And, downward speeding still in gradual flow,
The wide illumination here is spread.
Forth comes the sun—insufferably bright.
I shrink with wounded eyes—I cower as from a blow !

Thus, too, it is, when yearning Hope hath striven
Trustfully toward the Highest, and at last
Finds open flung Fulfilment's portal wings ;
But then o'er-powering burst—we stand aghast—
Flames rushing from those deep eternal springs :
Life's torch we would have lit with light from heaven,
A fire-sea whirls about us—and what fire !
Is't Love ? is't Hate ? that glowing round us clings—
With pain and joy, and passion and desire—

So that again we would our eyes depress
To earth ; again would hide us in the veil
Of childhood—unforeseeing, passionless.

Behind me, then, let burn the sun's fierce blaze !

Where roars the cataract thro' the rent rock
I gaze—delight increasing as I gaze ;
From fall to fall, in thousand thousand streams,
He leaps—down plunges he with thunder-shock—
Whirls, rushes, raves—mad foam on foam uptost ;
But, see ! where springs—glad bud of this wild storm—
A tranquil presence thro' the storm that gleams,
The heaven-illumined Rainbow's glorious form ;
Distinctly now limned out, and now it seems
To flow away, in airy atoms lost,
Spreading around a cool and fragrant shower.
Man's strivings, are they not the torrent's strife ?
Think, and yet more you feel the emblem's power :
The colour, the reflected light, is LIFE.

IMPERIAL PALACE, THRONE-HALL.

COUNCIL OF STATE. *Trumpets.* COURTIERs of every rank,
splendidly dressed, enter. The KAISER ascends the throne,
on his right the ASTROLOGER.

Kaiser. Trusty and well-beloved, from far and near
Assembled, I am glad to meet you here.
I see the WISE MAN at my side ; but where's
The FOOL ?

Junker. He stumbled as he climbed the stairs ;
He trod too close upon the spreading train
Of the robe, and tripped. They bore him off amain ;
But whether dead or drunk, who knows or cares ?

2nd Junk. And lo ! preferment comes apace.
Another's pushing for the place ;

'Tricked out in so superb a trim,
'That every eye is fixed on him.
'The palace guards would stop him fain,
And cross their halberds : all in vain.
See where he has got, foolhardy fool !

*Enter MEPHISTOPHELES dressed as Court Fool ; he kneels at
the foot of the throne.*

*Mephistopheles. That which men execrate, yet welcome to
them ;
Long for, and yet would from their presence chase it ;
Protect, and yet they say it will undo them ;
Declaim against, deride, and still embrace it ?
He, whom you may not call to your assistance,
Yet smile when any have to him alluded ;
What from thy throne now stands at no great distance—
What from this circle hath itself excluded ?*

*Kai. [to MEPH.] Enough ! your riddles here are out of
place.*

These gentlemen, in their own, have a hard case
To deal with ; solve it for us if you can.
I should be too well pleased to have the man
Who could do that. My old Fool's gone, I fear,
To the—— Take his place at my side : stand here.

*[MEPHISTOPHELES steps up and places himself at the
KAISER'S left.*

*Murmurs of the Crowd. A new fool ! . . . I like old things
best.*

*How came he in ? . . . What interest ?
Struck down at once. . . . How he did sip !
That was a tub. . . . And this a chip.*

*Kai. Welcome, my well-beloved, from near and far,
Convened beneath this favourable star.
Who reads the heavens sees in the horoscope
Prosperity there written—Welfare, Hope.*

Why, at such time when we would drown all cares
But of decorum beards and masquing dress—
When we would feast upon our happiness—
This COUNCIL about plaguy State affairs?
Yet if it can't but be so—and you see it
Fit that it should so be—why then SO BE IT !

[*The COUNCIL being thus formally opened by 'the
KAISER, the CHANCELLOR, who is also Archbishop,
makes his Report on the general state of the
Empire. His Report is followed by similar state-
ments from the other High Functionaries.*

Chancellor. Justice, man's highest virtue, loves to shed
Its saintly halo-wreath round CÆSAR'S head.
Inviolable Justice—the demand
Of all, the absence of which all deplore—
'Tis his to minister and to protect.
But what avails high reach of intellect,
Goodness of heart, or willingness of hand,
Where evil hatches evil evermore,
And a mad fever rages through the land ?
Down from this height look on the realm : 'twould seem
That you are struggling in a powerless dream,
Where monstrous things o'er monstrous things bear sway,
And misrule is the order of the day,
And lawlessness is law—the one law men obey.

One from your homestead sweeps off steed or steer,
Or carries away a woman, or a pix
From the altar—chalice, cross, or candlesticks—
And boasts of his exploits for many a year :
Skin safe and sound—and wherefore should he fear ?
Appellants crowd the justice-hall—
The proud judge sits on his high pillows ;
Meanwhile rave on with savage squall
The uproar's swelling billows,
And glorying in his shame stands forth the criminal.

His crime protects him. He comes aided by
Accomplices on whom he can rely.

"GUILTY," the sure award, when Innocence
Is all a man can plead in his defence.

The world's disjointed all; decency quite
Extinct. How can the feeling, in man's breast,
'That leads him to discern and love the right,
Live as a thought, or be in act expressed?
Men, whom as meaning well we may describe,
'To flattery yield, or to some coarser bribe.
'The judge, who cannot punish, will in time
Connive at, nay, participate in crime.
These are dark colours, would that I could draw
A thick gauze o'er such picture! [*pause.*]

Measures strong
Must be adopted; it brooks no delay:
When every man fears wrong, and lives by wrong,
The prince dishonoured suffers more than they. [days!]

Heermeister. How they do rave and rage in these wild
Every one, everywhere—madness outright.
Command—aye, say command—when none obeys.
The burgher, safe within his walls—the knight,
Perched on his rocky nest, stand there defying
All we can do—on their own strength relying.
The hireling, for his pay, makes blustering claim.
'They're with us yet; but were the debt
Once paid, 'tis little that we'd see of them.
Enforce, where all resist it, a command!
'Twere into a wasp's nest to thrust your hand.
The kingdom, which they should protect,
Look at it—devastated, plundered, wrecked!
We cannot pay them; and we must permit
Violence, rapine, wrong. All suffer it.
The Empire! What's the Empire? Half the lands
Utterly lost to us—in rebel hands,

And foreign princes, not one of them cares
For it or us : 'tis our concern, not theirs.

Treasurer. Who on allies can reckon? The supplies,
That were to have come in from our allies,
—Pipewater, when the conduit pipes are cut!
And, in your realm, is property secure?
Go where one will, 'tis a new man keeps house :
One who would seem to have no object but
To hold his own, and with no thanks to us.
We must look on, and helplessly endure !
So many flowers of our prerogative
We have given away, scarce one remains to give ;
And Parties—as they call them—little weight,
Nowadays, place I on their love or hate.
Parties? where are they?—Ghibelline or Guelph?
Combine? combine! where each thinks but of self.
'They scrape, they screw, and what they get they guard—
Our chests left empty, every gold-gate barred.

Marshal. And what distress must I, too, bear?
Every day striving still to spare ;
My efforts to retrench attended
With this result—that more 's expended.
'The cooks, they want for nothing : wild boars, bucks,
Does, hares, and hens and turkeys, geese and ducks.
Duty-rents paid in kind, we still can dine.
But what in the wide world to do for wine?
'Tis all out, how supply it—there's the rub.
'Tis not so long ago since, tub on tub,
It lay piled in the cellars—tun on tun,
Of the best vintage-years, and the best run
Of the best hill-slopes. Now, what with the drain
Of the nobles on it, who will never stop
Their swilling, I'm not left a single drop :
And the town-council, too, has tapped its store.
This too the nobles swill, and brawl for more ;
They snatch at wine-cups—seize no matter what

Comes first to hand—drain goblet, pan, and pot,
Till under the broad table, bowl and beast
Fall mixed with broken relics of the feast.
I !—I must pay for all, provide for all.
The Jew ! for me his pity is but small.
He his anticipation-bond prepares
Swallowing the years to come : he never spares.
The pigs—plague take them !—never come to brawn.
The very pillow on the bed's in pawn.
The loaves upon the table still to pay ;
To-morrow's bread-stuff eaten yesterday !

Kai. [after some reflection, to MEPH.] And, Fool, have
you no grievance to propound ?

Meph. I ?—None. Upon this splendour to look round—
With thee and thine and all this grand array
Around us !—Must not confidence arise ?
—With such a prince, so ruling such a land ;
With such a host, that so the foe defies ;
With such intelligence at your command ;
With such activity of enterprise—
Can any powers malevolent unite
For darkness where these stars are shedding light ?

Murmurs. *The rascal's quick. . . . Aye, up to trick—*
Liar, romancer. . . . When lies answer :
Be sure there's something in the wind ; . . .
Aye, something always lurks behind. . . .
To me 'twould seem a settled scheme.

Meph. Search the world round, and is there to be found
On earth one quiet corner that has not
A something wanting, which, are we unable
To come at it, makes life uncomfortable ?
This man wants that thing, and that man wants this.
Here, our want is hard cash ; and hard cash is,
When men most want it, cash hard to be got.
'Tis not a thing that from the streets you sweep ;
It lies deep down, but Science lifts the deep.

In mountain veins—in walls—and underground—
Much gold in coins, or uncoined, may be found ;
And, if you ask who brings this gold to light?—
The gifted man, ruling the Infinite
Of Nature, mighty in the Spirit's might.

Chan. *Nature* and *Spirit* ! Words that, in my mind,
No Christian man should utter ; 'tis for this
That we burn atheists. Speeches of the kind
Are highly dangerous. *Nature* ! aye—that is
Sin ; *Spirit*—that means Devil ;—and Devil and Sin—
A pretty pair they are !—true kith and kin—
Having a natural fancy for each other,
Have gendered what the world at once should smother—
The mis-shaped miserable monster Doubt—
Sexless, or double-sexed.

In the wide borders
Of the old Empire, two—and but two orders
To speak of—have risen up to guard the throne :
The SPIRITUALTY and the RITTERS ; and they form
A sure protection against every storm,
And for their pay make Church and State their own.
Plebeian arrogance and self-willed spite
Lead some mad spirits to contest the right ;
Dealers with fiends they are, and heretics :
Country and town infesting and destroying.
And these this jester, with his fool-born tricks,
Which you are unsuspectingly enjoying,
Is now to this high circle smuggling in.
To cling to reprobates itself is sin :
The scorers and Court fool are close akin.

Meph. There spoke the veriest bigot of book-learning.
What you discern not, sir, there's no discerning :
All, that you touch not, stands at hopeless distance ;
All, that you grasp not, can have no existence ;
All, that eludes your weights, is base and light ;
That, which you count not, is not counted right ;

All measurement is false, but where you mete ;
All coin without your stamp is counterfeit.

Kai. These wise saws will not make our suffering less ;
What mean you by this lengthened Lent-address ?
I'm weary of this endless " if " and " how ; "
Get me the money—that's what we want now.

Meph. Aye, all you want, and more ; 'tis easy, yet
The Easy's difficult enough to get.
There's plenty of it—plenty—not a doubt of it—
In th' heart of th' earth, but how to get it out of it ?
Think of the old days, when invading bands
Came like a deluge, swamping men and lands ;
How natural it was that many should
Hide their best valuables where they could.
'Twas so in times of the old Roman sway :
So yesterday—and so it is to-day ;—
And all lies dead and buried in the soil.
The soil is Cæsar's—his the splendid spoil.

Trea. Not bad for a fool. It stands to reason quite :
The soil is doubtless the old emperor's right.

Chan. His golden meshes Satan spreads, I fear :
And something more than good is busy here.

Mar. If what we want at Court he'd only give,
I'd hazard th' other place in this to live.

Heer. The fool's the man for us all. The soldier's
dumb :
He takes his dollars—asks not whence they come.

Meph. And if, perhaps, you fancy me a rogue,
Why not take counsel of the Astrologue ?
There stands he—Truth itself ;—reads what Heaven writes
Distinctly in the planetary lights—
Cycle encircling cycle, Hour and House—
And what he sees in Heaven will say to us.

Murmurs of the Crowd.

*Rascals a pair !—they understand—
And play into each other's hand—*

*Phantast and Fool. Easily known
Why they two so beset the throne.
Aye the old song—so often sung—
The fool suggests—the wise gives tongue.*

Astrologer speaks, Meph. prompts. The Sun himself is
gold without alloy ;

Swift Mercury, still at his sly employ,
For friends that pay speeds messages of joy.
Venus, with every man of you in love,
Early and late, keeps twinkling from above.
Coy Luna's whimsical ; and Mars, belike,
With red glare threatens, but delays to strike ;
And Jupiter is still the brightest star.
Dim glooms the mass of Saturn from afar :
Small to the eye, and small our estimate
Of him in value, vast as is his weight.
The world is cheered, when, in conjunction shines,
Luna with Sol—with silver, gold combines.
Anything else one wishes for or seeks—
Park, palace, pretty bosom, rosy cheeks—
Follows of course. This highly-learned man
Makes or procures it—what none else here can.

Kai. A second voice upon my ear,
That doubles every sentence, rings—
The matter yet is far from clear,
And nothing like conviction brings.

Murmurs. *What's that to us? . . . What wretched
fuss—*

*Chemist and quack . . . Old almanack.
I've heard it oft . . . I was too soft ;
And should it come—'Tis all a hum.*

Meph. Here stand they, all amazement! staring
round

At the high discovery ; gave no credit to it.
One has his story of a strange black hound ;
One a blind legend of a mandrake root.

Aye, let them laugh, or try to laugh it off ;
 Say 'tis a juggle—tricks of knaves or witches ;
 Yet—all the sooner for their sneer and scoff—
 Odd sudden tinglings come ; limbs shake ; foot itches.

One of Nature's never-ending
 Secret wonders here you find ;
 From the lowest rings ascending,
 Living traces upward wind.
 When and where, all over twitching,
 Every limb feels sudden seizure,
 Then and there keep digging, ditching :
 There's the fiddler—there the treasure !

Murmurs. *My foot—I cannot move about ;
 My arm is cramped . . . 'Tis only gout ;
 And my big toe, it pains me so,
 From all these signs, my mind divines
 That here the treasure is.*

Kai.

Come, no delay ;

Escape for you is none. This very day
 Shall bring these froth-lies of yours to the test.
 Show us these chambers where these treasures rest.
 I'll throw down sword and sceptre of command,
 And labour with my own imperial hand ;
 Work heart and hand at the great enterprise :
 But if all you are uttering be but lies—
 As I do fear—I'll send you straight to hell.

Meoph [*aside*]. Broad is the way from this, as I know well.
 [*Alone*] I have not words enough truly to tell
 Of all the treasure everywhere that lies :
 None claiming it—none knowing of such prize.
 The peasant with his plough who scrapes the sod,
 Sees a gold crock beneath the upturned clod,
 Crusted and clammy—blesses his good luck
 In having on a lump of nitre struck ;
 And with delight and terror manifold,

Feels in his meagre hand, that scarce can hold
The treasure, rouleaus of gold—actual gold.
Down to what clefts—through what drear passages
Must he who knows of hidden treasure press
On the verge of the under-world ! What vaults to be
Blown up !—what cellars, well secured : the sun
For ages has not seen them open thrown !
There golden salvers, goblets, beakers fair—
All for the sage—and ruby cups are there.
And, should he wish to use them—plenty of
Good old wine, too—I warrant you true stuff.
And you may credit me—I know it well—
The wood casks all are dust ; and, strange to tell,
The wine makes new ones of its own old crust.
And such wine—'tis not only gems and gold,
But the essential spirit of noblest wine
That night and horrors here imprisoned hold.
Here doth the Sage his search untired pursue.
Day has no light whereby deep truths to see,
In darkness is the home of Mystery.

Kai. Darkness and Mystery I leave to thee.
What's good for anything will dare the day.
At night your rascal can skulk out of view—
When every cow is black and all cats grey.
Handle the plough, then ; and let us behold
Your share turn up these pans and pots of gold.

Meph. Take spade and hoe yourself. Throw off all state :
The labour of the peasant 'tis makes great.
A herd of golden calves shall from the soil
Start up—of earnest will and ardent toil
Instant reward ! Enraptured then you may
Adorn yourself—adorn your lady gay.
Jewels in the imperial diadem
Add splendour to the monarch ; the rich gem
Makes beauty lovelier in the coloured play
Of light.

Kai. [*impatiently*]. Quick ! quick ! how long, how long, will you delay ?

Ast. [*Meph. prompting*]. Sire ! moderate this fervour of desire.

Best now the merry masquerade to act,
And end it. Double purposes distract.
Then through the above, in self-communion learn,
The under to deserve, and so to earn,
Who seeks for goodness, should himself be good ;
For cheerfulness, should calm his fevered blood.
Tread hard the ripe grapes, if thy wish be wine ;
If miracles, increasing faith be thine !

Kai. Well then ! Ash Wednesday will, I trust, uphold
The promises you're giving me of gold.
I never did so long for Lent.
The Astrologer's advice is, after all,
The best ; and so in merriment
Let the interval be spent.
We'll have our ball, whate'er befall,
And a gay time of carnival.

[*Trumpets. Exeunt.*]

Meph. [*to the audience*]. You never can get fools to understand
How luck and merit still go hand in hand :
Your born fool never yet was Fortune's prizeman.
The stone of the philosopher,
In such hands, no great treasure were—
The wise man's talisman minus the wise man.

MASQUERADE.

*A spacious Hall, with Side-chambers adorned and prepared
for a Masquerade.*

Characters Introduced. — GARDEN-GIRLS, GARDENER, MOTHER AND DAUGHTER, WOODCUTTERS, &c. PULCHINELLOES, PARASITES, DRUNKARD, SATIRICAL POET, THE GRACES, THE FATES, THE FURIES, HOPE, FEAR, PRUDENCE, ZOILO-THERSITES, KNABE LENKER, PLUTUS, STARVELING, WOMEN, FAUNS, SATYRS, GNOMES, GIANTS, NYMPHS, PAN.

Enter HERALD.

Her. Fancy not that our scene is laid,
Or that to-night our play is played,
In the drear bounds of German grounds—
Of dead men's dances, devilry—
Court fools and Gothic revelry :
Ours is a cheerful masquerade.

Feel yourselves now in an Italian home ;
And that the KAISER, on his way to Rome,
For his advantage, and for your delight,
Hath crossed the high Alps, and is lord to-day
Of a new kingdom, beautiful and gay ;
Having already in himself full might,
Has sued the holy slipper for full right ;
Come for himself a brilliant crown to gain—
The cap and bells have followed in his train,
And we are all born as it were again ;
Put on the cap of folly, and are in it
Such paragons of wisdom for the minute.

A clever fellow's comfortable plan
Is, "draw it cosily o'er head and ears,
And play the fool as little as you can."
A prudent course ; the world in a few years
Is pretty sure of teaching any man.
They come in troops, they form in groups,
And into knots the masses sever,
And in and out they move about,
And out and in again they range.
For ever changing, yet no change,
Its hundred thousand fooleries,
The world's the world ! 'Twas—'twill be—'tis
The World—the same one Fool for ever.

*Enter GARDEN-GIRLS, some adorned with artificial flowers ;
some with bouquets in their hands.*

GARDEN-GIRLS.

[Song, accompanied by mandolins.]

We, to-night, to win your favour,
Trick us out in masquerade ;
Young girls, that our way from Florence
With the German Court have made.

O'er our dusky tresses glisten
Roses from no common bowers ;
Threads of silk, and silken laces,
Shape we into mimic flowers.

Ours is sure a happy service :
Waking at our touch appear
Buds that have no fear of winter—
Flowers that blossom through the year.

Divers-coloured shreds arranging,
Hue and hue symmetrical ;
Worthless each, yet, thus united,
Feel you not the charm of all.

Garden-girls, with neatness dress we,
Ornamentally in part ;
Woman's love of graceful Nature
Blends so gracefully with Art.

Her. [to the GARDEN-GIRLS]. Let us see the laden baskets,
Balanced on your heads that rest ;
Show the fair flowers—bud and blossom—
Each select what suits him best.
Let a garden, as by magic,
Walks and arbours, meet the eyes :
Crowds will throng round the fair merchants,
And the lovely merchandise.

Garden-girls. 'Tis a pleasant mart. No higgling,
No dispute for prices here ;
In a few short words expressive,
What each offers will appear.

Olive-branch [with fruit]. I no flower its blossoms envy ;
I with none will have dispute ;
Peaceful, and of peace the emblem,
Marrow of the land my fruit.
Oh ! that, this day, it were mine
The brightest, fairest brow to twine.

Wheat-wreath [golden]. Gifts of Ceres form my chaplet,
Brown with the maturing sun.
Crown of Life ! be still the Useful
And the Ornamental one.

Fancy Chaplet. Flowers of mosses, many-coloured,
Mimics of the mallow grey—
Nothing half so bright in Nature—
Are the fashion of the day.

Fancy Bouquet. These—their family and tribe—
No Theophrastus could describe :
Some have little love for these,
But there are whom they will please.
Flowers to beauty dedicated,
Chaplets through the tresses plaited ;
Or delightedly that rest
Near the fond heart, on the soft breast.

Challenge. Let your motley fancies blossom
In the fashion of the hour ;
In strange guise be shaped and moulded.
Be they such as Nature never,
In her wildest freaks, unfolded—
Green stalks—bells of golden glimmer
From the flowing tresses shimmer ;
But we——

Rose-buds. Love to lurk unseen.
Happy finder ! he for whom
We a sweet surprise have been,
Breathing fresh in dewy bloom.
When the summer comes again—
And the rose-bud kindles then
Into blushes—who of men
But must yield him to the charm ?
Can of love his heart disarm ?
Lovely flower ! and love's own emblem !
Timid promise—rich revealing !
Rose ! Of all in Flora's kingdom
Dear to eye, and heart, and feeling !

[*The GARDEN-GIRLS arrange their goods under the
green leafy walks. GARDENER enters with
GARDEN-BOYS, who arrange themselves as a
CHORUS.*

GARDENER.

[Song, accompanied by theorbos.]

Flowers ! my lady's brow entwining ;
Pretty things in show and shining !
Fruits—in them no false decoying—
Are the true stuff for enjoying.

Buy them ! try them ! Plums, pears, cherries.
Show their brown and honest faces ;
Tongue and palate, better judges
Than the eye, to try such cases.

Come ! my ripe fruit's a true treasure ;
Here to feast is actual pleasure :
Rose-buds speak to the ideal ;
Bite the fruit—the taste is real.

[To the GARDEN-GIRLS.]

Yours the pride of glowing flowers,
And the wealth of autumn ours ;
For our mutual delight—
What say you, if we unite ?

Into this enchanted garden
Come ye, each his fancy suit ;
Bowers are here, and walks and windings ;
Bud and leaves, and flowers and fruit.

[Amid alternate song, accompanied with guitars and theorbos, both Choruses proceed to arrange their goods so as to set them off to advantage.]

Enter MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Mother. When first I saw the infant smiles,
Dearest of living creatures,
On thy small face, with hood and lace
I decked those baby features,

And fancied all thy future pride,
The richest winning as his bride
The fairest of all creatures.

Many a day has passed away,
My own dear child—Heaven love it—
And wooers came and wooers went ;
And little good came of it.
'Twas all the same with every wile,
The merry dance, the sly soft smile,
Time lost, with little profit.

Was never ball or festival
But you were in the dances ;
Round games, or forfeits—all in vain ;
Away the luck still glances.
Spread wide your nets again to-day—
The fools are out : who knows what may
Turn up in this day's chances ?

[GIRLS, *playfellows young and beautiful, enter and join in loud confidential chatting.* FISHERMEN and BIRDCATCHERS *now enter with nets, lines, and limed twigs and other tackle, and join the group of girls.* *Alternate attempts to win, catch, escape, and hold fast, give opportunity for most agreeable dialogues.*

Enter WOOD-CUTTERS, CHARCOAL-BURNERS, &c.,
violently and roughly.

Wood-cutters. Room ! make room ! we want and crave it ;
Want but room—and we must have it.
Trees we fell—down come they crashing ;
Bear them with us—crushing, smashing.
What we wish, is to impress on
All and each the true old lesson—

If the coarse and clumsy hand
Kept not working in the land ;
If there were not such as we are,
Could the world have such as ye are?

Ye are the chosen ;
Yet do not forget it,
That ye would be frozen,
If we had not sweated.

Enter PULCHINELLOES and PARASITES.

Pulchinelloes [stupidly, almost like fools].

Ye are the born fools,
Toiling and trudging ;
Nature hath made you
With bent back, for drudging.
We are the clever :
Nothing whatever,
That you call lumber,
Our backs to encumber.
All our pleasure,
Easy leisure ;
All our traps,
Flaps and caps ;
Hose and jackets, and such tight wear—
No great burthen is such light ware ;
Slim foot, then, in thin pantoufle,
Through the Court we shift and shuffle.
We are met in market-places,
Painted masks upon our faces,
At street corners we stand gaping—
There, like cocks, keep flapping, clapping
Wings as 'twere ; and, thus set going,
Take to clattering and crowing—
Together three or four of us
Will step aside—like eels we glide—
And nobody sees more of us,

Till, by-and-by, up starts a brother,
And we crow out to one another.
Praise us, blame us—try to shame us—
What care we? Ye cannot tame us.

*Parasites [flattering and fawning on the WOOD-CUTTERS,
CHARCOAL-BURNERS, &c.].*

Porters ! there are no men truer—
Charcoal-burner ! and wood-hewer !
After all, there are but few men
Do the world's work like these true men.
Where were bowing, suing, smiling ;
Blowing hot and cold ; beguiling
Words and watching looks ; and nodding
Sly assent, but for their plodding ?

Fire from heaven comes unexpected—
Providentially directed—
To the kitchen hearth ; but is it
Better for the sudden visit ?
If no faggots had been placed there,
Would not fire have gone to waste there ?
And the faggots' blaze would dwindle,
If there were no coals to kindle ;
But, with them, comes bubbling, boiling,
Roasting, toasting, baking, broiling.

And the man of true taste,
With instincts æsthetic,
Scents roast meet, smells paste,
And of fish is prophetic.
He smiles in the pantry—
He shines at the table.
Performer—none warmer,
More active, more able !

Enter A DRUNKEN MAN [scarce conscious].

Drunken Man. Everything is right and merry
When in wine our cares we bury.
Cheery hearts, 'tis we that bring them !
Cheery songs, 'tis we that sing them !
Drink, boys, drink ; and still be drinking—
Clashing glasses, drinking, clinking.
See, behind, that fellow blinking !
Why decline, boys ? Drink your wine, boys !
Come and clash your glass with mine, boys !
[*These lines repeated by CHORUS.*]

If my wife, with rout and racket,
Scoff at my embroidered jacket—
Call me mummer, masquerader,
I'll show fight to the invader.
Spite of her—amid the clinking
Clashing glasses—I'll keep drinking.
Of good wine bad wives are jealous :
Keep the women off, young fellows !
Maskers, mummers—take your wine, boys !
Clash your glass, as I clash mine, boys !
Clash your glass ; keep up the fun, boys !
Till the work of life is done, boys ! [*Chorus.*]

Of our host I'm still the debtor :
Plan of life I know no better.
Looks he sulkily, my boast is
Of my credit with the hostess.
Does the landlady run rusty,
Still the maid is true and trusty :
She's my sure and safe sheet-anchor ;
And, when all else fail, my banker.
So I drink, and still keep drinking ;
With the glass's clashing, clinking.

*Clash your glasses, each, my fine boys !
Clear them off, as I clear mine, boys !* [Chorus.]

I'll stay where I am at present ;
No place else can be more pleasant.
Let me lie where I am lying ;
I can not stand, no use in trying.
A new toast ! Let all keep drinking !
Brothers all, their glasses clinking.
Drink away, like men of mettle ;
Hold to chairs, and cling to settle.
Sit up each who still is able,
Or lie snug beneath the table.
*Come, my fine boys—drink your wine, boys !
Every drop, as I drink mine, boys !* [Chorus.]

[HERALD announces different poets, Court and Ritter singers, tender and enthusiastic. In the pressure of rival poets, none will let another be heard. One sneaks by, and contrives to say a few words.

Satirist. In my character of POET

How my spirits it would cheer,
Dared I say or sing a something
Nobody would wish to hear.

[*The Night and Churchyard poets send apologies, as they are engaged in an interesting conversation with a newly arisen vampire, from which they anticipate the development of a new school of poetry. The HERALD is compelled to admit their excuse, and calls up the GREEK MYTHOLOGY, which, though in modern masks, loses neither character nor charms.*

Enter THE GRACES.

Aglaia. The charm of manners we bid live
In life. With graceful kindness give.

Hegemone. And gracefully be still received
The granted wish—the want relieved.
Euphrosyne. And graceful be the tone subdued,
And home-felt charm of gratitude.

Enter THE PARCÆ.

Atropos. I, the eldest, am invited
At this festival to spin—
Much for you and me to think of
In this tender life-thread thin.

That the threads be soft and pliant,
Must the flax be sifted fine ;
And, that they flow smooth and even,
Fingers skilled must press the twine.

If, at revels or at dances,
Blood beats high ; oh ! then let wake
Caution. Think how short the measure :
Think that the frail thread may break.

Clotho. BE IT KNOWN, to me the scissors,
In these last days, they confide :
By the late Administration,
None were pleased or edified.

Husky yarns the dull old woman
Left to drawl a weary time ;
Clearest threads, of brilliant promise,
She cut off in youthful prime.

Of impatient inexperience,
That might make me go astray,
Danger now is none. My scissors,
In the sheath remain to-day.

Glad am I that, thus made powerless,
I can smile on all I see ;
That, all apprehension banished,
You may dance and revel free.

Lachesis. Happy maintenance of order
To the sagest was decreed :
Mine the wheel that ceases never,
Circling still with equal speed.

Threads flow hither, threads flow thither,
And their course my fingers guide :
None must overpass the circle—
Each must in its place abide.

I—should I a moment slumber—
Tremble for the fate of men :
Hours are numbered, years are measured,
And the weaver's time comes then.

Enter THE FURIES.

Herald. Had you an eye as keen as an inquisitor's,
Or were you ever so deep read in books,
You'd never guess who these are by their looks,
But fancy them every-day morning visitors.

These are the FURIES. None would think the thing
Credible. Pretty, shapely, friendly, young,
You scarce can think with what a serpent tongue
These doves, all harmless as they look, can sting.

They're wicked ; and, no doubt of it, are witty.
Could mask their nature ; but, on such gay day—
When fools do fool—they have no secret : they
Boast themselves plagues of country and of city.

Alecto. No help for it ; you cannot but believe us,
For we are pretty, young, fond, flattering kittens.
Is any here in love ? We'll find admittance
To that man's heart and home : he must receive us.

We'll court and coax him ; say to him all that would be
Damning ; say how she winked at this or that—
Is dull—is crook-backed—limps—is lean—is fat ;
Or, if betrothed, no better than she should be.

And we it is can deal with the fiancée ;
Tell her what he said of her weeks ago,
In confidence, to Madame So-and-so.
They're reconciled : the scars remain, I fancy.

Megæra. This is mere child's play. Let them once have
married,
I take it up ; turn, with pretences flimsy,
Honey to gall, helped out by spleen or whimsey,
Or jest, at some rash moment too far carried.

Man, when what once was dearest he possesses,
Will feign or fancy soon a something dearer ;
Fly charms that pall, seen oftener and seen nearer ;
Fly warm love, seek some chill heart's dead caresses.

I at manœuvring am shrewd and supple.
I, and friend Asmodæus, who apace
Sows tares, destroying thus the human race
One by one—rather couple, say, by couple.

Tisiphone. I than words have darker engines—
Poison—daggers—for the traitor,
Mixed and sharpened ! Sooner, later,
Life—thy life—shall glut my vengeance ?

Sweetest hopes that love can offer
Changed to keen embittered feeling ;
With such wretch there is no dealing :
He hath sinned, and he must suffer.

Let none tell me of forgiving,
To the rocks I cry. "Revenge" is
Their reply. Hark ! he who changes
Dies—as sure as I am living.

Enter THE GROUP described in the following speech.

Her. Now, may it please you, stand back one and all :
Make way for another group ! Those whom I see
Differ in character and in degree—
Aye, and in kind—from all the maskers here.
See, pressing hitherward, what would appear
A mountain : variegated carpets fall
Adown its flanks, and it moves on in pride—
A head, with large long teeth, and serpentine
Proboscis wreathed. Their secret they would hide ;
But it will open to this key of mine.
A graceful lady, sitting on the neck,
Wields a thin wand that mighty bulk to guide,
And bend all his brute motions to her will.
Archly smiles she, as though at her own skill
Amused and happy, holding him in check.
The other stands high up : a glory there
Encircles that grand form—a light divine,
Too dazzling for this eye of mine to dare.
Two noble women—one at either side—
Are chained ; and one is trembling, as in fear,
And one moves gracefully with joyous cheer ;
And one would break the chain she loathes to wear.
One looks, in bondage, as though she were free :
Let them, in turn, each tell us who they be.

Fear. Mad feast, this ! Drear lamps—dusk tapers—
Waving with uncertain glimmer.
Oh ! this chain ! Through smoky vapours,
Faces strange around me shimmer.

Fools, avaunt ! Peace, idle laughter,
Grinning—I distrust your grin :
All my enemies are after
Me to-night, and hem me in.

I know that mask. As I suspected,
'Tis an old friend—now my worst foeman :
He'd stab me ; sees himself detected,
And steals away, and speaks to no man.

To the far-off world, oh ! could I
Flee away, how glad I were ;
But to this I cling with trembling—
Horror here, and Darkness there.

Hope. If the masking of the night,
Sisters dear, be a delight ;
Yet, be sure to-morrow's coming
Will bring with it joy more bright
Than your gayest masking, mumming.
Oh ! for the uncertain haze
Of the torches' glimmering blaze,
That the cheerful daybreak glow
Over all its light would throw !
Then, at our own will, would we,
Now in groups, and now alone,
Or with one—some dearest one—
Roam through lawn and meadow free ;
Rest at leisure, roam at pleasure,
And in life that knows no care,
All things to our will replying,
No repulse, and no denying,

Wander, welcomed everywhere :
Doubting not there still must be
To be found some region blest—
Happy home of all that's best.

Prudence. Two of men's chief enemies—
See you how I curb and chain them—
FEAR and HOPE. Make way for these :
All is safe while I restrain them.

With the tower above him swaying,
See ! the live Colossus paces,
Step by step, my will obeying,
Unfatigued, the steepest places.

From the battlement, far gleaming,
Quivers fast each snowy pinion,
As looks round the goddess, deeming
All she sees her own dominion.

Who can see without admiring ?
Light divine around her is—
VICTORY her name—Inspiring
Queen of all activities !

Enter ZOILO-THERSITES.

Zoilo. Ho ! ho ! this is the very place for me,
To set all right, for you're all wrong I see.
What I may think of small game is small matter.
See ! the fair lady, up there ; I'll be at her.
Oh ! yes ; be sure it is no other than
The dame Victoria. Well, if I'm a man,
She, with the two white wings, cocked up there, thinks
Herself an eagle—and that east and west,
And north and south, and every point between them,
Are hers—of her wide empire are but links :
All things are hers, if she has only seen them ;

Aye, aye, the lust of empire has its charms.
They praise her ; aye, they praise her. I protest
That to praise anything sets me in arms.
What's low I would lift up ; what's high make low ;
What's crooked I'd make straight ; not only so,
But make straight crooked. I was, from my birth,
One who saw always all things wrong on earth.
The round earth ! Why should it be round ? Aye, there
Matters require reform—I'd have it square.

Her. Aye, ragged rascal ! thou shalt not escape
The good staff's welcome on thy crooked nape.
Aye, turn and writhe, and wind and wheel away,
And crawling, lick the dust. Begone ! I say.
Strange how the fellow, with his broken hump,
Whirls on the floor—the round, rough, loathsome lump.
The porcupine—no head, or arms, or leg.
How the thing puffs !—'tis very like an egg.
Look there ! it swells, it lengthens, bursts asunder ;
And a twin birth behold !—a double wonder !—
Adder and bat : through dust the one you track,
And one up to the roof is flitting black.
They're making their way out to meet again,
And reunite—oh ! save me from the twain.

[ZOILO-THERSITES disappears as described.

Murmurs of the Crowd. "Up ! up ! another dance comes on."

"Not I, indeed : would we were gone !

Felt you how the spectres breathe

From above and from beneath ?

A thrilling whizzed along the root

Of my hair."—"It crawled along my foot.

But no one's hurt."—"Well, well—all's right ;

But we have had such a fright.

All the fun, any way, is ended :

This was what the brute intended."

[The HERALD sees a group approaching, which he describes before they are seen by the general company.

Her. Since first I took upon myself the task
To play the herald's part, at mime or mask,
I always watched the doors, that nothing might
Find entrance in, that could in any way
Disturb, even for a moment, the delight
That in a theatre, on holiday,
You have in truth a title to expect.
I waver not, I yield not, have no fear ;
I keep the door well watched and guarded here.
But through the window spectres may glide in,
From tricks of magic. Even could I detect
Such tricks, I have no power to keep you free.
I cannot but acknowledge that about
The dwarf was something to create grave doubt ;
But now in pour the spectres, in full stream,
Resistless. Who each figure is, and what
The characters assumed are, it would seem
The Herald's fitting duty to explain.
But here to try would be an effort vain :
I cannot tell you, for I know it not.
Here there is mystery beyond my reach.
Here you must help me ; here you, too, must teach.
See you a roll and rustling through the crowd ?
A gallant team of four—a splendid car—
Sweeps swiftly hitherward. It glitters far.
It doth not part the crowd, nor doth there seem
Tumult or pressure round that glorious team.
In coloured light on moves it far and fast,
And wandering stars of fire are from it cast,
As from a magic lantern. How it speeds
Hither ! and with the roar of a strong blast.
Make way for it !—I shudder, and——

[*The car described by the HERALD now appears on the stage.*

Knabe Lenker [*Boy Charioteer*]. Halt, steeds !
Stay your wings ! stay ! and feel the accustomed rein ;

Restrain yourselves : be still when I restrain ;
Rush on when I inspire ; respect the ground
On which we are ! Look everywhere around !
Circle on circle—how spectators throng.
Up, Herald ! up ! and ere we speed along,
And are far out of sight, be it your aim
To paint and to present us each by name,
As suits your office. Allegories be
The matters that you trade in—such are we.

Her. I do not know your name, but I
Would venture on description.

Len. Try !

Her. First, looking at you, I admit
You have youth—and beauty goes with it.
'Twixt man and boy ; the fair beholder
Thinks you'll look better, too, when older.
You seem to me one, upon whom to gaze
May give them danger in the future days—
A dear deceiver from your very birth.

Len. Prettily said. Go on ; make it appear
How far the riddle of this acted mirth
Your skill can solve—your comment let us hear.

Her. The eyes' swart fire—the jewelled band that presses
With starry glow the midnight of thy tresses—
The graceful, showy, ornamental gown,
That from the shoulders to the sock falls down
In glittering tissue, and the glowing fringe
That streams along the sides with purple tinge—
Your person from a girl's one scarce would know ;
But the girls think of it, for weal or woe :
They have already given you, it may be,
Some little lessons in the A B C.

Len. The splendid figure on the chariot throne !
Give us your notion of who it may be.

Her. The King in every look of his is shown ;
And opulent, I guess, and mild is he :

Who win his favour they from care are free—
May rest them at their ease. His active eyes
Spy out their wants, his lavish hand supplies :
The liberal hand is more than house or land.

Len. Your vague description will not help us much.
You may improve your sketch with little trouble :
Add in another and another touch.

Her. Noble he is ! No words can paint the Noble !
A hale moon face, full mouth, and cheeks that glow
Under the diamonded turban's snow ;
A sumptuous robe, that falls with easy flow ;
And in his gestures, and his graceful mien,
The calm of long-accustomed sway is seen.

Len. 'Tis PLUTUS ! god of wealth. In happy hour
Come on a visit to the Emperor,
In all his pomp and prodigality.
I fancy he'll be very welcome now.

Her. But of yourself tell us the What and How.

Len. I am PROFUSION—I am POESY.
I am the POET who feels his true power,
And is himself, indeed, but in the hour
When he on the regardless world hath thrown,
With lavish hand, the wealth, peculiarly his own.
And I am rich—am rich immeasurably :
Plutus alone in riches equals me.
Through me his banquets charm, his dances live :
That which they could not else have had, I give.

Her. The bragging tone sits gracefully on you ;
But show us something of what you can do.

Len. I do but snap my fingers, and around
The car are sparks and lightning-flashes found.

[*Snaps his fingers.*

Here goes a string of pearls, and here
Are golden clasps for neck and ear ;
Comblet and crown the next snap brings,
And gems of price in costliest rings ;

And flamelets here and there I throw,
In the fond hope that some may glow.

Her. How they crowd, and grasp, and snatch at
Everything that they can catch at !

They'll crush his life out. Toy and trinket

He flings to them. Only think it—

All snatch at them, gem and jewel,

As in dreams ; but, oh, how cruel !

As I live 'tis but a juggle.

After a poor devil's struggle

For a gem—and he has got it—

For a ring—and he has caught it—

When he thinks he has a treasure,

It takes wings at its own pleasure.

Pearl-strings snap, the beads are falling—

Beetles in the hand are crawling.

Flung impatiently away,

Humming round his head they play.

Another clutches for his prize

A very swarm of butterflies,

That flutter off capriciously ;

I'd almost say maliciously.

Scamp ! to have promised them so much,

And put them off with rubbish such.

Len. The Herald's business is of masks to tell,

But not to penetrate below the shell

Into the essence. This is not your right

Or proper province : it asks sharper sight.

From all discussions I would keep me free.

MASTER, to thee I turn, and ask of thee [*turning to*
PLUTUS]—

Hast thou not given me full dominion o'er

The glorious team, the tempest-footed four ?

Do I not, at thy will, their motions sway ?

Am I not where thy impulse points the way ?

Was it not mine to rush on daring wing

Triumphantly along the Chariot-ring,
And home to thee the palm of victory bring?
And, in War's splendid game, the conqueror's meed
When did I seek for thee, and not succeed?
The laurel-wreath, that shines thy brows above,
Was it not I with mind and hand that wove?

Phu. Gladly—oh! would that all the world could hear it—
Do I proclaim thee spirit of my spirit;
To aid my wishes still thy wishes fly;
Richer thou art—oh! far more rich than I!
The green bough and thy wreath, I value them
More—'twill delight thee—than my diadem.
Thou art—let all men know it—my best treasure:
Thou art my son, in whom my soul hath pleasure.

Len. [*to the crowd*]. The choicest gifts I have to give—
See! I've scattered them around—
Are the flamelets fugitive,
That for a little moment shed
Their fire on this or that one's head;
From one to one away they bound;
O'er this brow halo-like they sit,
From that in restless brilliance flit:
A light loose blaze of flickering gauze
That dies before we know it was.
Alas! how seldom will the light,
Shed anywhere, rise high or bright;
With many a one burned out before
They know—it fades—falls—is no more.

Clacking of Women. Look at the crouching rascal on
The carriage roof—a charlatan—
Hans Merryman—poor Jack; but very
Far now looks Merryman from merry.
Hunger and thirst have bared his jaw-bones;
None ever saw such sorry raw bones.
Pinch him! there's nothing here to pinch:
Skin and bone—if he's flesh he'll flinch.

Starveling. Off! touch me not, vile women! Ye
Have never a good word for me.
Until my lady was too grand
To house-affairs to give a hand;
Too grand to answer every call,
Work hard, and have an eye to all:
Things went on well. No room for doubt—
All running in and nothing out.
I kept the key of chest and strong box:
But I am always in the wrong box.
You scoffed such poor economist,
And called me Lady Stingy-fist.
Oh! yes, I always am to blame,
Old screw and skin-flint then my name.
But now the woman has grown daring—
No thought of stinting or of sparing;
No, nor of paying. Think of paying,
With wants increasing—means decaying!
Her good man scarce can walk the streets—
In debt to every one he meets.
And all that she can filch, she flings
Away on dress or junketings.
She drinks more wine—aye, too, and better—
With the young rascals that beset her.
New wants are every day arising—
Old times are gone. Is it surprising,
That thirst for gold, no more your peevish vice
Of pinch-gut parsimonious Avarice,
Puffs itself out—puts on Man's mask? In me,
Lo! the new Science of ECONOMY! [grabble;
Ringleader of the Women. With dragons let the old drake
Skin-flint with Flint-skin grin and gabble:
Why with them keep up a struggle?
Is not all a lie—a juggle?
The men—were they not bad enough?—
Are stung to madness by this stuff.

Mass of Women. At him ! At his dragons made of
Pasteboard ! What are you afraid of ?
Nothing here but lie, cheat, trick :
Wizard ! juggler ! heretic !
Destined shortly to exhibit
At the stake, or on the gibbet.

Her. Peace ! or my staff the coast will clear :
Yet is my help scarce wanting here.
See you how, in their wrath, the monsters raise
Their scales, and each his double wings displays ?
Their jaws breathe fire, and the crowd flies apace :
I thank the dragons, they have cleared the place.

[*PLUTUS steps from the car.*

Her. See ! he descends ; and with what kingly grace
He moves—approaching hither. At his beck
The dragons rouse, and from the chariot bear
The chest with all its gold, and the poor wreck
Of man that seems to guard the treasures there.
How accomplished, who can tell ?
'Tis little less than miracle.

Plu. [*to LENKER*]. It was a heavy burden. Thou art
free :

Away to thine own sphere. Away with thee !
Thy place—thy true place—is not here, among
A wild, ree-raw, self-willed, tumultuous throng,
Together here in mad confusion hurled.
There, where the clear eye sees in calm the clear ;
There, where the good, the beautiful is dear ;
Where the pure impulse of the heart alone
Doth guide thee, and thou art indeed thine own.
In solitude : oh ! there create thy world.

Len. Dear to myself as envoy true of thine,
I love thee ; for thy nature, too, is mine.
Fulness is ever where thou dost remain,
And where I am men feel it glorious gain ;

And many a one will all his life debate—
“To thee, to me, shall he be dedicate?”
Thine may at will lie down and rest. For those
Who follow me there never is repose.
Nor sleep my acts in secret and in shade :
Do I but breathe, my presence is betrayed.
Farewell ! I seek the joy you give full fain ;
But whisper low, and I am here again. [*Exit as he came.*]

Plu. Now for the imprisoned treasures of the box !

Just with the Herald's rod I touch the locks.
'Tis open ! Look you here : in brazen kettles
It boils out—golden streams—and now it settles,
And stiffens into chains, crowns, trinkets, rings.
And now it bubbles and boils up again :
Seizing on, melting, swallowing all the things
It had created.

Alternate Cry of Crowd. Look ! look there ! how fast 'tis
going :

Bubbling, boiling, overflowing.
Gushing streams of many colours ;
Golden cups, and minted dollars ;
Ducats, ducats following
See the monster swallowing !
Now of rouleaus flings a heap up,
And I feel my bosom leap up ;
Now the cauldron's boiling over,
And the ground all round 'twill cover.
All of which we have been dreaming—
All for which we have been scheming—
'Tis your own—'tis but to snatch it ;
Yours, if only you can catch it.
Snatch it ! catch it ! seize the offer,
While we carry off the coffer !

Her. The fools ! what are they at ? What do you
mean ?

Know you not that all this is but a scene

In a masquerade? You've spoiled the evening's play.
Think you that men their money give away,
And money's worth, so lightly? Counters would,
To throw about among you, be too good.
Clowns! they imagine that a show, forsooth,
Should at the same time be the plain coarse truth.
Truth! why your whole life is a lie. The True—
What meaning, rascals, could it have for you?
Up, thou, that nummest thee in Plutus' part—
Thou that the hero of our revels art—
Sweep the field clear of these scoundrels.

Plu. Aye, your wand
Will do the work: entrust it to my hand.
The road—I promise you that this will keep it
Clear. See! the wand, ~~into~~ the fire I dip it.
Now, then, for it, Maskers—now of yourselves take care.
How it does crackle!—with what lightning glare
It flashes out! And now the wand is lit,
And every one who ventures too near it
Will be singed and scorched.

I say, take care of your skins:
Be warned in time, my circuit now begins.

Scream and Crush. "How he does whisk the rod about!"
"'Tis over with us all, no doubt."
"Back! back! I say."—"I'll keep my place."
"The fire-spray flashed into my face."
"Ha! but 'twas heavy—that hot mace."
"Back, there! back! back, Maskers! vile pack!"
"Back, stupid rascals! back, I say!"
"Aye, had I wings to fly away."

Plu. The circle's wider now, and all is right;
None singed or scorched, though all pushed back in fright:
Yet, to secure some order, it were well
Round us to draw a cord invisible.

Her. You have done wonders; forced back to the ranks
These noisy mutineers: accept my thanks.

Plu. There still is need of patience, noble friend ;
Signs many tumults manifold portend.

Starv. Now, with this charmed ring round me, at my ease
I may deal with the ladies as I please.
There's something comic in their forward paces—
They always so crowd up to the front places ;
Where anything is to be seen worth seeing,
At mask or merry-make, they're sure of being,
With eager lips and eyes ;—are young and lusty,
The jades—and I'm not altogether rusty.
A pretty girl's a pretty girl, do you see ?
And, let me tell you, is not lost on me.
To-day 'twill cost me nothing : I'll do lover.
Words in the crowd can scarce be made intelligible
To the quickest ear ; but could we not discover
A language of expression much more eligible ?
I have been pondering o'er it this some time,
And think that I could play a pantomime.
Gestures—hand—foot—significant shrug of shoulders—
'To reach the eyes of the crowd would scarcely answer ;
I've something else to show, that all beholders
Will recognise at once. I'm no romancer.
Gold—pliant gold—I'll mould it. The moist clay
Takes any shape—and everywhere makes way.

Her. What is the fool at ? The lank fool ! can it
Be that this hunger-bitten thing has wit ?
He is in an odd humour. See ! the gold
Under his hand into a paste is rolled.
He kneads it—presses it : the red soft ball
He shapes, reshapes, leaves shapeless after all.
He turns him to the women. At the sight
They scream, and, if they could, would take to flight.
Disgust is in their glances ; but for ill
The rascal is at his devices still.
With him to scoff down decency is quite
A matter of amusement and delight.

To suffer this in silence were disgrace :
Give me the staff to drive him from the place.

Plu. The danger from without he does not see.
His mad pranks let him play out at his will ;
They'll soon be over, for Necessity,
Strong as is Law, than Law is stronger still.

*Enter FAUNS, SATYRS, GNOMES, NYMPHS, &c., Attendants
on PAN, and announcing his approach.*

Tumult and Song. The savage host comes suddenly
From wooded vale, from mountain high—
Worshipping their mighty PAN—
With a resistless cry !
They know that which to none but them is known :
Straight to the empty circle sweep they on.

Plu. I recognise you and your mighty PAN.
A daring step to take, a rash bold thing ;
I know what is not known to every man,
And open as I ought this narrow ring.
Oh ! may the issue favourable be !
Whither this strange step leads they do not see.
The world may gaze on wonders unforeseen
To spring to life from what to-night has been.

Wild Song. Ye, in holiday array,
Decked with gaud and glitter gay,
See, where rough they come and rude—
The powerful, active, strong-built brood—
With rapid run, with active spring,
Leaping light into the ring.

Fauns. The Fauns, a merry group, in pleasant dance,
With oak-leaf wreath on their crisp curls, advance.
A fine sharp-pointed ear up presses,
To meet the curly tresses.
A stumpy little nose, a broad flat face,
Are no bad passports to a lady's grace.

In dances, from the paw of the young faun
The fairest lady's hand is not withdrawn.

Satyr. The goat-foot Satyr now hops in,
With shrunk leg—sinewy and thin.
He, chamois-like, from mountain height,
Looks round him with a proud delight.
In the keen air breathes freedom—life ;
Despises homestead, child, and wife,
Who in the valley's depth contrive,
'Mid steam and smoke, to keep alive,
Nor envy him his world on high—
His solitudes of cliff and sky.

Gnome. And now trips in a tiny band ;
Not two and two, or hand in hand.
With lamplet bright, in mossy dress,
In intermingling lines we press.
Each mannikin on his own labours
Intent, nor thinking of his neighbours.
Thus hither, thither, in and out,
Like shiny ants, we run about.
A kindly crew, a thrifty race ;
Our haunt, the poor man's dwelling-place ;
Chirurgeons of the rocks well known,
Our skill in mountain practice shown.
We cup and bleed the hills ; we drain
Of its best wealth the mineral vein ;
Fling liberally the metals out :
" Cheer up ! cheer up !" our joyous shout.
Benevolent is our intent,
And good is still to good men meant.
The good man's friend ; yet from the earth
We drag into the light of day
The gold for which men steal and slay,
And woman gives her soul away.
Nor, thanks to us, shall iron brand
Be wanting to the proud man's hand,

Who murders wholesale. Take man's life,
Or steal, or take another's wife :
Break these commandments three, the rest
Will soon be slighted or transgressed.
We grieve not : we are clear of blame,
Guiltless and calm. Be thou the same !

Giants. Here come the wild men, fierce and fell—
Among the Hartzberg heights that dwell :
Tumultuously down they throng,
In nature's naked vigour strong ;
The pine-stem in each rough right hand ;
Below the waist a padded band,
A leafy screen above the knees :
The Pope hath life-guards none like these.

Nymphs in Choir [surrounding the great PAN, who now
appears]. He comes ! The Universe is here
In PAN presented. Round him dance,
All ye that be of happiest cheer,
With antic measure, sportive glance !
Earnest he is, and kindly, and his will
Is to see all around him happy still.
Under the blue roof of the vaulted sky,
He sits reposing with a wakeful eye ;
Lists to the lullabies soft waters keep,
And breezes that would rock him into sleep.
When he sleeps at middle day
No leaflet stirs upon the spray—
Spirits of sweet herbs silently
Are breathing through the still soft sky ;
Nor may the Nymph be gay
In that hush of noontide deep ;
And, where she stood, she stands, in languorous sleep.

When, with unexpected shout,
His tremendous voice rings out,

Like lightning among crashing trees,
Or the roaring of the seas,
As the sound rolls hither, thither,
All would fly; but how? or whither?
Hosts in battle hour are quailing,
Heroes' hearts with terror failing:
Honour to whom honour's due,
To the leader of the crew!

Deputation of Gnomes [to the great PAN].

If a rich and sparkling treasure
Winds through cliffs its secret threads,
'Tis the rod of the diviner
Shows the labyrinthine beds.

Troglodytes, in sunless grottoes,
Vaults below the earth, we live;
Thine, the wealth that thence we bring thee,
To the eye of day to give!

We have found a wondrous fountain,
Well of wealth that, overflowing,
More than a whole life could gather
In a moment is bestowing.

Without thee it is imperfect;
Thou, for others still possessing,
Take it. Wealth to thee entrusted,
To the whole world is a blessing.

Plu. Keep cool! for strange things are about to be;
But what will come, let's bear it cheerfully.
You're not a man without some self-control,
An incident comes on that well may try it—
Stiffly will this age and the next deny it:
Set it down truly in your protocol.

Her. [*laying his hand on the staff which PLUTUS holds*].
With what soft steps these miniatures of man
Lead to the fount of fire majestic PAN ;
Up from the deep abyss the torrents seethe,
Then sink into a lower gulf beneath.
The open mouth stands for a moment black,
Till whirl the many-coloured billows back.
The monarch of the woodlands, in delight,
With a child's wonder gazes on the sight;
And the gold-river, like a living thing,
Seems to enjoy the rapture of the king—
Leaps up exultingly, and in its play
Scatters all round foam-showers of pearly spray.
There he stands musing, o'er the fountain bent :
—Oh ! trust not that wild wilful element.
But see ! his beard drops down, falls in.
Who is he ? who ?—the smooth soft chin
Hid by his hand ? The beard takes fire,
Flies back, the blaze is mounting higher !
The garland crackles on his brow,
And head and breast are burning now.
The flames, the efforts to subdue them
And beat them under, but renew them.
Caught in the blaze the masks are all
Burning. Disastrous festival !

But what's the rumour, that I hear
That whispered runs from ear to ear.
Oh ! luckless evil-omened night !
What suffering hast thou brought and sorrow !
On what a scene the morning light
Will dawn !—sad night !—unhappy morrow !

The cry swells louder than before,
“The Emperor ! the Emperor !”
He is in danger, is in pain—
The Emperor's burned, and all his train.

A curse on them who would advise,
And lead him on in this disguise,
Laced up in this fantastic trim,
And these pitch twigs, to ruin him
And themselves,—with their mad roar
And song and revel evermore :
He and they together go,
'Tis universal overthrow !

Oh ! Youth, impetuous Youth, and wilt thou never
Curb the wild impulse of life's happy season ?
And Power, imperious Power, wilt thou not ever,
Acting Omnipotence, give ear to Reason ?

See ! on our mimic forest fierce flames play,
And lapping here and there and everywhere,
Up to the raftered roof sharp fire-tongues play.
In smouldering ashes, work of one black night,
Imperial splendour meets the morning light.

Plu. Fear thus far hath had its sway,
Now bring HELP into the play.
See ! the holy staff we bring—
With it smite and smite the ground
Till it tremble, rock, and ring,
And obey the magic sound.

Hush ! the cool airs from beneath
A delicious fragrance breathe.
Vapours of the valley, rise !
Float and flow into the skies !
Come, ye mists that from the plain
Loaded are with the soft rain ;
Cloudy fog-streaks, be ye spread
O'er the fire-waves raging red ;
Languid winds, from all sides blow,
Waft the soft dews sailing low,

That in upper air encamping,
Curl the cloudlets drizzling, damping :
Hither come, ye moist ones, playing ;
Fleecy folds come darkening, brightening,
Come, with gentle winds allaying—
Calm the ire of the false fire
Into peaceful summer lightning,
Or faint sunset's watery glow !

When SPIRITS threaten is the hour
For MAGIC to assert its power.

PLEASURE GARDEN.

*Morning Sun—The KAISER—His Court—FAUSTUS and
MEPHISTOPHELES (dressed becomingly in the usual Court
dress of the day). Both kneel. MARSHAL, HEER-
MEISTER, TREASURER, PAGES, FEUDAL LORD, and
COURT FOOL.*

Faustus. Sire, pardon you of flames this magic show !

Kai. Oh ! that I often were deluded so !

All of a sudden a new realm I trod,
Seemed of the world of fire the very God ;
Coal-rocks, more black than night, for ever fed
Bright flamelets, bursting from that marble bed ;
While here and there from seething gulfs would rise
A thousand flames that whirled into the skies,
Where, playing loose in air, they hung aloof,
Flickered and waved, and formed a vaulted roof ;
Whence tongues of light, that intermingling crost,
Gave to the eye a dome, now seen, now lost.
Between far fire-shafts, wreathed with curling flame,
Long lines of nations, onward moving, came
Toward me : in wide rings streamed the pressing crowd—
My subjects all—and all to me in homage bowed.

And evermore some courtier's well-known face,
'Mong the strange visages that thronged the place,
Would catch my glance, and claim a moment's grace.
With thousand salamanders circled round,
I seemed the prince of that enchanted ground.

Meph. Thou art! The Elements owe thee allegiance!

FIRE! thou has tested it—gave prompt obedience.
Throw thee into the boiling OCEAN'S waves,
And straightway all sea-spirits are thy slaves!
Here, too, in pride of conquest, shalt thou tread
Triumphantly the ocean's pearl-strewn bed;
See billows ever round thee rise and fall,
And guard thee with their undulating wall.
The tender green waves, purple-tinged, are swelling
To form in the drear deep thy royal dwelling.
The billows do thee homage. Through the brine
A palace moves with every step of thine.
The walls are happy in the magic gift
Of life, exulting as, with arrow-swift
To and fro gambollings, their place they shift.
And the sea-monsters float up from their caves,
To the mild lustre glimmering through the waves,
Throng to the light, till now unseen; but they
Fear to come nearer thee, and dart away:
And dragons, golden-scaled, their high crests rear,
And sharks, whose jaws gape wide, but cause no fear.
Thou art a prince! but ne'er on Levée-day
Hast thou beheld so brilliant a display.
Beauty smiles on thee: the Nereidés
Come to the very windows, if you please,
Of the fresh-water palace in the seas—
The young ones, shy and rather curious fish,
The older, sober girls as one could wish.
Thetis has heard it—holds out hands and lips:
A second Peleus will the first eclipse;
—Then on Olympus height thy place to be!

Kai. The realms of AIR I'd rather leave to thee ;
We are in no hurry to ascend that throne.

Meph. And EARTH, great prince, already is thine own.

Kai. Through what good fortune have I chanced upon
This wonder of the Thousand Nights and One ?

If, like Sheherazadé, most prolific
Of story-tellers, you would every day
Give something new—oh ! that were a specific
'Gainst dulness that I never could repay.

Be ready still with such delightful tales
Of wonder when despondency prevails,
And cares upon the sinking spirit weigh—
Still cheer me when all else to cheer me fails.

Mar. [*steps hastily in*]. May it please your Highness, I
had never thought

That it at any time could be my lot
Such joyous tidings to communicate
As fill me now with rapture—every debt
Has been paid off, the usurers' claws are dulled,
My tortures—sharper than hell's torments—lulled.
There cannot be in heaven a happier man.

Heer. [*follows hastily*]. The army's paid whatever had
been due,
The soldiers to their colours pledged anew,
The merry Lanzknecht's got a large advance,
And girls and vintners bless the lucky chance.

Kai. You breathe more freely, and your careworn face
Has actually assumed a cheerful grace ;
And what a step !—why, I protest, you run !

Trea. [*entering*]. Ask these men, they will tell what they
have done.

Faust. The Chancellor will please to state the case ;
It falls in with the duties of his place.

Chan. [*advancing slowly*]. Who could have ever dreamed
such happiness
Would come the days of my old age to bless.

Listen ! and look upon the heaven-sent leaf,
That into joy hath changed a people's grief.
[*Reads*—“ *To all whom it concerneth, and so forth :—*
This note of hand, that purports to be worth
A thousand crowns, subjects to such demand
The boundless treasure buried in the land.
And furthermore, said treasure underground,
To pay said sum is, whensoever found,
And wheresoever, firmly pledged and bound.”

Kai. Audacity unheard of !—foul deceit !
Who signed the Emperor's name to such vile cheat ?
What punishment can for such crime atone ?

Trea. Forget you, Sire, the writing is your own ?
This last night you were in the character
Of PAN : we saw the Chancellor prefer
The suit. He said, “ A few strokes of your pen
Will bless the people over whom you reign.
Do make them happy on this festal night.”
And then you did take up the pen and write.
No time was lost. A thousand artists plied,
A thousandfold the scroll was multiplied ;
And that the good to every one might fall,
We stamped at once the series, one and all.
Tens—thirties—fifties—hundreds off we strike !
Never was anything that men so like :
Your city, mouldering and in despair,
Has caught new life, and joy is everywhere.
Long as your name was by the world held dear,
Never did it so brightly shine as here—
The alphabet ! what is it to this sign ?—
To this “ *hoc signo vinces* ” note of thine ?

Kai. For good gold, then, in Court and camp it
passes,
And for good gold is taken by the masses ?
I must permit it, though it does seem odd.

Mar. The papers flying everywhere abroad—

Stop it—oh yes!—the lightning flashes stop—
At every banker's booth and money-shop,
For each leaf you can have (deducting still
Some discount) gold and silver, if you will.
Then off with you to butcher and to baker,
Vintner, and such like—tailor, sausage-maker.
Half the world passes—wealth is such a blessing—
Its days in feasting—the other half in dressing.
Flaunting in their new clothes—show their new riches—
The mercer cuts away—the stitcher stitches—
And “long live Cæsar!” blurt out, 'mid the ringing
Of plates—of boiling, broiling, swearing, singing.

Meph. And he who walks alone the public ways,
And fixes on the fairest there his gaze,
And sees her move, with bland attractiveness,
In all the splendour of imposing dress;
The peacock's proud plume shades one eye, the while
She smirks, and simpers by with meaning smile—
Methinks she sees, and seems to understand
The import of this little note of hand.
Aye! and it wins from her, as by a spell,
The favours that my lady has to sell.
When words are weak, and wit all out of joint,
'Tis this that brings a woman to the point:
Close in the bosom, hidden there from view,
It lies so nicely in a billet-doux.
The priest—he now no purse or scrip need bear—
Devoutly folds it in his Book of Prayer.
The soldier moves more freely, at his loins
No longer carrying a weight of coins.
Pardon me, Sire; on such details to dwell,
No doubt seems trifling with the miracle.

Faust. The treasure that within the land lies deep
Entranced, as 'twere, in an enchanted sleep,
Frozen and fixed—useless, while unemployed—
This may be disemprisoned, be enjoyed.

Man, in imagination's boldest hour,
To reach such treasure's limit has no power.
The intellect strives ever, strives in vain,
Some dim anticipation to attain ;
But Spirits grasp it—see beyond the sense—
Have in the Boundless boundless confidence.

Meph. An easy substitute for gold and pearls
This paper is, and its convenience such,
We know at once how little, and how much
We have : no need of testing and of weighing ;
No chaffering, cheapening, proving, or assaying,
But to the vintner's, or the merry girl's,
Off with us ! Wish we specie—little danger
Of waiting long to find a money-changer.
At worst it is but digging—in a trice
You shovel up cup and trinkets plenty ; call
An auction, for the bill make quick provision,
To the discomfiture and shame of all
Who looked upon our project with derision.
Once used to them, men will have nothing but
These leaves—so easy to receive and spend ;
And the realm circulates, from this hour out,
Jewels, and gold, and paper to no end.

Kai. [*to FAUSTUS and MEPH.*]. You've done the State
some service, and a meed
Appropriate to such service I've decreed.
We do appoint you now, of our good pleasure,
Our custodees of subterranean treasure.
Wealth from all other eyes that Earth holds hid,
Guard ; let none dig or delve but as you bid.

[*To the OFFICERS OF THE TREASURY.*]

And, Treasurers, as behoves in your high place,
Aid with becoming dignity and grace,
Thus shall we see, with profit and delight,
The Upper- and the Under-world unite.

Trea. No danger, Sire, of discord or debate,
Or deficit, now that my happy fate
Makes the magician my associate. [*Exit with FAUSTUS.*]

Kai. If I distribute gifts among my Court,
How will they use them? let each tell me now.

1st Page [*receiving his gift*]. I'll pass my life in gaiety and sport.

2nd Page [*receiving*]. I'll buy a frontlet for my lady's brow :
Rings in her ear and on her hand shall shine.

Chamberlain [*taking his present*]. I'll drink two flasks for one, and better wine.

Another. The dice, I feel them—and the itch of play.

Feudal Lord [*thoughtfully*]. I'll free my castle from its debts to-day.

Another. A treasure!—yes, a treasure!—with the rest,
I'll hoard it up securely in a chest.

Kai. I thought to have waked the ardour that inspires
Bold enterprise—new deeds and new desires.
Wealth leaves you each employed at his old game—
The same! I should have known you—still the same.

The COURT FOOL (who had been supposed dead) presents himself.

Fool [*approaching*]. You shower down gifts, let me have part of the shower.

Kai. What! you alive! you'd drink them in an hour.

Fool. Drink?—magic leaves! I comprehend you not.

Kai. Strange if you did! you'd use them badly, sot!

Fool. There, more are dropping—I do not know what To do.

Kai. Do! take them, they fell to your lot.

[*Exit KAISER.*]

Fool. Five thousand crowns! the words are written plain.

Meph. What, two-legged bladder, on thy feet again?

Fool. Aye! down, then up, seldom so well as now.

Meph. How glad you look, the sweat runs down your brow.

Fool. And is this money? look at it; what do you think?

Meph. Money, no doubt of it, and meat and drink.

Fool. And will it buy me corn, land, house, and kine?

Meph. No doubt of it: bid only, they are thine.

Fool. Castle and park, and forest, fish-pond, chase?

Meph. All these—and then the title of Your Grace.

Fool. I'll have the castle; sleep to-night in it. [*Exit.*

Meph. [*alone*]. Who but will now acknowledge our fool's wit?

DARK GALLERY.

FAUSTUS—MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles. Why drag me down these dismal passages?
A pleasant notion of what pleasant is
You seem to have. The merriment within,
The gay throng of great people crowding thick—
Why drag me from it? 'tis the very scene
For drollery, cajolery and trick.

Faust. Speak not of that. You cannot but have been
Out-wearied with its sameness long ago,
The glitter is all gone of that poor show.
The purpose—or I take it so to be—
Of all your restless shuffling to and fro,
Is to escape a moment's talk with me.
Now I am tortured into act though loth—
The Chamberlain and Marshal at me both.
The Emperor's impatient for the play
Of Helena and Paris, so they say:
He wills it, and there must be no delay.
The model forms of man's and woman's beauty
He would behold as they appeared in life:
Swift to the task—up, Spirit! do thy duty.
The Emperor waits—I may not break my word.
Meph. So lightly to have promised was absurd.

Faust. This comes, companion, from the arts you use :
We made him rich, and now we must amuse.

Meph. You think the thing is done as soon as said.
Here before steeps more perilous we stand,
That guard the frontier of a foreign land.
Art rash enough the hostile ground to tread ?
Aye ! with the devil to pay, 'tis mighty cheap,
Worlds of new debt upon your head to heap.
Would you call up their Helena of old,
Like those pale paper phantoms of false gold ?
Of witch materials from the yielding sex—
Of dwarfy men, with puffed and pursy necks—
Of midnight ghosts and goblins, and the stuff
That ghosts are made of, you shall have enough.
But devils' drabs—though good things in their way—
Would not quite do your heroine parts to play.

Faust. Aye, twanging on the same old string again !
Why is it that you never can speak plain ?
Consult with you ! that always is about
One's worst expedient—you suggest new doubt.
The father of all hindrance—your advice,
An agent's—for each job who has his price ;
Mumble but a few sounds, and, quick as thought,
While one looks round, you have them on the spot.

Meph. I and the Heathen never hit it well.
They're none of mine, and they have their own hell.
But there are means——

Faust. Speak ! speak ! delay me not.

Meph. But there are means—reluctantly do I
Unveil a higher Mystery—Goddesses
August enthrone themselves in loneliness.
PLACE none around them, glimpse of TIME still less.
They are—we speak not of them, scarce will think—
They are the MOTHERS——

Faust. Mothers !

Meph. Do you shrink ?
Are you shuddering ?

Faust. Mothers! mothers! It sounds strange.

Meph. And is so. Goddesses beyond the range
Known to you mortals. We of them would keep
Strict silence. For their homes you may scrape deep
Under the undermost. Aye, go there, do.
You have yourself to blame for it; but for you
We'd have no need of them.

Faust. The road?

Meph. The road!
There's no road. Road!—road to where none have
trod

Ever—none ever will tread!—road to where
I warrant never suppliant bent in prayer,
Nor ever will hereafter! Art thou ready?
No locks are there—no bolts to be pushed back;
But solitudes whirl round in endless eddy.
Canst grasp in thought what no words can express—
Vacuity and utter loneliness?

Faust. You might have spared, methinks, this solemn
speeching;
Something of the old time it seems to smack;
Brings back the very smell of the witch kitchen.
Have I not dealt in the world? and have I not
'There learned the empty?—there the empty taught?
What I saw clearly, if I spoke out plain,
Was I not doubly contradicted then?
And to escape the blows from all sides given,
To savage solitude was I not driven,
Till sick of life in such dull sameness passed,
I gave me over to the Devil at last?

Meph. And hadst thou swum through ocean, even
within
Its shoreless desolation, thou wouldst see
Wave on wave coming everlastingly,
In the very jaws of ruin; something still
Would meet the eye—say, dolphins on the green
Of the smooth surface, sporting at their will;

Cloud-shadows trailing—sun, moon, many a star,
In the illimitable void afar
Nothing whatever—nothing there is seen.
Where your foot falls the unsubstantial ground
Sinks down—still sinks ; you move—you hear no sound.

Faust. The very rant of the hierophant
When he is wheedling some poor neophyte.
Your promise though is the reverse of his,
And its results in all things opposite.
You'd send me to the empty to increase
Science, Art, Power. I see what you are at—
The old tale of the chestnuts, and the cat
Scorching his paws in the cinders. Never mind,
I'll sift it to the depth : in this, your evil
Find good—in this your nothing all things find.

Meph. We part ; but I must own you know the devil.
Here take this Key.

Faust. That little thing !

Meph. Aye, take
And hold it tight, nor little of it make.

Faust. It swells !—it shines !—it flashes in my hand !

Meph. The virtue there is in it, understand !
The Key will scent the Mothers to their lair.
Follow his guidance down, and you are there.

Faust. The Mothers ! it falls on me like a blow.
How can a word—a sound—affect me so ?

Meph. Such narrow-mindedness ! At a new word
Quailing !—wouldst never hear but what you've heard ?
If—pardon me—a meaning's to be found,
Beyond what your thoughts reach to, in a sound,
Is that a matter to astonish us,
So long inured to the Miraculous ?

Faust. Think not in torpor that I place my weal.
'Tis man's—'tis man's to shudder and to feel
The Human in us, though the world disown
And mock at feeling, seized and startled thus,

In on itself by strong revulsion thrown,
Thrills at the Vast—the Awful—the Unknown.

Meph. Sink then! I might say rise—'tis one. Fly
far

From earth—from all existences that are,
Into the realms of Image unconfined.
Gloat upon charms that long have ceased to be:
Like cloud-wreaths rising, rolling, the combined
Army of Apparitions rush on thee.
Wave high the Key, and keep them at far length—
From thy person keep them.

Faust. As I grasp the Key,
My heart expands to the great work, and strength
Is given me. Onward!

Meph. A burning Tripod tells thee thou hast found
The deepest—art below the deepest ground;
And by its light the Mothers thou wilt see—
Some sit, and others stand, or, it may be,
In movement are. Formation, Transformation,
Eternal Play of the Eternal Mind,
With Semblances of all things in creation,
For ever and for ever sweeping round.
Onward! They see thee not, for they but see
Shapes substanceless. There's risk—be bold—be brave:
Straight to the Tripod; touch it with the Key.

[FAUSTUS takes a firm commanding attitude with the
Key.

Meph. [looking at him]. All's right! it clings!—it
follows! Faithful slave!

Thou reascendest—Fortune raising thee—
Calm, self-possessed, as one that knows not fear;
Ere they have marked thine absence, thou art here.
Bring but the Tripod hither, and from night
Hero and Heroine you may raise to light—
The first to venture on such bold design.
'Tis done; to have accomplished it is thine—

And now as the magician bids, the clouds
Of waving incense shape them into Gods.

Faust. And now? what now?

Meph. Thy being downward strain.
Stamp, and you sink; stamp—you ascend again.

[FAUSTUS stamps and sinks.]

Meph. [alone]. If the Key lead him but in the right
track!

—I wonder, is he ever to come back?

BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED HALLS.

KAISER and PRINCES. *The COURT in motion.* CHAMBER-
LAIN, MARSHAL, MEPHISTOPHELES, BLONDINE, BRU-
NETTE, DAME, PAGE.

Chamberlain [to MEPH.] Give us the Spirit scene without
delay—

The Emperor's impatient for the play.

Mar. 'Twas but a moment since his Grace did ask
About it. Haste! The party was made for
This show of yours, and the thing must be done,
Or you will compromise the Emperor.

Meph. My friend's this very moment at his task;
He has gone away to work at it—has gone
To his study; has begun it: 'twill go on
Well—I've no doubt of it. Closeted close, none dare
Disturb him as he works in secret there.
Who would raise up such treasure—would bid rise
The Beautiful—needs for the enterprise
The highest Art—the Magic of the Wise.

Mar. It matters not what arts you call to aid;
The Emperor's will is that the play be played.

Blon. [to MEPH.] A word, an't please you, sir. You see
my face
Is now quite clear; but 'tis another case

When summer comes. In the hot horrid weather
A hundred brown-red spots sprout out together,
Hiding the white skin, clouding it with freckles.
A cure, sir !

Meph. Pity, that a face so pretty,
That smiles so dazzlingly on me to-day
Should look so in the month of merry May,
Like a young panther's hide—all spots and speckles.
Take frog-spawn, toads' tongues—stew all in a skillet,
And when the moon is at the full distil it ;
And in the wane, be sure to spread it on.
Spring comes and goes—the freckles, too, are gone.

Bru. [*having made her way to him*]. The crowd throng
round, they fawn on you and flatter ;
May I a plain word speak ? A little matter
Ails me. A cure, my lord ! A frozen foot
Mars walking, dancing, spoils even my salute
When I would curtsy.

Meph. If you would but grant
Me just to press your foot——

Bru. With a gallant—
A lover—I might do it.

Meph. Child ! the print
Of my foot hath a deeper meaning in't.
A cure will follow if my foot but strike,
Whatever the disease. 'Tis like to like
Forms the great secret of the healing art.
Thus foot cures foot, and so with every part.
Now for the tread, which you need not return.

Bru. [*screaming*]. Pain ! pain ! it was a hard stamp, like
a burn,
As of a horse-hoof. How can I endure
The torture ?

Meph. With the torture take the cure.
At dances you can now with pleasure move,
At table mix feet with the man you love.

Dame [*pressing forward*]. Me!—let me through! I cannot bear the pain;
It boils up from my heart—it burns my brain.
Last night he lived but in my glances; he
Chats with her now, and turns his back on me.

Meph. A case of difficulty 'tis and doubt.
You must press gently up to him—hear me out—
This cinder keep, and with it on his cloak
Or on his sleeves or shoulder make a stroke,
Or any part that may your fancy take:
Remembrance and repentance will awake.
The cinder you immediately must swallow;
Wine must not touch your lips, nor water follow
This food. He sighs before your door to-night.

Dame. There is not poison in it?

Meph. [*enraged*]. Honour bright!
Think who you speak with. Long enough in vain
Might a man search to find the like again.
It came from one of the old wizard-pyres.
—We've not been lately stirring up the fires.

Page [*approaching*]. They scorn my love—they say 'tis
but a boy's.

Meph. [*aside*]. Whom shall I listen to? What crowds!
what noise! [fears;
[*To the PAGE*]. Tell not to growing girls your hopes and
Youth is not valued but by those in years.
[*Others press up to him*]. There—more; no end of comers
—age and youth.

My last, sad, only refuge is the truth.
Oh, Mothers! Mothers! let but Faustus loose.
[*Looks round*]. The lights already glimmer in the hall
The whole Court's moving thither, one and all.
Each pressing after each in their degrees,
Through the long walks, down the far galleries.
And now they gather in the ample space
Of the old Ritter-saal, and scarce find place.

O'er the broad walls the tapestry hangs rich,
And armour gleams from every nook and niche.
It needs no charm to bid the Spirits come :
Your Ghosts are here if anywhere at home.

RITTER-SAAL, *dimly lighted*. KAISER and COURT *have entered*. HERALD, ASTROLOGER, MEPHISTOPHELES, ARCHITECT, FAUSTUS, LADIES, RITTERS, &c.

Herald. The usage of announcing our new play
Must to necessity for once give way.
The Spirits keep their secrets, and in vain
We seek the hidden magic to explain.
The seats arranged, the chairs are ready all—
The Emperor placed in front of the high wall.
There, worked in tapestry, he may behold
In peace the wars of the great days of old.
Now the Court circle's filled, and all around
Crowds throng the benches, lining the background.
Lovers find room near lovers, and their fear
Will press them closer when the Ghosts appear.
And so, all being settled and at ease,
We are quite ready. Rise, Ghosts, if you please.

[*Trumpets.*

Astrol. Begin the Drama ! 'tis the Sire's command.
Obedient to his will, ye Walls expand !
Magic for everything that we require,
In any exigency, is at hand.
The curtain, curling as though touched by fire,
Is gone—the wall divides—turns round, and there
Before us stands, far in, a theatre,
With light mysterious—none can say whence come ;—
And I ascend to the Proscenium.

Meph. [*peeping out of the prompter's box*]. No player like
me, so up to all stage trick !
And prompting is the devil's rhetoric.

[*To the ASTROLOGER*]. The tune, to which the Stars keep
time, you hear,

You'll catch my whispers with but half an ear.

Astrol. By Magic raised a temple here behold,
A massive structure of the days of old—

Like Atlas, who propped heaven up long ago,

Stand pillars, plenty of them, in a row.

Their load of stone such columns well may bear :

'Twere a large building asked more than a pair.

Arch. And this is the Antique ! You cannot force
Me into praising it—'tis cumb'rous, coarse.

But Rough, it seems, is Noble ; Clumsy, Grand.

Give me the structure men can understand.

Our long, thin, narrow pillars, I so love,

Striving into the Boundlessness above.

The sharp-arched zenith lifts us to the skies.

Give me the edifice that edifies !

Astrol. Welcome with reverence this star-favoured hour ;

Be Reason bound in words of magic power ;

Let Fancy lord it, wandering, wild and free ;

All the Mind images the Eye will see ;

All the Eye sees, the Mind as true receive :

It is Impossible, and so Believe.

[*FAUSTUS is seen ascending on the other side of the
proscenium.*]

Astrol. In priestly robe attired, with flower-wreathed brow,

A great magician stands before you now,

Redeeming the bold promise that he gave—

A tripod with him from a hollow cave

Of the realms under earth is rising up :

I cel the fragrance of the incense-cup.

He bounes him now the mighty work to bless,

And we can augur nothing but success.

Faust. In your name, oh, ye MOTHERS ! you, whose
throne

Is in the Boundless—you, who dwell alone,

Yet not in uncompanioned loneliness.
Around your head the flitting fantasms press
Of life, yet without life. What was, what cast
The splendour of its presence on the Past,
Yonder, as erst, abides eternally—
It was, and having been, will ever be.
It you distribute, beings of all might,
To-day's pavilion, to the vault of night :
Some through life's cheerful pageant sport their hour,
Some the bold Magian seeks, and subjects to his power,
And, fearless now, to the expectant gaze
His wonder-works he lavishly displays.

Astrol. The burning Key hath scarcely touched the
bowl,

When round us undulating vapours roll,
And in, like rising clouds, the dense mists slide,
Wave—lengthen—form a sphere—unite—divide—
Are two—and they—surpassing wonder of
The Spirits' skill !—make music as they move.
It comes, one knows not how, from tones of air ;
The melody moves with them everywhere
The pillar-shaft, the very triglyph rings ;
I do believe that all the temple sings.
From the light veil, as by the music led,
A lovely youth steps forth with measured tread.
The waving mist-wreath falls. He stands out clear.
Who does not see the graceful Paris here ?

Lady. What vigour there ! and with such youthful
grace !

2nd Lady. How fresh the peach-bloom on that fair
soft face !

3rd Lady. How finely carved each sweet and swelling
lip.

4th Lady. From such a cup delicious 'twere to sip.

5th Lady. He's handsome, but I cannot think refined

6th Lady. More elegant he might be, to my mind.

Knight. I see the traces of the shepherd-boy ;
No manners—nothing of the Prince of Troy.

2nd Knight. Yes, thus half naked he looks pretty well :
Show him in armour—that's the way to tell.

Lady. How calmly he inclines him—he would rest.

Knight. A pleasant couch for you were that soft breast.

Lady. He bends his arm above his head—what grace !

Cham. Rudeness—'gainst all proprieties of place.

Lady. Yon chamber-knights find fault for evermore.

Cham. To stretch and yawn before the Emperor !

Lady. He acts his part—he thinks himself alone.

Cham. The Theatre should not forget the Throne.

Lady. Sleep on the fair youth softly seems to fall.

Cham. Belike he'll snore ; you know 'tis nature all.

Young Lady [*enraptured*]. What fragrance mixes with the
incense-wreaths,

And on my heart delicious freshness breathes !

Elderly Lady. Yes, all hearts feel a breath of rapturous
power !

It flows from him.

Old Lady. It is the growing flower
Of human life, that as ambrosia here
Blooms in the youth, and fills the atmosphere.

[*HELENA advances.*

Meph. This, then, was she ! My rest she'll never break.
Fair, doubtless ; but with me she does not take.

Astrol. Here all at fault, I own it, I must seem.
She comes ! the all-beautiful ! Oh that a tongue
Of fire were mine ! The poets, who have sung
Of Beauty, did but picture their own dream.
They saw not. Who hath seen her—sees her—is
Entranced, is dumb. To win, to call her his—
Oh ! that it could but be !—Wish wild and vain !

Faust. Do my eyes see ? or deep within the brain
Doth the full fountain of all Beauty shed
Its gushing torrents ? Oh ! what glorious gain

Is mine ! bright issue of that journey dread—
The world—yet undeveloped, undisclosed,
How mean ! how abject !—rose up in the hour
Of my initiation, robed with power,
And on its own eternity reposed.
No painted cloud, no transitory gleam,
No sand-drift now of unsubstantial dream,
But kindred with man's heart, indeed divine.
If that in thought I ever part from thee,
Oh ! may I in that moment cease to be !
The shape that won me from myself away
Amused me in the magic mirror's play—
How faint ! how feeble, to these charms of thine !
In thee life's springs of power and passion live.
Life of my life ! to thee myself I give !
Love ! adoration ! madness of the heart !

Meph. [*from the prompter's box*]. Collect yourself—you
fall out of your part.

Elderly Lady. Shapely and tall—only the head too small.

Younger. Look at the foot—'tis clumsy after all.

Diplom. I have seen princesses ; from head to foot
I do pronounce her beauty absolute.

Cour. Softly she steals to where he sleeping is.

Lady. She shocks me.—Near that pure young form of
his !

Poet. He is illumined in the light serene.

Lady. Endymion !—Luna !—'tis the very scene
As painted.

Poet. Yes ; the goddess downward sinks,
And o'er the sleeper bends ; his breath she drinks.
How enviable !—a kiss !—the measure's full.

Duen. What ! before all the people—that is cool.

Faust. Distracting favour to the boy !

Meph.

Be still.

Do let the phantom lady have her will.

Cour. She glides away on light foot ; he awakes.

Lady. Looks back—I thought so—I make no mistakes.

Knight. He's stricken dumb! "Is this the work of dreams?"

Thinks he: "what strange things came on me in sleep!"

Lady. She is, methinks, a dame that knows, not "seems,"
And her experience holds such strange things cheap.

Cour. And now she turns to him with such calm grace.

Lady. I see there's a new pupil in the case—
An unformed boy belike of tender age;
And she would take him into tutelage.
In such things all men are so very dull.

Poor lad! he fancies he's the first she has taught.

Knight. What dignity! so calmly beautiful!

Lady. A vile coarse wretch! no better than she ought.

Page. Oh that I were in that young shepherd's place!

Cour. Who would not in a net like this be caught?

Lady. The gem from time to time, with many a one,
Has been from hand to hand still shifted on—
The gilding rubbed off many a year ago.

Another Lady. From ten years old she has been but so-so.

Knight. Yes, Fortune favoured them. Yet how divine
The precious relic—would that it were mine.

Gel. I see her, but it is not free from doubt
That she's the Helen men so talk about.
The danger of illusion here is great;
The eye misleads and will exaggerate.
"Stick to the written letter" is my creed:
I look into my Homer, and I read
How she so pleased all the old men of Troy:
And here methinks the self-same thing we see:
I am not young, and she so pleases me.

Astrol. He hath cast off the dreamy shepherd-boy;
Wakes into hero—into man. See! see!
He seizes her—she hath no power to flee—
With his nerved arm uplifts her. Can it be?
Thinks he to force her hence?

Faust. [*to PARIS*]. Rash fool ! give o'er.
Dare it ! defy me ! I can bear no more.

Meph. These spirit-freaks, these odd extravagancies
Are mere stage-trick—they but act out your fancies.

Astrol. One word. From what we see, I think we may
Presume "The Rape of Helen" is the play.

Faust. What !—Rape ?—Am I then nothing here ? The
Key—

Is't not still in my hand ? It guided me
Through waves, and horrors, and the hollow roar
Of wildernesses waste, to this firm shore.
Here do I plant my foot—here actual life
Is, and reality—high 'vantage ground
From which the spirit with spirits may well dare strife,
And for itself a double empire found.
She was—how far away she is !—how near !
Rescued, is doubly mine—is doubly dear.
Crown, MOTHERS, crown the daring with success.
Who hath known her must perish or possess !

Astrol. What dost thou, Faustus ! Faustus ! look at him !
He grasps at her !—the phantom shape grows dim.
Now to the youth he points the Key—and, lo !
He touches ; he hath touched him ! Woe ! woe ! woe !

[*Explosion.* FAUSTUS lies on the ground. *The Spirits*
go off in smoke.]

Meph. [*takes FAUSTUS on his shoulder*]. Aye, now he has
it, aye. Yes, yes, just so ;
Your fool's a heavy load in any case,
And brings the devil himself into disgrace.

[*Darkness. Tumult.*]

ACT II.

HIGH ARCHED NARROW GOTHIC CHAMBER, FORMERLY
FAUSTUS'S—UNALTERED.

MEPHISTOPHELES, CHORUS OF CRICKETS, FAMULUS,
BACCALAUREUS.

MEPHISTOPHELES *steps out from behind a curtain; while he raises it, and looks back, FAUSTUS is seen stretched out on an old-fashioned bed.*

Meph. Lie down there, luckless! lie down, wretched
thrall

Of this inexplicable, inextricable
Love-tangle! His is the worst case of all.
Whom Helen paralyses, little chance
Has of recovering ever from the trance.

[Looks round him.

As I look up—down—round me—here,
Nowhere does any change appear.
Perhaps some slight shade in the colour
Of the stained glass—a trifle duller.
The spiders' webs are spread more wide;
'The papers' yellower, the ink's dried.
All things in their old position—
All things in their old condition.
The very pen with which he signed away
Himself to the devil, look at it there still!
Aye, and the drop of blood I coaxed from him,
A dry stain crusts the barrel of the quill.
What a rare object of vertu to seek
For your collector!—happiest of men,
Could he but get possession of the pen!
Envied proprietor of such unique!

And the old sheepskin on its own old hook,
Brings back that comic lecture, which so took
With the poor boy, who ever since, no doubt,
All its deep meaning still keeps puzzling out.

My old warm Furry Friend, I like thy look !
I long again to wrap me round in thee,
And put on the Professor, in full blow
Of lecture-room infallibility !
How is it, that these sorry bookmen know
So well to get the feeling up? Ah me !
In the devil it has died out, ages ago.

*[He takes down and shakes the old fur gown : crickets,
chaffers, moths, and other insects fly out.]*

Chorus of Insects. Hail to thee ! hail to thee !

Patron and father ;
Welcome and welcome be !
Swarm we and gather
To welcome thy coming,
Hovering and humming.
In the faded and rotten,
Of chambers neglected,
In darkness forgotten,
One by one, unperceived,
Didst thou silently plant us ;
Now thousands on thousands,
In sunlight and glee,
We sport and we flaunt us.
Dust is rife
With dancing life,
Buzzing and welcoming,
Welcoming thee.
The scoundrel still skulks him
The bosom within,
More close than the moth
In the furry old skin.

Many are we—many are we,
Every one of us welcomes thee.

Meph. With what surprise and rapturous delight
This young creation glads its maker's sight ;
If a man do but sow, he may be sure
Time in due season will the crop mature.
I give the old fleece another whisk about,
And here and there an odd one flutters out ;
Up and around, in corners, holes, and shelves,
My darlings, find out snug berths for yourselves.
Yonder, where broken boxes block the ground,
And here in the old parchments time-embrowned ;
In dusty potsherds, faded curtain shreds,
And in the eye-holes there of dead men's heads—
Come, moth and maggot, people once again
The rubbish that in life was called the brain !

[Slips into the gown.]

Up on my shoulders, Furry Friend ! and then
I for the hour am Principal again.
But I must summon them o'er whom I claim
Dominion, or there's nothing in the name.

*[He pulls the bell, which gives a harsh piercing sound,
at which the halls shake, and the doors spring
open.]*

Fam. *[tottering up the long dark passage].* What a sound-
ing ! what a skaking !
Stairs are trembling, walls are quaking ;
Through the window's colour-flashes
Lightnings tremble !—tempest crashes !
Is the floor asunder parting,
Roof in ruins downward falling,
And the bolted doors back starting
Through some wonder-work appalling ?
And look yonder, where a giant
Stands in Faust's old fur, defiant ;

And, with beck and glance and winking,

Me he silently is calling :

And I faint ! my knees are sinking.

Shall I stand my ground ? or fly him ?

Stay ! what ?—stay ! be murdered by him ?

Meph. Come hither, friend ; your name is Nicodemus.

Fam. [*crossing himself*]. High honoured master ! 'tis
my name—*Oremus*.

Meph. Sink the *Oremus* !

Fam.

I'm so glad to see,

Kind master, that you've not forgotten me.

Meph. I know you well—in years, but still in love
With study—books you're always thinking of,
Most learned ! most mossy ! even a deep-learned man
Still studies on because 'tis all he can :
'Tis like one building to a certain height
A house of cards which none can finish quite.
Your master, he is one, it may be said,
Who always hits the nail upon the head—
The well-known Doctor Wagner—anyhow
The great man of the world of letters now :
His genius 'tis, that all inspires, unites,
While science mounts with him to prouder heights.
There gathers round his chair an eager ring
Of hearers—men who would learn everything.
He, like Saint Peter, holds the keys—can show
The secrets of above and of below ;
He shines in all : no reputation is
In any way to be compared to his—
None anywhere now to be placed with him.
Even Faustus' fame's beginning to grow dim—
He has made the great discoveries of our days.

Fam. Pardon, most noble sir ; permit me to
Speak, sir ; permit me just to say to you
That he is one who would shrink from such praise.
His is a modest mind—he does not aim

At rivalling the mighty master's fame.
Since the great master's disappearance, he
Seems ever wrapt in strange perplexity.
For his return he looks, for health and hope
From it—and thus his spirits he keeps up.
The chamber as in Doctor Faustus' day
Remains—no change made since he went away :
There, 'tis kept waiting for its own old master.
Myself—I scarcely venture to go in.
What say the stars ? does the hour bode disaster ?
The walls, as though with terror struck, still shake ;
The doors flew open, every bolt sprang back ;
Else you had not come in here—you, even you.

Meph. Where is he ? bring me to him—bring him
here.

Fam. Ah, sir, the prohibition's too severe—
'Tis scarce a thing that I could venture on.
Intent on the great work, he has lived alone
For months in the stillest stillness. Only think,
Think of this neatest, nattiest of all
Our bookmen, blacked with soot from ear to nose ;
And his eyes blearing, and their raw red blink,
As with throat parching at the fire he blows ;
For the true moment every moment longs—
His music still the clatter of the tongs !

Meph. To me he'll scarce deny the entrée. I'm
The lucky man, and this the lucky time.

[*Exit FAMULUS.*]

[*MEPHISTOPHELES sits down gravely*]. I scarce have sate
down in my place,
When, hark ! a stirring from behind,
And I behold a well-known face :
My old friend, sure enough, again I find.
But now he comes in the bold bearing
Of our newest schools ; spares nothing, nobody—
Dashing 'gainst all things, no bounds to his daring.

Bac. [*storming along the passage*]. Gateway free, doors
loose, locks broken,
Are a promise and a token
That the living, as of old here,
Shall not now like dead men moulder ;
Pining, festering, putrefying,
Where to live itself is dying.

Walls are bending in and crumbling,
Tumble-down partitions tumbling ;
Roof and joist will fall asunder,
Crushing everybody under.
Than myself of spirit few are
More courageous, with heart truer ;
Yet the prospect is so cheerless
As to force back the most fearless.
One step farther into danger
I'll not take for friend or stranger.
Very odd to-day the changes
Seem, as back my memory ranges,
When I was " the fox " well hunted,
And with jibe and jeer affronted ;
When the grey-beard old deceivers
Classed me with their true believers—
One whoall their figments hollow
As the bread of life would swallow.

Lying rascals, dry and crusty,
Primed from their old parchments musty
What they taught, and disbelieved it,
But as handed down received it ;
What they taught with no misgiving
Robbed themselves and me of living.

But see sitting in brown study
One of these same bright and muddy,

In the clear obscure, the glimmer
Of the grey light growing dimmer ;
There he sits as first I found him,
With the rough brown sheepskin round him.
Then he seemed to me right clever,
Great man of the place ; however,
That was all in the gone-bye time
—The world's nonage : now 'tis my time.
I know him now ; he cannot catch me now—
That day is over : at him, anyhow.

If, old sir, your bald head in Lethe's pool
Hath not been soaked, you may with those slant eyes
The scholar of an old day recognize.
But now remember I am out of school,
And rid of academic rods and rule.
You, sir, are just the same as long ago ;
I am not what I was, I'd have you know.

Meph. I am so glad my bell hath hither brought you—
Even when a boy, no common boy I thought you :
The grub and chrysalis denote
The future butterfly's gay coat.
I well remember your delighted air,
Your peaked lace collar and your flowing hair :
Proud, child, you were of that same curly pate.
You never wore the queue and crown—
It had not to your day come down.
And now to find you in a Sweden tête,
Determined, resolute, from head to foot.
Oh ! come not home with that imperious frown,
The barefaced terrors of the Absolute.

Bac. Old gentleman, we are in the old place ;
But change of time has come and changed the case.
'Tis out of season to affect
This motley two-edged dialect,

You long ago might play at make-believe :
Small art need any man employ,
To fool an unsuspecting boy,
Whom no one now will venture to deceive.

Meph. If, speaking to the young, pure truth one speaks,
It little suits the callow yellow beaks ;
Years come and, what they heard from us, when brought
Back by their own experience dearly bought,
They deem it all the fruit of their own skull—
Speak of their master as supremely dull.

Bac. Or—as a knave, for who that deals with youth
Speaks, face to face, direct the honest truth ;
Your teacher still will strengthen or dilute,
Palates of pious children as may suit.

Meph. Learning and Teaching—there's a time for
each ;
Your time for learning's over : you can teach.
Moons many since we met—some suns have rolled ;
You must have gained Experience manifold.

Bac. EXPERIENCE ! foam and bubble, and its name
Not to be mentioned with the SPIRIT'S claim.
Confess it ! nothing was till this day done
Worth doing in Science—Science there was none.

Meph. I have thought so long—I had always a thick
skull ;
I now confess to “silly—shallow—dull.”

Bac. That so delights me !—some hope of you yet !
The first old man with brains I have ever met.

Meph. I dug for gold, I found but cinders horrid ;
I cried them up for treasures rich and rare.

Bac. Confess then that your barefaced bald old fore-
head
Is nothing better than the dead skulls there.

Meph. [*calmly*]. Friend ! you are most discourteously
replying.

Bac. Courtesy ! in plain German, that means lying.

Meph. [*moving with his wheel chair towards the proscenium, addressing the audience*]. Light—air—no quarter up there!

You'll be civil—

You're sure to show your kindness to the devil.

Bac. It is the very height of impudence,
That what is dead and gone should make pretence
Of being in existence. Man's life lives
But in the Blood—and the blood, where, in truth,
Stirs it so vigorously as in youth?

The young blood lives, aye! and in eager strife
Shapes to itself a new life out of life.

There all is progress! something still is done—

The feeble falls, the active presses on.

We have won half the world—yes! youthful man
Hath won it; meanwhile what have you been doing?
Slept, nodded, dreamed, weighed, thought, plan after plan
Suggesting still, and languidly pursuing?

Old age is a cold fever's feeble flame,
Life's peevish winter of obstruction chilling,

Man is at Thirty dead, or all the same—

'Twere better kill you while you are worth killing.

Meph. To this the devil himself can nothing add.

Bac. Devil? Devil there can be none without my
willing.

Meph. [*aside*]. The devil's close by to trip you up, my
lad.

Bac. [*exultingly*]. This is the noble mission of the young—
Earth into being at my bidding sprung;
The sun in pomp I led up from the sea,
The moon in all her changes followed me.
For me in beauty walked the glorious day,
The green earth blossomed to adorn my way.
'Twas at my beck upon that primal night,
The proud stars shed through heaven their spreading light.
Rescued is Man, and by what hand but mine,
From galling bondage of the Philistine?

I—for the Spirit speaks within me—freed
Follow the inward light where it may lead,
Fearless and fast, with rapture-beaming mind,
The Clear before me, and the Dark behind.

Meph. ORIGINAL ! move onward in your pride.
Oh ! how the spirit would sink mortified,
Could you but know that long ago
All thoughts, whatever, dull or clever,
That cross the twilight of your brain,
Have been o'er and o'er again
Occupying other men.

Yet, have no fears for him ;—in a few years
The absurd works off, the ferment clears,
The folly will subside, perhaps refine ;
The must at last is wine, and no bad wine.

*[To the younger part of the audience who do not
applaud.]*

Too bad to see the auditors so cold !
And yet I must forgive the young beholder
His lack of sympathy. 'The devil is old.
To understand him better, boys, grow older !

LABORATORY (*in the fashion of the Middle Ages. Cumbersome,
heavy apparatus for fantastic purposes*).

Wagner [*at the hearth*]. The bell ! how fearfully it
chimed !

With what a shudder, thrilling through
These old walls, smoke-begrimed !

The agony of hopes and fears
That tortured me is at an end.
The cloudy darkness clears.
From deep within the phial glows
A living ring of fire, that throws

Far its red light, and through the night,
As from the carbuncle, in bright
Lightning-like lustre flows.

And now !—and now !—at last 'tis come ! a pure clear pearly
white !

Oh ! that I may not lose it this time—Hark !

Again ! A something rattling at the door.

Meph. [*entering*]. Welcome ! I bring such luck as in my
power.

Wag. [*anxiously*]. Welcome ! To come just at the planet
hour !

[*In a low voice*]. Hush ! not a breath, while you look on
intent.

A mighty work of wonderful event
Is at the moment of accomplishment—
A man is being made !

Meph. [*in a whisper*]. A man ! and will it
Be soon done ? are your lovers in the skillet ?

Wag. Heaven help you ! the romance of action,
passion,

Father and mother, is quite out of fashion.
I've shown up pretty well that idle pother—
The thought of child by no means implies mother :
The tender point from which life sprang and started
Is gone—clean gone—the glory all departed.
The eager impulse from within that pressed,
Received and gave, and, prompt to manifest
Itself, went on advancing by degrees,
The nearest first, the foreign next to seize,
Is from its dignity deposed, dethroned,
From this day forward, disallowed, disowned.
No doubt the old views may still for the brute beast
Answer, but man, high-gifted man at least,
Will have a higher, purer form of birth.

[*Turns to the hearth.*]

Look yonder ! see the flashes from the hearth !
Hope for the world dawns there, that, having laid
The stuff together of which man is made,
'The hundredfold ingredients mixing, blending,
(For upon mixture is the whole depending,)
If then in a retort we slowly mull it,
Next to a philosophic temper dull it,
Distil and re-distil, at leisure thin it,
All will come right, in silence, to a minute.

[*Turning again to the hearth.*]

'Tis forming—every second brings it nearer—
And my conviction becomes stronger, clearer.
What Nature veils in mystery, I expect
Through the plain understanding to effect ;
What was organization will at last
Be with the art of making crystals classed.

Meph. Who has lived long will never be surprised—
Nothing in the world is new. I've long ago
Met, in my years of going to and fro
And up and down in earth, men crystallized.

IVag. [*gazing intently on the phial*]. It forms ! glows !
gathers ! in a moment more
The work's accomplished never done before !
Broach an unfolded project, men suspect it,
Scoff at it, as a madman's dream reject it ;
We, in our turn, may laugh when the event
Is placed beyond the reach of accident.
Think of the thinker able to produce
A brain to think with fit for instant use !
[*Gazing on the phial with complacency*]. The glass rings
low, the charming power that lives
Within it makes the music that it gives.
It dims ! it brightens ! it will shape itself.
And see !—a graceful dazzling little elf.
He lives ! he moves ! spruce mannikin of fire,
What more can we ? what more can earth desire ?

Mystery is no longer mystery.

Listen ! a sound ! a voice ! and soon will be
Intelligible words addressed to me.

Homun. [*in the phial, to WAGNER*]. Ha ! father dear ! how
goes it ? 'twas no jest ;

Clasp me affectionately to your breast.

Not quite so tight. So fervent an embrace

Incurs the risk of breaking the glass case.

Essentially distinct, the Natural

Finds in the Universe no resting-place,

The Artificial needs restricted space.

[*To MEPHISTOPHELES*]. Ha ! rascal ! my old cousin, are
you here ?

Good fellow at such moment to appear.

What luck has brought you ? nothing could in fact

Be timelier. While I am, I still must act ;

I would address myself to work at once,

And you're the very fellow for the nonce.

Wag. A word, just one short word : till now I
blushed

At my own ignorance, when thousands rushed

Up to my chair, and young and old perplexed

My brain with problems intricate and vexed ;

As, for example, none can comprehend

How soul and body in such union blend,

Inseparably bound together they,

Yet battling with each other every day.

So then——

Meph. A moment ! pray, resolve the doubt,
How happens it that man and wife fall out ?

On this, my friend, we'll get no satisfaction.

Here's work to do we had better set about :

The little fellow's attribute is action.

Homun. What's to be done ?

Meph. [*pointing to a side-door*]. Thy talents here
employ.

Wag. [*still looking into the phial*]. Thou art indeed a very lovely boy !

[*The side-door opens. FAUSTUS seen stretched on a couch. The phial slips from WAGNER'S hands, hovers over FAUSTUS, and shines on him.*

Homun. Expressive !—

Lovely scenery all around !

A clear lake in the dusk grove's deep recess ;
Nymphs playfully that to the water press ;
And—what a pretty picture !—they undress.
Well ! that's not bad ; and near the lake's green bound,
Distinct from all, that countenance divine !
—To look on her is to adore and love.
Daughter seems she of old heroic line,
Or of the children of the Gods above.
Her foot she dips into the light serene
Of the waves' trembling crystal, cools the flame
Of life that glows through all that noble frame.
But what a rush and rustle of quick wings,
With splash and crash through the smooth mirror rings !
The maidens fly in terror ; but the Queen
In womanly composure smiles to see
The prince of swans wind gently to her knee,
Nestling up to her—how familiarly !
Bold suitor, not to be denied is he !
—But suddenly a rising vapour draws
A curtain close of thick-inwoven gauze,
Hiding the loveliest scene.

Meph. Why, what a world in all you do relate !
For such a little fellow, you're a great
Romancer—visionary, rather. I
See nothing.

Homun. That I do believe, for why,
You're a born Northern, born in a bleak clime ;
And in the dreariest, blackest hour of time,
On the shapeless gloom of the dark ages flung ;

And you in youth have been brought up among
Ritters and priests : how could your eye be free ?
'Tis only in the dark that you can see.

[*Looking around*]. Blocks of brown stone ! vaults mouldering,
dripping wall,

Zigzags, fantastic arches, low and small !
Into another scrape we shall have got ;
Should he wake here, he dies upon the spot.
Wood-lake, and swans, and solitary stream,
And river-nymphs that from the waters gleam,
And Hope and Love, are his entrancing dream.
How could he to this den be reconciled ?
Even I, that am as cheerful as a child,
And suit myself to all things, scarce can bear
This dungeon. Off with him !

Meph. Aye off—but where ?

Homun. Command the warrior to the field of fight,
Lead to the dance the maiden, and all's right ;
And luckily—it just occurs to me—
To-night's the CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT :
Cannot imagine a more apt event—
It brings him to his very element.

Meph. I've never heard of it. What can it be ?

Homun. How could it ever have come to your ears !
Romantic spectres are your all in all !
The genuine are also Classical.

Meph. But to what point of the compass sail we now
For this land of my old-world kinsmen ? I somehow
Fancy with them that I shall never take—
'Tis an acquaintance I've no wish to make.

Homun. North-western, Satan, lies thy pleasure ground ;
'Tis to the south-east we to-night are bound.
Through a wide valley flows Peneios free,
In quiet creeks embowered with bush and tree ;
The valley to the mountain glens lies spread
With old and new Pharsalus overhead.

Meph. Pharsalus ! do not speak of it—the strife
Of Slave and Despot sickens me of life—
There is no end of it. A battle won
Does nothing ; 'tis but a campaign begun ;
While Asmodæus—this none calls to mind—
Still goads them on, and mocks them from behind.
They fight, they say, where Freedom's banner waves :
Seen truly, 'tis a war of slaves with slaves.

Homun. Leave them to wrangle on. Man's nature and
Condition everlasting war demand ;
Each has to guard himself as best he can
From boyhood up, and so grows into man.
But that's for them, not us. The matter now
Before us is to cure this man—but how ?
If you have any remedy, apply it ;
If you have none, then there's mine, let me try it.

Meph. Oh ! I know many a charm and Brocken spell
Should in a common case soon have him well ;
But here, where Heathen bolts resist, repel,
I can do nothing. These Greeks never were
Worth anything ; yet do they dazzle you
With the free play of the senses, that so wins
The human breast, and lures to cheerful sins.
Ours are of soberer cast and graver hue ;
And now——

Homun. 'Twas not your habit to be coy ;
You'll find Thessalian witches there, my boy !

Meph. Thessalian witches ! They are persons whom
I have been asking after. I wish to
Make their acquaintance—just an interview ;
Night after night with them would never do.
It were, I fancy, dreary merriment
But for a visit—but for an experiment.

Homun. The mantle—trot him out—'tis good strong stuff,
And carries double—'twill do well enough ;
Come wrap the ritter in it, neck and feet.

Off with us ! Here, leap up into your seat—
Here, catch the skirt ; I'll light you on your way.

Wag. And I ——

Homun. And you—oh ! you at home may stay,
The main pursuit of life, as now, pursuing.
Spread the old parchments out as you are doing ;
The scattered elements of life collect,
Combine them as the recipes direct ;
In nothing from the letter deviate thou :
Think of the “ what,” but still more of the “ how ;”
While o'er a section of the world I fly,
To hit, perhaps, the dot upon the “ i.”
The triumph's won, the mighty work attained,
The well-earned meed of thousand efforts gained ;
Gold, honour, reputation, long life, health,
—Science, perhaps, and virtue—surely wealth.
Farewell !

Wag. Farewell ! The cold word chills my heart :
Never to meet again, I feel, we part.

Meph. Away we go ! swift to Peneios tend !
There's something in my bright young cousin's aid.
[*To the SPECTATORS confidentially*]. In the end, we all depend
On the creatures we have made !

CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT.

PHARSALIAN FIELDS—*Darkness.*

Erichtho. To this night's shuddering festival, as oftentimes
ere now,
Once more I come, once more, ERICHTHO, I the gloomy,
Not quite the hideous hag o'erslandering poets picture—
Their praise and blame is ever in the Infinite.

Already o'er the vale, in shadowy undulation,
Roll glimmering before mine eye what seem to be grey tents,

Spread wavelike far and wide : phantom reappearance
Of that all-anxious night—dread night of deepest sorrow.

How oft doth it repeat itself !—how oft to be repeated !
Evermore and for ever ! None of his own free will
Yields empire to another ; none to him
Who by strength gained it, who by strength would govern.
Who cannot rule his inner self would fain his neighbour's
will
Strain to the stubborn measure of his own proud thoughts.

In these fields, by armed hosts, in conflict and in conquest,
Memorably was it exemplified.
Force 'gainst superior force for mortal strife is marshalled ;
Freedom's fair wreath, rich with its thousand flowers,
Breaks. The stiff laurel bends to crown the ruler's brow.
Here MAGNUS saw in dreams the unforgotten day
Of earlier greatness spreading into glorious blossom ;
CÆSAR lay sleepless there, and watched the wavering
balance—
And they will measure strengths. The world knows who
prevailed.

Watchfires burn bright, diffusing their red beams around—
The soil breathes up, in crimson stain, blood, outpoured
here of old :
And by its strange glare, streaming far through the night's
magic brightness,
Allured, the legion gathers of Hellenic story.
Round every fire flit with uncertain glimmer,
Or rest at ease, some of the fabulous shapings
Of the days of old. The moon, not yet at full,
But bright, uprising now spreads over all
A softening lustre mild. The phantom tents
Are gone. Illusion fades off. Fires burn blue.

But over me what a strange sudden Meteor !
 It guides, and with its light illumines, a Ball
 Corporeal. I scent life ! 'twould ill beseem
 Me, to life noxious, to be near the living.
 'Twould bring me ill repute, and profit me
 Nothing. Already it sinks down. 'Twill land
 Here. Ere it touch the ground I move away. [Exit.

Moonlight. — HOMUNCULUS, MEPHISTOPHELES, GRIFFINS,
 COLOSSAL ANTS, ARINASPIANS, SPHINXES, SIRENS, &c.

The AERONAUTS seen above, before they have descended.

Homun. Sweep o'er flames and sights of horror
 Once again in circling flight !
 Spectral shapes through gorge and valley
 Flit in the phantasmal light.

Meph. Spectres, hideous as the phantoms
 That I gazed on from the gloom
 Of that drear old Northern window !
 Here I feel almost at home.

Homun. See, with rapid steps before us,
 A tall female figure stride !

Meph. As through air she saw us gliding,
 She retreated terrified.

Homun. Let her stride on ! think not of her !
 Set the ritter on the ground ;
 Here in the charmed land of Fable,
 Will the life he seeks be found. [They descend.

Faust. [touching the ground]. Where is She ?

Homun. That I cannot say ;
 But here would seem the very place t' inquire.
 No time to lose ! from fire to fire,
 Pursue the chase till break of day.
 He, who has dared the adventure of the Mothers,
 Has little reason to fear any others.

Meph. I've my own objects here, and our best play.
It strikes me, for the good of us all three,
Is that each take his own course, and that we
Among the fires, as fancy guides us, stray.
'Tis so much pleasanter when one pursues
His own adventures just as he may choose.
And, small chap, when 'tis time to reunite,
Let chime your glass, let flare and flash your light.

Homun. [*the glass rings and shines out wonderfully*].
Thus shall it ring—thus flash forth ray on ray.
Now to the scene of wonders haste away !

[*They separate.*]

Faust. [*alone*]. Where is She ? why ask where ?
If it be not the sod, on which her feet
Trode, and the wave that beat
To welcome her, it is the air
That spoke her language. Here ! and I am here—
In her own Greece, miraculously here !
I felt at once the earth on which I stood—
In sleep there came a Spirit that through my blood
Poured, as it were, the fire of burning levin.
Now, like Antæus, as I touch the ground,
I find the strength of inspiration given,
Roam this wild maze of fires with happy cheer
Where all things strangest are together found. [*Withdraws.*]

Meph. [*prying about*]. At every step, as 'mong these fires
I roam,
I find myself still less and less at home.
What an odd crowd of creatures brought together !—
Birds' claws, dogs' paws, men's faces, fleece, fur, feather.
Their decency is little sure to brag on—
Most of them naked ! here and there a rag on !
The Sphinxes unabashed, the Griffins shameless,
Making no secret of what should be nameless.
We all are rakes at heart—each likes a touch of it ;
But the Antique, to my taste, has too much of it :

It is too lifelike—dealers with old story
Are never at a loss for allegory.
And so with the Antique, we too should cover it,
Find one thing or another to paste over it.
A nasty set, I'll never know them rightly ;
A stranger should, however, speak politely.
Hail ! Ladies fair ! Hail ! Very Reverend
Grey-beards !

Griffins [*gruffly*]. What ! means the fellow to offend ?
Grey-beard, or Grey bird, what does he think to say ?
My name is Griffin—do not call me Grey :
GREY ! bird or beast, none likes to be called GREY.
Grey-beard, forsooth ! However far they range,
Words ring their origin in every change ;
In “grey,” “grief,” “graveyard,” “grim,” and each such
 sound,
The thought, etymologically bound,
Offends, puts the best temper out of tune.

Meph. And yet, not to give in to you too soon,
The “gri” in Griffin, your own honoured name,
Is not unpleasing.

Grif. [*in the same tone*]. Aye, and for the same
Reason ; the kindred thought you still can trace—
Our “gri” is grip or grasp—we grasp at place
And honours, grasp at kingdoms, girls and gold
Nor we alone—though some affect to blame,
In practice 'tis the universal game.
Fortune still aids the GRIFFIN, Grasper bold.

Colossal Ants. GOLD !—Said you Gold ? laboriously we
 plied,
And heaps of it had grubbed, and sought to hide
In cave and crannied rock far out of sight ;
Our hoarded gold the ARIMASPIANS eyed,
Made off with it—and, proud of their success,
Look at them laughing there at our distress !

Grif. Be at ease—we'll bring the rascals to confession.

Arim. But not to-night; not this free festival night:
Ours for the nonce is undisturbed possession,
And ere the morning 'twill have vanished quite.

Meph. [*who has placed himself between the SPHINXES*].
Here is a spot that I can cotton to!
At home quite—I so understand them all!

Sphinxes. We breathe our Spirit tones—by YOU
They are made Corporeal.

By-and-bye we may know something more of you;
But now just tell us what's your name? pray do.

Meph. Name? Men are fond of giving names to me,
And thus it is I've many a name. Let's see—
Are any Britons here? No doubt there are,
And they will vouch for me. They travel far
To visit fields of battle, waterfalls,
Your dreary classic ruins, broken walls.
This were the very place for such as they;
They will bear witness how in the old play
They saw me there as Old Iniquity.

Sphinx. Why so called?

Meph. 'Tis a mystery to me.

Sphinx. Likely enough. Know you anything of the
power
Of the stars? What says the aspect of the hour?

Meph. [*looking up*]. Star after star shoots fast and far, and
bright

And sharp shines down the crescent moon to-night.

Here in this comfortable spot and snug,

I'll nestle close to your warm lion-rug:

Go farther and fare worse.—To climb up would

Be dangerous, in no case do much good.

Out with a riddle—I've some small skill in

Riddles—or tip me a charade,—begin.

Sphinx. Thyself—take that—there were a riddle
indeed.

The strange enigma shall we try to read?

“Needful alike to good man and to bad,
Target, the ascetic’s zeal to test and prove,
Accomplice in mad projects of the mad,
At all times nothing but a jest to Jove?”

1st Grif. [*snarling*]. I do not like him—what a face !

2nd Grif. [*snarling more gruffly*]. The rascal does
not know his place ;

He’s none of ours—what brings him here ?

Both. A vile beast !—nothing good, I fear.

Meph. [*brutally*]. Aye, pretty treatment of a guest,
because

You think his nails can’t scrape like your sharp claws.
Let’s try them.

Sphinx [*mildly*]. If you like it, you may stay ;
But you’ll be off soon—are on thorns to go ;
—And yet such suitor for a lady’s grace
Is pretty sure at home to make his way.
Here you seem out of spirits, out of place.

Meph. I’m half in love—admire your upper show
Of woman—shudder at the Beast below.

Sphinx. Liar ! for this you’ll suffer—scoffing thus—
Our claws are sound and sharp, we’d have you know—
The shrivelled horse-shank ! he ! too good for us !

[SIRENS are heard preluding from above.]

Meph. And the Birds yonder on the poplar bough
That rock them to and fro, say, what are they ?

Sphinx. Beware ! beware !—the SIREN’S song ere now
Hath lured the wisest and the best away.

Sirens [*singing*]. Where no Beauty is, why linger ?
’Mong these strange shapes wherefore dwell ?
Listen !—hither, grouped together,
We have come, and time our voices
As beseemeth Sirens well.

Sphinxes [*mocking and mimicking them*]. Force them from
the branches green,
Where their falcon claws they screen ;

Fear to lend a listening ear
To their song! their talons fear!

Sirens. Hate and Envy—hence begone!
All the joys, that Nature scatters
Over earth and over waters,
Ours to gather into one.
Ever in our welcomings
Still is seen the best, the “gayest,
Happiest attitude of things.”

Meph. [*mimicking*]. These are their new and pretty things.
From the throat and from the strings
Tone round tone still winds and weaves.
This thrilling is all lost on me,
Tickles the ear—the heart, left free,
Nothing of the song receives.

Sphinxes. Heart! why a leathern bag fills up the place
Of heart with you, as shrivelled as your face!

Faust. [*stepping forward*]. How wonderful all here!
Strange spectacle!

But not unpleasing—nay, it augurs well.
In these repulsive aspects, oh, what vast
Features of power! what alien grandeur massed!
Gazing on them, my hopes anticipate,
And feel even now a favourable fate.
To what far distant days—what far-off lands—
This deep glance bears me!—

[*Pointing to the SPHINXES.*
Before such as these

Œdipus stood—

And before such as these

[*Pointing to the SIRENS.*
Ulysses crouched him down in hempen bands.—

[*To the COLOSSAL ANTS.*
Such were the far-famed gatherers of gold!—

[*To the GRIFFINS.*
These guarded it in firm and faithful hold.

New life thrills through me as I gaze on these.

Forms! Oh, how grand!—How grand the Memories!

Meph. Such erewhile you'd have scouted; but at present
They seem to you delectable and pleasant.

When a man's amorous, and has in chase

The girl he wants, no monster's out of place.

Faust. [*to the SPHINXES*]. Shapes, that seem Woman, ye
must answer me:

Have any of you seen Helen? Where is She?

Sphinxes. Seen Helen?—we? We reach not to her days.
The last of us was killed by Hercules.

From Cheiron you, perhaps, may make it out;

He's pretty surely galloping about

In this wild-spirit night;—catch him who can—

It is no easy task: but he's your man.

Sirens. Oh, go not from us!—go not from us!

Heed not what old fblers say

Of Ulysses onward speeding

From the Sirens of the bay.

With us he, in sweet repose,

Loitered long, and legends many

Had we of the times of Troy.

All to thee will we disclose,

All confide to thee with joy,

Dearer thou to us than any!

Come! oh, come! the glad green sea

Longs, with us, to welcome thee!

Sphinxes. Oh! let them not delude thy noble mind.

As ropes Ulysses, let our counsel bind

Thee! If the mighty Cheiron thou dost find,

'Twill prove us right.

[*Exit* FAUSTUS.

Meph. [*fretfully*.] What's that croaks by in flapping
flight?

'Tis gone too quick to catch the sight!

One—two—three—ten—like shadows past—

Who thinks to catch them must fly fast.

Sphinxes. Swift as the winter tempest these,
Swift as the darts of Hercules ;
They are the Stymphalides.
Their vulture-beak and gander-foot
Look well ; but that is as one thinks.
Their croak is meant for a salute.
These Croakers say they're cousins : count the links
Between them and the family of Sphinx.

Meph. [*seeming terrified*]. Beside the Croakers, there's
some other stuff,
Hissing abominably——

Sphinx. Like enough.
You—scared at hissing !—nothing, sure, in this.
They're always hissing who can only hiss.
These are the heads of the Lernæan snake,
Cut from the main stump off. What airs they take
On the strength of the separation !—shine as proudly
As the old serpent, and they hiss as loudly.
But what are you now about ? This restlessness,
These gestures of such comical distress !
What do you want, what is't you would express ?
Off with you ! How his neck turns round awry—
Oh ! now I see what has so caught his eye.
Don't think of us. He's off ! They're pretty faces,
No doubt of it ; but have done with these grimaces.
The group of LAMIÆ—smart girls—no great matter
Of beauty—bold fronts—red lips—smiles that flatter,
And looks that have allurements for a Satyr.
The goat-foot's sure to win such ladies' grace.

Meph. When I return shall you be in this place ?

Sphinx. Thou and they may sport and play,
—Airy shapes, that pass away ;
From Egypt we—and one of us is known
For a full thousand years on the same throne.
On our position fix your earnest gaze ;
We rule the Lunar—rule the Solar days.

We sit before the Pryamids, we see
Judgment done upon the Nations,
War, and Peace, and Inundations.
Change of feature none know We.

*Scene changes.—The PENEIOS surrounded by WATERS and
NYMPHS.*

PENEIOS, FAUSTUS, NYMPHS, CHEIRON, MANTO.

Peneios. Lull me still with thy faint whispers,
Soft sedge ! sister reeds, sigh low !
Willow, wave with languorous breathing !
Poplars, ye, that tremble so,
Rocking still beside my stream,
Murmur back my broken dream !
A thick dense heat—a shudder dread,
Secret, through all Nature spread,
Wakes me in my rolling bed.

Faust. Is it that my ear deceives ?
Sure I heard behind the leaves
Other sounds than of the stream,
That like human accents seem :
Tittering among the trees—
Prattling ripple—laughing breeze.

Nymphs [*singing*]. Weary and way-sore,
Oh ! were it not best,
In the cool, for the tired limbs
To lie down and rest ?
To lie down, enjoying
The rest that would fly thee,
Enjoying the rest
That the world would deny thee ;
While we lull thee, and soothe thee,
And linger close by thee.

Faust. Awake—I am awake—yes, yes

I am awake ! Fade not away,
Fair forms ! but still pursue your play
Where my eye yonder shapes the scene.
Dreams are they ?—are they memories ?
How strange the feeling ! All that is
Seems as though it before had been.

Where the cool bowering copse-wood weaves
Its dance of agitated leaves,
I hear—scarce hear—the water's flow !
From all sides round, in hundred rills,
It ripples down, unites and fills
A clear bright space below,
Where, in a pure bed, nothing deep,
The crystal currents have their sleep.

Nymphs bathing—and from the moist glass we see,
Amused, of sleek young limbs the double gleam.
Grouped, swimming boldly, wading timidly.
Hark ! splash of water ; laugh, and shriek, and scream !

This were enough to satisfy
And charm the fascinated eye ;
But the sense onward, onward still would press,
Would pierce with searching glance the screen
Of the rich bower, whose green recess
Conceals the lofty Queen.

Strange ! very strange ! and swans, swans too are here !
Majestically borne from cove and creek,
In slumber-seeming motion on they steer.
Companionable, kindly ; but what pride !
Contemplating the softened image of
Breast snow-white, stately head, and arching neck,
As though with their own lovely forms in love,
O'er the still mirror peacefully they glide.

And one before the rest,
Bold with expanded breast,
Moves with imperial dignity and grace :
His feathers, roughed out wide—wave on the waves—
Through snowy foam that his white plumage laves,
He presses to the dear, the dedicated place.
And see the rest—reposing light illumines,
While to and fro they float, their tranquil plumes.
And lo ! they rouse them ; see ! the splendid strife :
Fain would they chase away these maidens coy,
Whose mistress, can she now their thoughts employ ?
Their one thought is security—is life !

Nymphs. Sisters, listen ! lay your ear
To the river's green marge here.
Do I hear, or do I dream,
Sound of horses' hoofs that seem
Swift as of a courier's flight
Bringing tidings of the night ?

Faust. Shocks, as of leaping thunder !
Earth ! will it spring asunder ?
Nearer and nearer now, and ringing loud
Under the quick feet of a courser proud.
Thither, mine eye, glance thither ! Favouring Fate !
Is it to be ? Am I the Fortunate ?
Wonder unparalleled ! and will it be ?
A rider gallops hither. In his air
What courage ! what intelligence is there !
Borne by a courser white—blindingly bright.
I err not ; 'tis no mockery of the sight.
It is, it is the son of Philyra.
Halt, CHEIRON ! halt ! I have much to say to thee.

Chei. What say'st ? what is't ?

Faust. A moment check thy pace.

Chei. I rest not.

Faust. Take me.

Chei. Up ! then. As we race,

You may give me the happiness of knowing
What you're about, and which way you are going.
We're on the bank ; I'll take you 'cross the river.

Faust. Oh ! as for that, I'll go whithersoever
You go.

And I must thank thee evermore,
Noblest of men, whose fame 'tis to have taught
The Heroes of the glorious days of yore,
The Poet's world of Chief and Argonaut.

Chei. Pass over that—Pallas's own success
When she played Mentor could not well be less.
'Tis little matter what is taught, men will,
Taught or untaught, go on the same way still.

Faust. Physician, learned in names of herbs and fruits,
Who to the very deepest knowest all roots ;
Wounds thou dost mitigate, and sick men cheer,
In Spirit and in Body art thou here ?

Chei. Was a man wounded, I was in a trice
Upon the field with aid and with advice.
What I did, much or little, anyhow
The herb-women and priests inherit now.

Faust. There spoke the genuine great man, who dis-
claims
Peculiar merit in his acts or aims ;
And though of all in every way the best,
'Gainst any praise still enters his protest.

Chei. You seem to me a flatterer of skill,
A practised hand in winding at your will
People and prince.

Faust. But, tell me,—you have seen
The great men of your time, and you have been
Rival, in everything that wins man's praise
Of the very noblest, didst live out thy days
True Hero, Demigod—say in thy thoughts
Who of all, that thou now rememberest,
Then figuring on earth 'mong men, seemed best.

Chei. In the high circle of the Argonauts,
Each, as the soul breathed power, distinction held ;
Each in his own peculiar path excelled.
The DIOSCURI brothers won their way
Where youthful bloom and manly beauty sway ;
In the BOREADES, for others' weal
Sprang instant action from determined zeal.
A thoughtful man, strong, energetic, clear,
Such was Prince JASON, to the ladies dear.
And tender ORPHEUS swayed the lyre—calm heart
Was his—and his true miracles of art.
Sharp-sighted LYNCEUS, he by day and dark,
Through rock and strand steered safe the holy bark.
In danger's hour true brotherhood is shown,
Each works, and all praise each. Each works alone.

Faust. Will you say nothing then of HERCULES?

Chei. Oh ! call not back that feeling, wake thou not
The longing for the old days that have been.
Phœbus or Hermes I had never seen,
Or Ares, or the rest ; in HERCULES
The godlike stood before these eyes of mine
Impersonated—all that of divine
In dreams of heaven man's fancy hath conceived,
All the mind imaged or the heart believed !
A king by Nature made. What dignity
In youth's first bloom !—How gentle, too, was he !
Gave to his elder brother service true,
And loved the ladies with devotion due.
Son such as he will never more be given
By Earth for Hebe to lead up to heaven ;
Songs all in vain to make him know,
Would strive, and sculptors torture stone.

Faust. Never did sculptor, labour as he might,
Bring out such perfect image to the sight
Of that imperial look, that godlike mind.
But now that the most beautiful of men

You thus have showed me, try your hand again
With the most beautiful of womankind.

Chei. What? Woman's Beauty!—The words, thus combined,

Seem meaningless—the shape of faultless mould
Too often a stiff image, marble-cold.

Only the Being, whose glad life flows free,
And sheds around it the perpetual cheer
Of joyousness, hath interest for me.

The BEAUTIFUL in its own placid sphere
Rests all apart. GRACE charms resistlessly,
As Helen, when I carried her, and she——

Faust. You—carried—her?

Chei.

Yes—I—upon this back.

Faust. Was there not hitherto perplexity
Enough? What more?—here sitting where she sate.

Chei. She grasped into my hair, as you do now.

Faust. My brain whirls round—oh! tell me when and
how

It was. She is my sole desire; say when
And whence, and whither, whither?

Chei. The Dioscuri brothers had just freed
Their little sister from the spoiler's hand;
And now upon their homeward road they speed.
Again the robbers pluck up courage, and
The brothers, with whom Helena then was,
Would clear Eleusis' swamp in rapid flight:
They waded, and I, pawing, swam across.
Then sprang she off, and my moist mane she smoothed,
Patted me with her fondling hand, and soothed.
And then she thanked me, and with such address,
Such self-possession, such calm consciousness!
She was—how charming!—young and the delight
Of the aged.

Faust. Then just seven years old, not quite
Seven.

Chei. What ! the philologues have been with you,
Puzzling you brains, themselves deceiving too ;
Your Mythologic lady has no age,
Is from her very birth-time all the rage.
Like nothing but herself : in childhood carried
By spoilers off—recovered—wooed—won—married.
Years but increase her charms, bring lovers plenty ;
She's never old—nay, never comes to twenty.
Lovely, and to be loved ! The Poet seizes
The fair form and does with her what he pleases.
The Poet is not bound by time or distance.

Faust. Time for her ! time then can have no existence.
And so ACHILLES found her—Time the while
Ceasing to be—on Leuke's lonely isle
Strange hap was theirs of blissful ecstasy—
Love wrung from unrelenting Destiny !
And would my powerful longings, all in vain,
Charm into life that deathless form again—
Eternal as the gods ? Yes ! Gentleness
And winning Grace are hers, and not the less
Hers the calm sway of Dignity serene.
You saw long since whom I *to-day* have seen.
And She is Beautiful. 'Tis not the spell,
'Tis not the spell of Gracefulness alone—
'Tis Beauty, Beauty irresistible !
We see, we love, we long to make our own.
With her enraptured Soul, Sense, Being twine—
I have no life if Helen be not mine.

Chei. Stranger ! this rapture men would call the flame
Of love ! with Spirits madness is its name.
'Tis lucky that the fit has seized you here,
And on this night, of all nights of the year ;
It is my wont each year, upon this night,
For one short moment in my circling flight,
'To visit Manto, Æsculapius' child,
Who in her father's temple, priestess there,

Sill lifts her supplicating hands in prayer,
That he illumine the physician's mind,
Aid from their rash destroyers save mankind—
The best loved of the sibyls' guild ; no wild
Mad raving there, but ever good and mild.
Health will come soon from simples of the field
Applied by her.

Faust. But I would not be healed ;
My mind is now all-powerful. Dispossessed
I sink to man, no better than the rest.

Chei. In the noble fount is healing—scorn it not.
Now, down ! Down quickly ! we are at the spot.

Faust. Whither hast brought me in the grey of night,
Landing me in the splash and pebbles here ?

Chei. See ! on the left Olympus. On the right
Peneios. Here strove Rome and Greece in fight ;
A mighty kingdom melts in sand away—
The Monarch's flight—the Burgher's triumph-day.
The Eternal Temple resting in the clear
Light of the moon stands out—how very near !

Manto [*dreaming, from within*].

This a something doth import
Threshold rings, and temple-court,
Horses' footfalls echoing.
Demigods are entering.

Chei. All's right ! Open your eyes, and see all's right.

Manto [*awaking*]. Welcome ! I see you have not missed
the night.

Chei. Unfallen still stands your ancient temple-home

Manto. Unwearable you still range and roam !

Chei. You rest in changeless bower of quiet deep,
And I in everlasting circuit sweep.

Manto. I tarry—round Me still wheels rolling Time.
But—this man——

Chei. The mad night hath seized him in
Its whirls, up flung him in its sludge and slime ;

And Helen—madman—Helen he would win,
And knows not how or where he should begin.
With Æsculapian aid he may do well.

Manto. I love him who desires th' impossible.

[CHEIRON *is already far off.*

Manto. [to FAUSTUS]. Onward! Adventurous! with joy
proceed!

Enter in boldly! Down the dark path speed
Whose windings to Persephoneia lead
Beneath Olympus, where with longing eyes
She seeks the smile of interdicted skies.
There did I smuggle Orpheus in of old.
Fare better thou! Be Fortunate! Be Bold!

[*They descend.*

The UPPER PENEIOS, as before.

SIRENS, SEISMOS, SPHINXES, GRIFFINS, ANTS, PIGMIES,
DACTYLS, CRANES OF IBYCUS, &c.

Sirens. Dash we into the PENEIOS,
Swim we with him down in glee,
With the charm of song inviting
All to seek the spreading sea.

There be those who will not listen—
Hapless! yet with song we call,
To the FESTIVAL of OCEAN,
To the healing waters, all.

Were we there, oh! with what rapture
Would we raise our lofty Pæan;
In the wave is every blessing—
Come with us to the ÆGEAN.

[*Earthquakes.*

Waves foam back to the spring-head,
Nor stream, as wont, down the river's bed;

The trembling ground starts and recoils,
And the tainted water boils.
The gritty bank swells. Moisture soaks
Through pebbly sand. 'Twill burst!—it smokes!
Fly hence! all, all—oh! fly we hence;
This wonder-work of violence
Bods good to none—is an offence
To Nature's Truth. Fly hence! fly hence!

Come, joyous noble guests—come ye
To the glad Feast of the Sea,
Where tremulously wavelets shine,
And swelling lap the white sea-line;
Above, below, in double glow,
In sky and sea smiles Luna calm,
And sheds in dew her holy balm.
Yonder is Movement!—Freedom! Life!
Here, Suffering and Constraint and Strife:
The throes of agonizing earth
In travail with a monstrous birth.

All that are prudent, fly apace;
There is a horror o'er the place.

Seis. [*still in the depths of the earth, struggling upward and grumbling; his voice makes itself heard*].

One shove more—one shove will do it;
Put but sides and shoulders to it;
One tug more and I am through it.
Thus I tear my way before me,
Sure to rise o'er all that's o'er me.
One tug more—another shove now:
I am in the world above now. [*Appears as described.*]

Sphinxes. What a shudder! what a taking
Earth must be in—trembling, quaking!
What a going 'gainst the grain!
What a struggle, stress, and strain

What a rocking, what a wringing !
Back and forward, swaying, swinging !
But we'll keep the post we've taken,
Though all round about be shaken,
Though all Hell in horror break in.

And behold a vault ascending !
Wonderful !—'tis He ! 'tis He !
'Tis the Old Man of the Sea !
He, who built amid the foam—
Ocean's bed before him rending—
Delos, the bright island-home,
That, when earth denied all other
Shelter to a wandering mother,
There her sorrows might have ending.
He with striving, squeezing, driving,
Arms extending, broad back bending,
Very Atlas in his gesture,
Tears his way through earth's green vesture,
Carries with him in his travel
Land and sand, and grit and gravel:
All that hitherto was sleeping,
An unbroken quiet keeping,
In the river bed at rest,
Or upon the valley's breast.
Unfatigued and still defiant,
See the Caryatid giant !
Loads of stony scaffolding
To his sides and shoulders cling.
From his subterranean prison
One half of him up hath risen.

Now this is going too far—this must end,
The Sphinxes their position must defend.

Seis. I've done it all alone—'twas my sole act.
They now believe—they've seen me in the fact.

Had I not toiled and tugged with push and pull,
Would the world have been half so beautiful?
The mountain-summit's pure ethereal blue,
That, as from some enchanted heaven above,
So smiles upon the raptured painter's view;
Where would it be, did I not shake and shove?
My proud progenitors were looking on—
Swart Night and Chaos gloried in their son—
As in my strength, I 'mong the Titans tall,
With Pelion played and Ossa, as at ball.
We then were young, and, as young blood inspired,
We raved and raged. At last, like children tired,
In half-malicious mirth the hills we clap
Upon Parnassus-head—a double cap.
And there Apollo lingers with his lyre,
Or listens, as the Muses sing in choir.
Even Jove's high stretcher I it was heaved out,
Where his loose thunder-bolts lie strewn about.
And now, with might and main, with stress and strain,
I haste head-foremost from the depths again.
In upper air have worked myself a place,
And shout out for some animated race
Of occupants—and doubtless not in vain—
With joyance and new life to people the new space.

Sphinxes. We might have thought him one of the true stock
Of the primitive old Hills—a real Rock—
Had we not seen the struggles of his birth,
As the poor upstart wriggled out of earth.
Now bushy woods come clothing his gaunt sides—
Stone pressing upon stone his bald pate hides.
But what care we?—the intruder must retreat—
The Sphinx will never yield her holy seat.

Grif. Gold in leaflet—gold in glitter—
Take good care that thieves get none of it;
Through the chinks I see it glitter:
Up! ye EMMETS, make your own of it.

Chorus of Ants. Giants, with shattering
Strength, have up sped it ;
Little feet pattering
Joyously tread it.
O'er the hill, in and out,
Tiny things many
Wander in groups about
Fissure and cranny.
Swifter come—swifter come.
Each chink has in it
Rich gold in every crumb :
Hasten to win it.
Loiter and linger not ;
Hasten to snatch it ;
The treasure is yours
If you only can catch it.
Be earnest—be active—
Come quick to the fountain
Of wealth—seize the gold,
And good-bye to the mountain !

Grif. In with the gold ! In with it !—swell the heap !
We'll lay our claws upon 't—the best bolts they :
I warrant safe the treasure that they keep.

Pignics. We're here—we have our place. We cannot say
How it came to be, but so it is. Ask not
Whence 'tis we came—here we are, on the spot,
Here undeniably. And here and there,
Where'er there is but room to breathe—where'er
You find a region meet for joyous life,
If but a rocky crevice shows itself,
Up springs your dwarf ; and with the tiny elf
Be sure ere long to find his tiny wife.
The active little man, the dwarfess fair,
You find them here, and there, and everywhere ;
Diligent little people—pair and pair.

I do not know if things in the old day
Went on in Paradise the self-same way ;
That here they do so happily we know,
And thank our stars delighted that 'tis so.
Life, joyous life, everywhere, east and west,
Springs evermore from Earth's maternal breast.

Dactyls. In one creative night, if Earth
Hath brought these little things to birth,
Be sure the same life-giving power
To lesser folk will lend their hour,
Who, led by the same law of kind,
Will everywhere fit partners find.

Eldest of the Pigmies. 'Tis a time of Peace, and therefore
The true moment to prepare for
War. Then build the smithy ! heap on
Coals ! and cuirass shape and weapon !
All our vassals should be arming.
Come, ye EMMETS, hither swarming ;
Come, in thousands come, and with ye
Bring the metals for the smithy.
DACTYLS, come with logs and tinder ;
Come with coals, and coke, and cinder.

General. Stand together in a row,
Fix the arrow, strain the bow ;
Aim, secure and steady, take
At the HERONS of the lake.
Nestling high, how proud they seem !
And their plumes, how bright they gleam !
Slay them—lay the proud ones low ;
Fix the arrow, strain the bow ;
Stand together, one and all.
Darts fly thick, and thousands fall.

Wide waving o'er our helmets shall the crest
Of heron-plumes the victory attest.

Emmets and Dactyls. None now to rescue—all resistance
vain.

We knead the iron, and *they* forge the chain.

We are and must be Slaves—Oppressors *they* ;

And helpless *we*, but hope a better day,

And till it's dawn, repine, but must obey.

Cranes of Ibycus. Dying wail ! and the insulting
Cry of murderers exulting !

Wings in torture agonizing
Quiver—anguish of the dying !
Shrieks of pain from earth are rising
To the heights where we are flying.
Mingled all in one fell slaughter,
Reddening with their blood the water !
Self-conceit, and the ambition
To affect a high condition,
And reduce to servile homage
Brother dwarflings, brought these troubles,
Led the mannikin land-nobles
To the murder, for their plumage,
Of the HERONS. See, it waves there,
O'er the helms of the proud slaves there,
Paunchy, bandy-legged, and crooked.

Come with beaks and talons hooked,
Ye that of our army be,
Heron-wanderers of the sea ;
Come, as Nature bids, with engines
Nature gives, awake to vengeance.
They have slain your near relations.
Root their name from out the nations ;
Give no quarter—show no favour—
Root the rascals out for ever.

[*Disperse, croaking in the air.*

Scene changes to the low ground.

MEPHISTOPHELES, LAMIÆ, OREAD, HOMUNCULUS.

Mephistopheles [alone]. The Northern hags at will I wind
These Foreign Spirits put one sadly out. about—
The BLOCKSBERG is firm ground where'er you stray,
And well defined—you cannot lose your way ;
Frau ILSE at her stone is watching still,
And HEINRICH cheers you from his faithful hill ;
The SCHNARCHERS growl and snarl, and ELENÐ hears
No change to speak of for a thousand years.
Here, who can say if he moves swift or slow,
When the ground boils and bubbles from below ?
On a smooth field you take a quiet stroll,
When—thump !—behind, a mountain will uproll
Its waves : 'tis scarce a mountain—but of height
Enough to screen me from the Sphinxes' sight.
Adown the valley fires are flickering dun,
And groups dance round, that promise lots of fun.
See there a knot of girls that smirking, smiling,
Would seem to welcome me with looks beguiling.
Thatcoily, now retreating, now advances,
And pours upon me showers of merry glances.
But softly, softly, on them. Fond of sweets,
The traveller must snap up what he meets.

Enter LAMIÆ, who seek to attract MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lamiæ. Quicker come—quicker come,
Faster and faster ;
Luring on after us
The old witch-master.

Now for a little while
Loiter and linger ;
Lure him with merry smile ;
Beckon with finger.

Precious the prize to hold :
Happy the winners,
If we can catch the old
Prince of all sinners.

O'er the uneven ground,
Stumping and stumbling ;
O'er the uneven ground,
Tripping and tumbling.

'Twere pleasant to lead
To the path of repentance—
Staggering—swaggering—
Our new acquaintance.

Dragging his game-leg
Leave him behind,
He with his lame leg—
We like the wind.

Meph. [*hesitating*]. Deceivers that they are ! Oh, fate
accursed !

Every man tricked and tempted like the first !
Yes, all grow older, but none grows more steady.
Poor devil ! wert thou not fooled enough already ?
They're good for nothing. We know how the case is,
With their tight laces and patched painted faces.
Rotten in every limb—peep where you will,
Not a sound spot in them—all rotten ripe.
We know it, see it, feel it, too—and still
What man but dances when the carrions pipe ?

Lam. [*stopping*]. Look sharp—he halts—he hesitates—
he lingers.

At him, girls, now, or he'll slip through our fingers.

[*Advancing boldly.*]

Meph. Pluck up your courage ! Why these twitches
Of doubt ? Pluck up and join the revel.

If in the world there were no witches,
The devil a one would be a devil.

Lam. [*gracefully*]. Round this hero let us twine
A sportive ring, till in his eyes
One seems most fair—till love arise,
And that soft heart to one inclines.

Meph. Yes! Could one judge by this uncertain light,
Women, ye seem; of rank, if I see right;
You're handsome—that is, I've nothing to say
To the contrary—you're beauties in your way.

Empusa [*rushing in*]. And I too. Cousins, you must let
me in
As one of you.

Lam. No, if her way she win
To our circle, she'll—she is a spoil-sport quite.

Emp. [*to MEPH.*] EMPUSA with the Ass's foot
Waits your affectionate salute.
You've but a Horse's shank, 'tis true,
Yet, Cousin, I acknowledge you.

Meph. Here travelling without any ostentation,
Incognito, and in a foreign nation,
How could one think of meeting a relation?
But the old proverb still holds here and there,
From HARTZ to HELLAS cousins everywhere.

Emp. You see me as I am—I speak out plain.
I could take many shapes; but I retain
My own to-night—the Ass's head does best
To compliment my cousin and my guest.

Meph. Clanship and kin is all in all, I see,
With these folks, but—unpleasant though it be
To meet what seems a compliment with slight—
The Ass's head, I must ignore it quite.

Lam. Beast! nasty Beast! she comes to scare
Away the Lovely and the Fair.
The Beauty and the Love, that shone
Till she came, when she comes is gone.

Meph. And the fair Cousins, slender slips and tender—
Something about them still makes me suspicious.
Behind the roses of their little cheeks,
A man may meet, perhaps, more than he seeks,
And transformations other than he wishes.

Lam. Try us, we're many—try it, if you've pluck :
Here, take your choice of us. I wish you luck.
What means this leer and languish ? You had best
Speak plainly—make up to the prettiest.
You act the lover wretchedly—your air
Of pride amuses and repels the fair.
Do mix with girls with somewhat more of sense,
With somewhat less, too, of magnificence.
Now, girls, let fall your masks, and show the man—
He well deserves such favour—all you can.

Meph. I've made my choice ; come, dearest, loveliest,
Come to my arms ! A broomstick, I protest !
And this one—horrid face, avaunt !

Lam. Just served you right ; what did you want ?

Meph. The little one, I caught her ; but she shapes
Herself into a lizard and escapes :
As sliding through my hands she presses,
I feel the soft smooth serpent tresses.
I catch the tall one next—the Bacchanal
Is off—the thyrsus staff, I have it all :
Pine-stem and prickly cone, instead
Of the tall girl with the high head.
—Now for the fat one, there a man shall
Regale himself with the substantial :
For such girl what a price would your Easterns give !
I'll try, for the last time, what my luck may do.
The skinny fungus shrivels—falls in two,
Leaving but dust and ashes, as I live !

Lam. Break the chain, and, hand from hand
Disengaging, loose the band.
On the Bat's wing sweep and hover !

Lightning glance of dusky pinions !
He with us to play the lover ?
Foreign rascal ! restless rover !
Hunt him out of our dominions.

Witch's son—what strange confusion—
Subject of another empire,
Make him pay for his intrusion !
Scare him, Flitter-mouse and Vampire ! [*LAMÆ vanish.*]

Meph. [*shaking himself*]. I've not learned much in my travels, on my word.

Absurd 'tis here, and in the North absurd.
Spectres are cross-grained creatures everywhere,
People and Poets stupid here as there.
Here and there the same sensual game is played ;
And here as there illusion lends its aid.
The smile of beauty tempted me to grasp,
And horrors to my shuddering breast I clasp.
Yet would the spell had been a little stronger,
And the illusion lasting somewhat longer !

[*Losing his way among the rocks.*]

Where am I ? where's the road ? what tricks they play us !
There was a path here ; path—why all is chaos.
'Twas a smooth road on which I hither bore me,
And now see what a mountain stands before me !
Here I go scrambling up and down in vain,
Where shall I find my Sphinx-women again ?
The thing must be a madman's dream outright—
A chain of mountains risen up in one night.
Witch-ride ! why this outdoes our witch-rides all :
They bring their Blocksberg with them to the ball.

Oread [*from the natural rock*]. Climb up here ! reverence
the old

Last rock-stairs of the Pindus range.
By Nature formed, in me behold

A hill that knows no shock of change.
I stood unmoved the same unshattered head,
When over me Pompeius, conquered, fled.
These are but fancy-forms, the sight that mock.
They vanish with the crowing of the cock.
Such fables oftentimes I see uprise,
And sink as suddenly before the eyes.

Meph. Honour to thee, time-honoured Headland ;
crowned
With the high strength of oaks that bower thee round.
The clearest moonshine hath no spear
To pierce the ebon darkness here.
But, 'mong the bushes lo ! a modest light
Glides near—how strangely everything comes right !—
It is no other than HOMUNCULUS !
Whither, young fellow, are you going thus ?

Enter HOMUNCULUS.

Homun. Hither and thither, up, down, in and out ;
From place to place still hovering about,
Impatient the free air of life to breathe,
Longing to break the glass that is my sheath—
My chrysalis ; but everywhere I see
Such sights ! I could not venture yet to be.
Now for a secret—I am on the track
Of two Philosophers. Their tongues, clack ! clack !
Went evermore, and Nature—Nature was
The word. Keep me not from them. Of the laws
Of earthly being they must somewhat know :
Between them I may learn some little ; so
Pass into life by their experience wiser.

Meph. Shape your own course yourself—trust no adviser.
Philosopher and Phantom chum together,
And Phantast is a fool of the same feather ;
Spectres in dozens the philosopher,

For some new creed your credence to obtain,
Will conjure up, or coin out of his brain.

You never will get sense except you err.

BE, if you must—but into Being rise
By your own impulse.

Homun. Yet it were not wise
The good advice chance offers here to miss.

Meph. Away with you! We shall see more of this.
[*They separate.*]

ANAXAGORAS, THALES, HOMUNCULUS.

Anaxagoras [*to THALES*]. Your mind resists all reasoning.
Can there be
Imagined stronger proof than what we see?

Tha. The willing waves each little wind obey;
But, meeting with the rough rock, roll away.

Anax. Vapours of Fire have forced this rock through
earth.

Tha. In Moisture still the Living has its birth.

Homun. [*joins them*]. Let me with both of you walk side
by side:

I have for Birth and Being to provide.

Anax. Have you, O Thales! ever in one night,
Seen a hill rise up out of mud to light?

Tha. Never was Nature, and her effluent powers
Of Life, referred to days and nights and hours;
She acts in calm and regulated course—
Knows nothing of this Accidental force;
Even in her works of Most sublimity,
As in the Least, no violence knows she.

Anax. But here such was. Here fierce Plutonic flame
With Æolus's stormy vapours came,
Burst through the earth's flat crust with monstrous throes,
And in the moment a New Hill arose.

Tha. Now, how does this assist your case? the Hill
Is there—there let it be with my good will :
Time's lost in such dispute that no fruit brings,
But holding patient folks in leading-strings.

Anax. Not long unpeopled is our New Hill left,
Its Myrmidons are crowding every cleft—
Pigmies, Emmets, Fingerlings,
—And other active little things.

[*To HOMUNCULUS*]. To Royalty in thought hast never
risen?

Been still sealed up a hermit in your prison?
If you can learn the arts of government,
I'll make you king——

Homun. What says my 'Thales?

Tha. Not with my consent.

I would not have my friend accept the crown.
Among the little all one does dwarfs down,
Even as the little placed amid the great
Partakes of greatness. Why deliberate?
See you the CRANES in blackening cloud?
Look yonder, where they gather proud,
The insurgent people threatening.
Think you they would spare the king?
Talons sharp and pointed beak
Wrath upon the small folk wreak.
The PIGMIES were no doubt the first
Offenders, but how short a time
Brings the vengeance-cloud to burst
In tempest on their crime!
The Pigmy folk the Herons slew,
As round their peaceful lakes they flew,
Or lay at rest in the calm nest.
Their arrowy death-shower brings ere long,
Fearful reprisals for foul wrong—
A righteous shedding of the blood
Of the malignant little brood.

The Cranes—the Cranes are coming, in
Thousands, to avenge their kin.
What now avails them shield or spear?
What now the Herons' plundered pride?
Pigmies and Dactyls shrink in fear,
And where shall the poor Emmets hide?
Their armies waver—shrink—fly—scatter.
All's over with them—little matter.

Anax. [*after a pause, with solemnity*]. Gods, that the
world beneath the earth obeys,
Erewhile have had my praise;
Now to Celestial power,
In this terrific hour,
My supplicating eyes and voice I raise.

THOU, in thy sky, who still on high
Dost in deathless youth shine on—
Thou, who with thy threefold name
And thy aspects three, art one;
Ever changing, still the same.
In this dread calamity,
Boding the fall of nations—all
My people—I do call on thee
Diana, Luna, Hecate!
Thou, that to thoughts beyond man's thoughts his breast
Expandest—thou, that symbol art of rest—
Calm in thy heavens—serenest—stormiest—
Be thy dread gulfs of shadow open thrown,
Thine ancient power, though magic bids not, shown.

Am I too quickly heard, and has my prayer
Risen up to heaven, disturbed the regular
Order of Nature? Large, still larger—near,
Still nearer, comes the goddess's round throne:
Glares on the eye a thing of fright and fear,
Its fire to gloomier red each moment grown.

Come not more near : or this earth—land and sea—
Will perish, into atoms crushed by thee.
Tis true, then, that the hags of Thessaly
In daring incantation sang thee down
From thy high path, and wrung, by fearful charm,
Through thy torn disk all that hath power to harm?

While I speak the bright shield darkles,
Splits, blazes out, and sparkles.
Rattling, hissing, crash of thunder,
Tempest.—Will it burst asunder?
At the steps of thy throne behold me lie,
Humbled. 'Twas I brought down the judgment, I——
[Casts himself on his face.

Tha. What a world in all he hath seen and heard !
I don't well know what has occurred.
I have not felt like him. No doubt
This mad hour puts one sadly out.
And Luna, careless of these shocks,
In her own place, as usual, rocks.

Homun. Look over to the Pigmy ground.
The hill-top, that till now was round,
Is angular. A sudden shock
Thrilled through me, and I saw a rock
Fall from the moon :—with little care for
This questioning of why and wherefore,
Or friends or foes, or loss or gain,
It has crashed, and smashed, and slain.
Yet do I see with admiration,
This great contrivance of creation,
Convulsive spasms Below that move,
And agitations from Above,
In one night bringing up and down
The Mountain and the mountain's Crown.

Tha. Peace ! 'twas but Imagination ;
Think not of that wretched nation.

Leave their hill—the nasty thing there,
Very well you were not king there.

But come along. The world is all commotion,
Preparing to receive with honour due,
The guests this Night of Wonder summons to
The solemn Festival of joyous Ocean. [Exeunt.]

The other side of SEISMOS'S Hill.

MEPHISTOPHELES, DRYAD, PHORCYADS.

Meph. [*clambering up*]. Up the steep rock-stairs must I
make my way,
And 'mong the old oaks' stiff roots stumbling stray.
O'er my own HARTZ the vapour of the pine
Breathes pitch, and that is a delight of mine :
I love it next to brimstone. 'Mongst the Greeks
The slightest smell of it in vain one seeks.
Without it, how they light their fires in Hell,
Or plague the inmates there, I cannot tell,

Dryad. In your own country you perhaps are shrewd !
But, as a foreigner, unwise and rude.
Your thoughts should not revert to home-scenes here :
While in this land, the holy Oak revere.

Meph. What one has lost, he deems beyond all price ;
The customary is man's paradise.
But what's that clump of Three in the weak light ?
Crowding down in the cave it cowers from sight.

Dryad. The PHORCYADS ! Speak to them, if you are bold
Enough for it—if your blood runs not cold.

Meph. Bold ! That I am. I see it with amaze—
I never saw the like in my born days :
Worse than the mandrake's writhings. One begins,
Looking on them, to think the deadly sins
Less horrible, compared with the enormity
Of this vile three-coiled tangle of deformity.

Monsters like these we never would let dwell
Even on the threshold of our murkiest Hell.
Here—in the land of Beauty, where men pique
Themselves upon the fame of the Antique—
Here to strike root! Hark! Stirring in their cell!
They scent the stranger near them. They would speak—
The vampire-bat's thin twittering feeble squeak.

Phor. Sisters, hand me the eye! Let it look forth
And see who treads our temple without leave.

Meph. Bending in reverential awe I seek
Your threefold benediction to receive.
I am a stranger here; but you will give
Kind welcome to a distant relative.
Of your old gods I've seen some of great worth:
Ops, Rhea—bowed before both down to earth.
The Parcæ, of the good old family
Of Chaos's: I know them well—the three—
They're sisters of yours. I have met them all
A few days since, in costume, at a ball:
But never, never have I seen before,
Among the things men honour and adore,
Anything any way resembling you.
Words have I none to say how your charms move
My admiration. What shall I then do?
In silence think of you—in silence love.

Phor. There's much good sense in what this Spirit says.

Meph. I am amazed no poet hymns your praise.
How comes their silence? How can it have been
No sketch of you in painting have I seen?
Here were Art's perfect triumph! and how blest
The sculptor who such charmers fixed in stone,
Not Juno, Venus, Pallas, or the rest!

Phor. Living in depths of night, and all alone,
Thought of the kind never occurred to us.

Meph. How could it? You, in deep den hidden thus,
Know nobody—by nobody are known.

Had the world seen you, you ere now would grace
With your peculiar beauties some high place,
Where Art and princely Splendour share the throne.
'Tis there your marble block in every street
Steps into life a hero on two feet.
'Tis there——

Phor. Hush! leave us where we are, resigned!
Wake not ambitious longings in our mind!
Born of the Night, of kin with Night alone;
Scarce to ourselves and to none other known.

Meph. 'Twill give no trouble: you need take no journey.
It may be done by proctor or attorney.
I'll manage it. As one eye for you three,
And one tooth does, surely it would not be
A contradiction in Mythology
Just to compress the triple essence into
A smaller compass. Let the Three be Two:
Consign to me the figure of the Third
For a little while.

1st Phor. This is not so absurd
As it sounds. There's something in't. What's your reply?

2nd Phor. I'm for it; but without the tooth and eye.

Meph. In keeping those, you're keeping back the best.
How can I make a picture of the rest?

Phor. Nothing more easy. It is but to draw
An eye down, and projecting from the jaw
Let glare a front tooth. The profile will strike
As one in every way extremely like.

Meph. Thanks; so be it.

Phor. And be it so.

Meph. [*as a PHORCYAD in profile*]. 'Tis done!
Look I not Chaos's well-beloved son?

Phor. Daughter! We're Daughters, undeniably.

Meph. Daughter or Son—all now will laugh at me.

Phor. New Triad this! What beauty! We in truth
Are gainers. An eye more—another tooth!

Meph. I must go hide myself from every eye
In very hell—the devils to terrify.

[*Exit.*]

*Rocky Bay of the Ægean Sea.—The Moon: staying in the
Zenith.*

SIRENS, NEREIDS and TRITONS.

Sirens [*lying on the cliffs around, piping and singing*].
In the old time, while Night shuddering heard their daring
rites malign,
The Thessalian sorceresses tore from that calm throne of
thine.
We, with no unholy magic would disturb thy rest divine.

Rest thee pure in thine own heaven, and from the bow of
thine own night
Look upon the glimmering waters, how they heave and roll
in light.
Oh! gleam softly on the pageant that ascends in noiseless
motion,
Through the phantom stars up-thronging, to the surface of
the ocean.
Lovely Luna, oh! smile on us—on thy worshippers'
devotion.

Ner. and Tri. Sing aloud, in tones more thrilling!
Sounds that, through the deep sea shrilling,
All its peoples may awaken!
We had sunk to lone recesses,
Under gulfs by tempest shaken—
Caves in Ocean's wildernesses!
From the low depths far away
Now uprise we, and obey
And follow the alluring lay!
We to deck ourselves delight.
See these golden bracelets bright;

Crown, and clasp, and precious stone ;
Chain, and brooch, and jewelled zone !
Treasures—the rich spoils that were
Of the shipwrecked mariner
On your fierce rocks flung away—
Your sweet songs have charmed them hither ;
You ! the demons of our bay.

Sirens. We know, that in the moist sea-waves,
We know, that in the cool sea-caves
Calm live the people of the sea.
A happy, peaceful dream is theirs
Of gliding life. No griefs—no cares.
And such your life, and such are ye.
But, on this day of Festival,
Delight it were to us—to all—
To see you in the glorious hour
Wake into life of higher power.

Ner. and Tri. Ere your song had hither brought us,
We had long ago bethought us
Of all this : and sisters, brothers,
In a moment off fleet we
To return, as proud as others
Of the ocean-family ;
Sea-shapes though we be, our claim
Is, as you full soon shall see,
To a higher rank and name.
'Tis but over some small space
Of the moonlight sea to race.
We shall show you what we be.

[*Exeunt.*

Sirens. They are off to SAMOTHRACE,
With a favouring wind ; but what can they find
In the realms of the CABIRI ;
Gods that baffle all enquiry ?
Gods, that high up on the shelves
Of the rough rocks plant themselves.

We can make nothing of their constitution—
Unconscious, self-involved self-evolution.

Oh, move not from thy height,
Fair Luna! The soft rays
Shed round us of thy haze,
And far away be Day's
Intrusive world of light.

Sea-shore.—THALES, HOMUNCULUS, NEREUS.

Thales [*to HOMUNCULUS*]. I'd take you now to NEREUS.

His cave's here;

But he's a queer old fellow—an austere
Odd-tempered being—sour and obstinate.
Man above everything he seems to hate—
The human race—he grumbles with such spite
Against us—men with him are never right.
Yet, as the future's present to his view;
And he, at times, has done good to some few,
He's in his way respected.

Homun.

At his gate

Let's knock, and test the cross old surly pate
By what you say of him, there's no great fear
We spill our flame or crack the glass-case here.

Nereus. Men's voices here? It makes me savage
when

I think of the absurdities of men.
Formations, that, 'gainst Nature's laws, would fain
Stretch themselves into gods—but all in vain,
—Doomed in their own damned likeness to remain!
Were it not for my zeal to serve mankind,
I might, in blissful quiet, have reclined
Godlike among the gods for ages past;
And what good does there come of it at last?
Things go on all the same, as though I had
Not said a word about them, good or bad.

Tha. Yet, Ancient of the Sea, with reverence
All look upon thee. Do not drive us hence.
The Flamelet here—shaped like a man, no doubt—
Oh ! look on him, who, wandering long about,
Seeks thy advice, which he will, out and out,
Follow.

Nereus. Advice ! what good is it ? Men hear
Advice, and then it freezes in the ear.
Though lessoned by the fierce fact o'er and o'er,
Yet men are ever self-willed as before.
Ere for another's wife his snares he wove
Warned I not Paris with a father's love ?
As on the Grecian shore the bold youth stood
I told him all that I in spirit viewed :
The thick and stifling smoke, the fire's red breath—
Roof-trees in flames—beneath them murder, death—
The doom of Troy, that for a thousand years
In the recording song hath waked men's fears.
He mocked the prophet, scorned the oracle,
Folloved his own wild will and Ilion fell—
A stark, cold, giant corpse. Its pangs had ceased,
And Pindus' eagles welcomed their rich feast.
Ulysses, too.—How often was my theme
Of Circe's wiles and savage Polypheme :
His own delays, the rashness of his train.
Forewarned of all—of all forewarned in vain :
Till, waves relenting, many a peril past,
The wanderer found a friendly shore at last.

Tha. This to the Wise, this cannot but give pain.
The Good even, though it may be all in vain,
Seeks to do good again and yet again.
Whole hundreds of ingratitude are less
In his eyes than one grain of thankfulness.
This is no common case, and your assistance
May serve us. What this spark wants is Existence.
He would enter upon Life. This asks a nice
Discretion, and we come for your advice.

Nereus. Hush ! Break not in on this delicious trance
Of rare delight ! Far other care employs
My spirit now than of man's cares or joys.
It is no hour for you to trouble me.
To-night is held a solemn festival,
Where I have hope to meet my daughters all—
The DORIDES—the Graces of the sea.
Olympus boasts not, nor Achaia bears
Through all her lands, Forms lovelier than theirs,
And then the Movements of the Nymphs of Ocean !
Theirs is the perfect harmony of motion,
As from the Dragons of the wave they spring
To the fleet Coursers of the Ocean King.
While flashing in the moonlight billow's play,
Inseparable from the wave seem they.
One with the element that is their home,
You see them rising with the rising foam.
In coloured play of Venus' pearly car
Comes GALATEA, of all now that are,
The loveliest and most beautiful by far ;
Who, since on Cyprus Venus ceased to smile,
Is worshipped as the Goddess of the isle,
For ages now inherits as her own
The Temple-city and the Chariot-throne.
Away ! and in a holy hour like this,
Oh, break not in upon a father's bliss.
No thought of anger now should stir his heart—
No word of censure from his lips should part.
Away to PROTEUS ! Question the Magician
As to the spark's proposed change of condition.
You thus may learn what transformations he
Must pass through to be anything—to BE.

[Exit, going towards the sea.]

Tha. *[to HOMUNCULUS].* We've not gained much by
this step, I should say.
Catch Proteus ! Catch him, and he melts away.

If he stands talk, 'twould seem his only bent
To create wonder and bewilderment.
Still you want counsel and advice. He can
Give it. We'll test him. Come on, little man. [*Exeunt.*]

Moonlight Bay.—SIRENS, NEREIDS and TRITONS.

Sirens [*on the rocks above*]. What far-off gleam moves o'er
the enchanted seas,
As though white sails flowed hither with the breeze,
Lustrous with light? Oh, what a change! Are these
The same wild women of the wave—these the NEREIDÉS?
Let's clamber down the rocks—perhaps to hear
Their words—at least to look at them more near.

Ner. and Tri. In our hands we bring a treasure
That must come to all with pleasure.
See! reflected from the field
Of Chelone's giant shield
Forms of stalwart strength forth spring:
They are gods! and them we bring
With us. Sing, in triumph sing!

Sirens. Tiny! if you mark their size:
Mighty! if their power you prize.
They in hours of shipwreck save
The sinking sailor from the wave.
Gods! that, in the ancient days,
Worshipped were with prayer and praise.

Ner. and Tri. The CABIRI we bring hither,
That the feast may peaceful be.
Where the Holy Ones are present
Friendly is the God of Sea.

We must yield to you, CABIRI!
When a vessel splits in two,
Then come ye, in power resistless,
Saviours of the sinking crew.

Ner. and Tri. Three of them with us we brought,
On the Fourth in vain we call ;
He resisted : said he ought,
As the Governor of all,
For the common weal take thought.

Sirens. Gods 'gainst gods, with scoff and sneer,
Bickering, clash with joke and jeer,
Counsel sage and safe we give,
With All peacefully to live.
All, that can do good, revere.
Them, that can do mischief, fear.

Ner. and Tri. There should be Seven of them, sisters
and brothers.

Sirens. There are but Four here. Where are the Three
others ?

Ner. and Tri. Can't say. Ask for them at Olympus :
there

They say an Eighth is. Whence he comes, and where
He hath his being, no one yet has stated.

They gladly would have been here, but they waited—
'Twould take some little time—to be created.

No making anything of them. Out of the way
Strange creatures.

Aboriginal gods are they.
Intuitions ; High Volitions ;
Longings Unrelievable ;
Sentimental Pangs of Hunger
For the Inconceivable.

Sirens. Wherever hath been given
A throne of power in heaven—
Sun, moon, or star—where'er
It is, we worship there—
With all of every creed
We pray. It hath its meed.

Ner. and Tri. Oh, what glory ours must be,
Leading this festivity.

Sirens. The Heroes of the ancient days,
Who from this hour forth shall praise?
If, to Greece, the Golden Fleece
They, in happy triumph, brought—
You a greater feat have wrought:
Bringing o'er the joyous main
The CABIRI in your train.

Univer. Chor. If, to Greece, the Golden Fleece
They, in happy triumph, brought—
You a greater feat have wrought:
Bringing o'er the joyous main
The CABIRI in your train.

[NEREIDS and TRITONS *pass on.*

HOMUNCULUS, THALES, PROTEUS.

Homunculus. The stupid things are very like old crocks,
'Gainst which, all covered o'er with grime and dust,
The Antiquarians' hard heads get hard knocks.

Tha. Well, this is what they wish: the medal must
Be, to bear any price, all over rust.

Pro. [*invisible*]. Here the old Fabulist can feed his
love
Of wonders with sights well worth thinking of—
Odd, but as idols better to revere.

Tha. Where art thou, PROTEUS?

Pro. [*from different places*]. Here I am! Here! Here!

Tha. [*to HOMUNCULUS*]. The old buffoon is now at his
provoking

Play of cross purposes. Let's have an end
Of this. 'Tis out of place and time this joking—
These tricks on an old traveller. Come, friend!
I know your voice, and how it sounds at distance
When you are at my elbow.

Pro. [*as at a distance*]. Fare thee well !

Tha. [*aside to HOMUNCULUS*]. Now flash your light out !

Now, with its assistance,
We'll catch him. He's as curious as a fish,
And lured by light, in whatsoever shape :
If you but flash out strong he can't escape.

Homun. I'll flash my light out strongly ; but must take
Precaution that the glass-case do not break.

Pro. [*in the form of a giant tortoise*]. What's that shines
out with charm so exquisite ?

Tha. [*veiling HOMUNCULUS*]. If you would see, you
must come nearer it.

Grudge not the trouble. Come, I do entreat !
Come, be a man ! Come, on a man's two feet
You want to see a something we have got,
Which we at will may show you, or may not.
We dictate terms.

Pro. [*in a noble form*]. Yours still are sophist's tricks.

Tha. You still change shapes and on none certain fix.

[*Unveils HOMUNCULUS.*]

Pro. [*exhibiting astonishment*]. A glittering dwarf ! A
show well worth the seeing :
Never knew creature like it was in being.

Tha. He wants your counsel—has come a long distance :
His object is to get into existence.
He is, by what he told me of his birth,
Miraculously come but half to earth :
A lively spark—has every mental quality ;
But, luckless fellow, 'twas his strange fatality,
An active, naked spirit, all alone—
Without a shred of body, blood or bone,
Into the world to be at hazard thrown—
His glass is all he has to steady him :
He wants and wishes body, life, and limb.

Pro. True love-child this ! a boy that would, I wis,

Make his appearance ere his mother is
Disposed to welcome him.

Tha. [*whispering*]. Boy? Is't so?
If boy or girl, we really cannot know
Till he puts on life.

Pro. Well! let time settle that!
We cannot tell what Fortune's driving at.
For better luck may hap. In the wide sea
Is Life. There, there must the first process be.
There in the little all begin—then seize
The less, and so grow larger by degrees:
Shift to new forms of being—every past
Foretells a future—the more perfect last!

Homun. The breeze brings fragrance with it; and the flow
Of glad green billows, too! I love it so!

Pro. No doubt you do; but further on 'twill be
Still pleasanter. And just here, where the land
Ends in a narrow tongue of sparkling strand,
What a delicious breathing from the sea!
Move onward, where the sky seems yet more clear,
And see the gay procession floating near.
Come with me! Come.

Tha. And me—you must take me.

Homun. A memorable move of Spirits three.

TELCHINES OF RHODES ON HIPPOCAMPS AND SEA-
DRAGONS. SIRENS, PROTEUS, THALES, HOMUN-
CULUS.

Telchines of Rhodes [*holding NEPTUNE'S trident*].
The Trident, with which the vexed billows' commotion
He calms, we have forged for the Monarch of Ocean.
O'er the heavens if his thick clouds the Thunderer spread,
Poseidon replies to the roll overhead.
To the flare of forked lightnings above will the spray

Of billows below flash terrific as they ;
And the wreck, by the wild wind in agony tossed,
Whirling round in the sea-gulfs is swallowed and lost.

The Sea-god, propitious this festival night,
To us hath entrusted his sceptre of might,
That our path on the waves may be peaceful and bright.

Sirens. Hail ye, each and every one,
Dedicated to the Sun !
Hail, in the mysterious hour
Sacred to his sister's power.
Priests are ye of Helios bright :
This is Luna's festal night.

Telch. Queen of the bow, whose delight in the skies
Are the songs from the earth to thy brother that rise.
To RHODES, the glad island, an ear dost thou lend,
Where pæans for ever like incense ascend.
How brightly at morning smiles on us the sun—
How brightly at eve, when his day course is run.
Mountains and cities—shore, waters—all here
In his eyes are well pleasing—are cloudless and clear.
If a wreath of thin vapour the blue heaven obscure :
A beam and a breeze and the island is pure.
Here a hundred bright forms of himself meet his sight—
Now Giant, now Stripling—all Mildness, all Might.
Here, in this glorious land, Sculpture began—
Gods and the godlike to image in Man.

Pro. Let them sing and shout away.
These dead works ! Oh ! what are they
To the beams of the bright sun —
To the living ray ?
They shape, they melt, reshape the mass,
And deem a something done.
What is at last the fate
Of these proud gods of brass ?
Grand stood the image-gods and great :

An earthquake shook them from their state.
Melted again, again into new moulds they pass.

Earth's movements, whatsoe'er they be,
Obstruction are and drudgery.
LIFE and the living waves agree.
To the waters come with me !
To the Everlasting Sea !
Proteus-Dolphin carries thee [*changes himself*].
'Tis done, 'tis done. The triumph's won :
Thy crowning destiny !
On my back I carry thee !
To the Ocean marry thee !

Tha. Go ! Sure way the goal of winning
Is, "begin with the beginning."
With him to the waters thou,
Active life awaits thee now.
On from forms to new forms ranging,
Still obeying laws unchanging,
Till at last you're landed at
Man. 'Twill take some time to that.

[*PROTEUS has assumed the shape of a dolphin, and takes HOMUNCULUS on his back.*]

Pro. In the Spirit come ! In Ocean
Sport thee—in the free wave wide.
Thine own joy to every motion
Still the impulse, still the guide !
Happy, while in unforeseeing,
Unreflecting germs alive ;
But to higher states of being
In thy yearnings never strive.
As to Man—once there, you're done up—
The game's over—all the fun up.

Tha. That's as may happen. Is it nothing, then,
To be a man distinguished 'mong the men
Of one's own time ?

Pro. [to THALES]. One of your stamp and style
May no doubt be remembered some short while.
Mong the pale crowds of Spirits yours appears
One noticeable for a thousand years.

SIRENS, THALES, PSELLI, and MARSI. DORIDES, and
their Human Lovers. NEREUS, GALATEA, PROTEUS,
HOMUNCULUS. *Universal Chorus.*

Sirens [on the rocks]. What a lovely ring of cloudlets
Round the moon, in halo bright !
DOVES, whom burning love enkindles—
Radiant dove-wings pure as light—
Birds, that Love enflames—'tis Paphos
Sends them on this festal night.
Now the Auguries are perfect.
Think we now but of delight !

Nereus [stepping to THALES]. Gazing on the cloudlets fair,
A wanderer by night
Might easily believe they were
Meteors that mocked the sight—
Illusions of the air ;
But we—that Spirits are—but we,
That in the spirit all things see,
We know well that such conclusion
Would indeed be a delusion.
Cytherea's Doves they are
'That, in flight miraculous,
Follow now my daughter's car.
In the old day it was thus.

Tha. To the view that you suggest
I would yield with no misgiving,
If, within the calm warm nest,
Something holy still were living,
And had there its place of rest.

Pselli and Marsi [on sea-bulls, sea-calves, and rams].

In the rocky caves of Cyprus—
Never by the god of Ocean
Shaken, never by the dread
Spasms of Seismos visited—
We, as in the days of old,
In calm of heart—in joy that hath no voice
To speak its conscious rapture—we rejoice
To guard the Car of Cypris. Our delight
Is, in the murmuring hours of the soft night,
O'er lustrous billows, tremulously heaving,
In whispers low their lovely network weaving,
The pearly Chariot from its secret grot
To bear in triumph over the glad water ;
And, all unseen of men who know her not,
Still worship Beauty in her loveliest daughter.

We, our gentle task pursuing,
Care not what the world is doing.
Let the Eagle's plumeless pinion,
Or Winged Lion, claim dominion :
Be it Cross, or be it Crescent,
With alternate victory.
For their battle-field incessant,
Tears and triumphs, what care we ?

While they do their work of ruin,
Devastating, without pity,
Harvest-field, and storming city,
We, our gentle task pursuing,
On her moonlight path serene
With us bring our lovely queen.

Sirens. Gently move, with measured speed,
Round the chariot, ring in ring :
Then flow on, a twofold line,
Side by side, and intertwine
In your windings serpentine !

NEREIDÉS, come ye !
Wild women of the sea,
Built in robustest mould,
Free, vigorous, and bold,
With joyous gambolling.
Tumultuous jubilee
Of Nature's savage glee !
Come, gentle DORIDES !
Of forms more delicate,
Whom joy doth not elate,
To GALATEA bring
In every sister face
Features, in which we trace
The Mother of the race—

A more than earthly, more than heavenly grace.
The godlike earnestness of mien—flower of immortal birth—
The winningness, the smile serene, of daughters of the
earth,

Dor. [*passing NEREUS, on dolphins*]. Lend us, Luna,
light and shadows ! Let thy tender radiance all
—We, the while, in shade half-hidden—on these human
blossoms fall.

They are ours ! to our fond father we would show each
chosen youth.

[*To NEREUS*]. 'They are ours, whom we have rescued from
the tempest's savage tooth.

Them on moss and softest seaweed, warming to new life, we
laid.

Warmed to life, with burning kisses they our tender cares
repaid.

Father ! hear our fond entreaty !

Look on them with love and pity !

Nereus. A twofold gain you find in this employment—
Compassion for distress, and self-enjoyment.

Dor. Father ! if we find favour in thy sight—
If thou dost sympathize in our delight—

Oh ! to these dear ones give
For ever thus to live :
Young heart to heart replying
Love endless, love undying !

Nereus. You've caught them—keep them. Aye ! hold
while you can

Your glittering prey, and mould the youths to man.

But as to Immortality—

ZEUS has the gift of it—not I.

The waves, you rock on, still must move :

Their restlessness knows nothing of

This fancy of abiding love.

Let the dream play its moment and

Forget it ; and with gentle hand

Lay the youths tenderly on land.

Dor. Dearest youths ! we love you well.

You and we, alas ! must sever.

Oh ! that love could last for ever !

But the gods the prayer repel !

The Youths. Love us, love us still ! More pleasant
Fortune never can befall

Sailor-lads, to whom the Present,

Evermore is all in all.

[*GALATEA is now seen approaching on her Car of shell.*

Nereus. 'Tis thou, my love.

Gal.

What rapture ! father, dear !

Linger, ye dolphins ! the glance holds me here.

[*The Car moves on rapidly.*

Nereus. Already ! what so far away already ?

Onward and onward wheeling by, in swift and sparkling
eddy ?

For the Heart's inner beatings, what care they ?

Oh ! had they ta'en me with them ! Yet the sight,

A moment's lustre as it speeds away,

Will make the whole year bright.

Tha. [*exultingly and with solemnity*]. Hail ! hail ! again
all hail ! Life blooms anew.

My spirit is pierced through

By the Beautiful, the True.

In Water all hath had its primal source ;

And Water still keeps all things in their course.

Ocean, still round us let thy billows proud

Roll in their strength—still send up mist and cloud.

If the rich rivers thou didst cease to spread—

If floods no more were from thy bounty fed—

And the thin brooklet died in its dry bed—

Where then were mountains—valleys ? Where would be

The world itself ? Oh ! thou dost still, great Sea,

Sustain alone the fresh life of all things.

Echo [*chorus of the collective circles*]. From Thee ! from

Thee ! that fresh life still outsprings.

Nereus. Rocked on the waves, the gay procession bends
Circle in circle—chain in chain extends.

Such is the ordered festival. No chance

Again of greeting smile, or glance encountering glance.

Back winds the innumerable company ;

But Galatea's shell-throne still I see,

Where through the crowd it glitters like a star,

The Loved, 'mong thousands, still is seen afar—

And seen, however far, shines bright and clear :

Is no illusion—still is true—is near.

Homun. In the calm moisture all on which my light
Cast its strong beam is exquisitely fair.

Pro. Life's moisture 'tis that makes the lamplet bright,
And 'twill chime proudly in Life's ambient air.

Nereus. What are we next to see ? A something shines
Far, far away among the seaward lines :
Round GALATEA'S feet Flames pant and play—
Now in strong blaze, now languishing away—
As if the throbbings were the throbbings of
The wildly agitated pulse of Love.

Tha. It is HOMUNCULUS. It must be he.
Proteus, no doubt, has tempted him to sea.
This comes of his ambition ; and the end
I venture—'tis no hard task—to portend :
Already do I hear his anguished moan—
He'll dash himself against the sparkling throne.
Aye—as I said—there goes he—spilled about—
Flame flashing thick and fast—all gushing out !

Sirens. What fiery wonder spreading o'er the sea
Clothes it with such surpassing brilliancy ?
Billows on billows dash with lightning flash.
Bodies, that through the ocean move to-night,
Move ringed with fire, and in a path of light.
Everywhere fire ! Hail, EROS ! hail ! With thee
The world began : oh ! still its ruler be !

Hail ! O SEA ! All hail, ye bright
Billows fringed with holy light !
FIRE, all hail ! Hail, Ocean range !
Hail ! all hail ! Adventure strange !

All. AIR, with all thy breezy waves,
Hail ! Hail, EARTH'S mysterious caves !
Honour now and evermore
To the Elemental FOUR.

ACT III.

SCÈNE, BEFORE THE PALACE OF MENELAUS AT SPARTA.

Enter HELENA with a Chorus of captive Trojan women.
PANTHALIS, *Chorus-leader.*

Helena. I, whom men looked upon with love and wonder,
And whom men so reviled—I, HELENA,

Come from the shore where we but now have landed,
Still giddy with the swinging of the waves
That on their high and bristly backs have, through Posei-
don's favour
And the wings of the strong East wind, home from the
Phrygian plain,
To the land of our fathers borne us—to our own native
bay.

Glad of his safe return, on the strand, King Menelaus
Rests yonder, with the bravest and best of his warriors
rejoicing.

And hast thou not a welcome home for thy mistress,
High House, that my father Tyndarus, near the slope,
Built for himself when he from Pallas hill returned,
And, while in sister love I played with Clytemnestra,
With Castor here, and Pollux, in the growing days of
childhood,
So gloriously adorned above all homes of Sparta?

And hail ! all hail ! wings of the brazen gate :
Ye that were thrown wide open to all guests !
Never with more inviting hospitality
Than when King Menelaus came a bridegroom—
The one, the chosen one of many princes.
How he shone before my eyes in that early happy time !

Fly open swiftly, wings of the brazen gate !
That the king's mandate, which admits not of
Delay, I, as beseems his wife, may now fulfil.
Fly open to receive me ! but shut out
The strange disastrous destiny that still
Storms round me. Since the day I left this place—
Without one grief, without one care to seek
Cythera's temple, in obedience to
High duties ; but the robber there, the Phrygian

Seized me--have many things occurred that men
Love to spread far and wide ; he, of whom such are told,
But little loves to hear the still-increasing rumour,
Where his own acts he finds spun to a tale of wonder.

Chor. Disdain not, glorious lady,
The honour that accompanies 'mong men
This thy possession of the highest good.
To thee, alone, of all—to thee alone
This highest favour of the gods was given ;
The fame of Beauty—fame above all others.

Before the hero moves the hero's name
And onward doth he march in pride ;
Yet he, the warrior—he, who to no other
Would bend the neck, in spirit bows him down
Before the Beautiful, the all-subduing !

Hel. No more ! I have sailed hither with my husband,
And now by him am to his city sent on ;
But what thought he may have in heart, I guess not.
Come I a wife ? Come I, indeed a queen ?
Come I a victim, destined to atone
The prince's pangs, the people's sufferings,
So long endured ? And am I hither brought
For sacrifice ? Or, by the event of war
Won, am I but a prisoner ? I divine not.
A fame and fate ambiguous the Immortals
Have doomed for me, unenviable attendants
Of Beauty, ever with me—aye, for ever ;
Even here—upon this threshold—here beside me
Gloomily stands the evil-boding presence.
Ere yet we left the hollow ship but seldom did my
 husband
Look on me, and he spake no cheery word.
Opposite me he sate, and seemed the while
Gloomily meditating something evil ;

But scarcely had the beaks of the first ships,
Within the curving shore of the Eurotas
Steered safely, greeted land, when thus spake he—
Seemed it that with his voice the inspiring God
Spake:—"Here, my warriors, each in his due order
Move, disembarking: I will muster them,
Rank after rank, drawn up on the sea strand.
But go thou on! Go up along the bank
Of the holy river, where Eurotas flows
Through his fertile valley. Turn thy swift steeds up
Over the emerald depths of the moist meadow,
Till thou hast reached the high plain and the buildings
Of Lacedæmon, late a rich wide field
Hemmed in by solitary hills severe.
Enter the palace there high turreted;
Gather the maids, whom I left there at parting,
Together; and the sage old stewardess,
Let her show thee the rich collected treasures,
Thy father's gathering, and those, too, that I,
In peace and war ever increasing them,
Have piled together. All in order due
Wilt thou find standing—for it is the right
Undoubted of the prince, that, to his home returning,
He finds all things in their place as he hath left them:
For of himself the slave hath power to alter nothing."

Chor. With the rich treasures now, that, day by day,
And year by year, have added to—oh feast
Thine eyes and breast.

The Chainlet's graceful charm,
The Diadem that the high brow adorns,
There are they resting proud—they deemed themselves
Even in themselves a something.

Step thou on
Into the treasure chamber. Challenge them!
Up start they. They in pride
Array them for the battle.

'Tis a delight to me to see the contest—
Beauty 'gainst gold and pearls and gems of price.

Hel. So spake my lord—this farther mandate followed :
“When thou hast seen through all things in their order,
Then take as many tripods as thou deemest
Needful—as many vessels as the priest
Requires when perfecting the holy rite—
Caldrons and bowls and flat round altar-plates—
The purest water, from the holy fount,
Be in high pitchers;—a short space apart
Have dry wood ready, quick to catch the flame;—
And let not a well-sharpened knife be wanting !
All else I leave it to thy sole concern.”

So spake he, urging me to part ; but nothing
Of living breath doth the orderer of the rite
Designate to be slain in dedication
Of solemn sacrifice to the Olympians.
I know not what to think—and—think I will not—
My present duty is now my sole concern.
Let all be as the high Gods order it,
Who what they have decreed accomplish ever :
Men may esteem it good—men may esteem it
Evil—but good or evil man must bear.
Often ere now the sacrificing priest
Hath raised the heavy axe, devoting it
To the neck of the beast bent down to earth ;
And the blow could not perfect, for there came
Preventing foe, or intervening god.

Chor. What is to be thou never canst think out.
Oh ! queen, with cheery spirit move thou on !
To mortals Good and Evil
Will unexpected come.
Even if predicted, we do not believe.
Troy was on fire already ; we, already
Saw death before our eyes—a death of shame—
And yet are we not here,

Associated with thee,
Thy joyous hand-maidens?
And yet we see the dazzling sun of heaven;
We see the brightest glory of the earth,
Thee, gracious lady! Happy! happy we!

Hel. Be what may be! Me doth it now beseem,
Whate'er may interpose of evil or of good,
To ascend at once and move into the palace—
The royal house that many a year unseen,
Longed for, deemed lost for ever, here stands out
Before my eyes, I know not how. My feet
Bear me not now with the same cheery bound
Up the high steps o'er which I sprang in childhood.

Chor. Cast, oh, my sisters, mournful captives, cast
All mourning far away!
Rejoice we in the fortune of our mistress!
Rejoice we in the joy of Helena!
Who to the hearth of her ancestral home
Returning late, but with a foot more firm
Even for that late return,
Approaches in her joy.

Praise ye the holy ones,
The joyous, who bring back in happiness
Exiles to their own homestead. Praise the gods,
The holy ones! the glad home-bringing gods!

The freed one, he whose fetters are unbound,
Over the roughest flies as if with wings;
While the pale captive, with vain longings filled,
Stretching his arms beyond the battlement,
Within his prison pines.

But Her in a far-off land a god did seize,
And, back from Ilion's ruins,
And hither to the old ancestral house,

Hath borne and brought, after long joys and sorrows,
Sorrow and joy unspeakable,
To live her youth again.

Panth. [*as Chorus-leader*]. Leave now the joy-surrounded
path of song.

Look towards the portal's wings. What see I there,
Sisters? Is't not the queen returning hither,
Hurrying with eager agitated steps?
What is it, mighty queen, what can it be,
In the halls of thine own house, instead of the greeting
Of thine own, hath come to wound and shatter thee thus?
'Thou dost not, canst not hide it. On thy brow
Is undisguised abhorrence—noble anger—
That with surprise is struggling unsubdued.

Hel. Jove's daughter common fear doth not beseem.
Light terrors pass her by, and touch her not.
But a horror, from the bosom of old Night
And primal Chaos, rising many-shaped,
Like lurid clouds from the fire-caverned mountain
Up-whirling, shatters even the hero's breast.
The Stygian powers to-day so gloomily
Have marked my entrance to the palace, that
Even from the old, familiar, often-trod,
Long-wished-for threshold, I almost desire
To part for ever, as though I were but
A chance guest—as though this were not my home.
I have shrunk back from them thus far. I am now
In the light; and farther, Powers, whate'er you be,
Ye shall not drive me. I will think upon
Some ritual form, that, purified, the hearth
Glowing may greet the Lady as the Lord!

Chorus-leader. Oh, noble lady! make known to thy
servants,

Devotedly who love thee, what hath happened.

Hel. What I saw, ye with your own eyes shall see,

If ancient Night belike have not drunk back again
Instantly the dire shape, her own foul work,
Into her bosom's monster-teeming depths.
Yet it is meet I tell it you in words.
As I paced the gloom of the inner court of the palace
With staid religious steps, in my thoughts weighing
That which concerned me first, I felt amazement
At the strange silence and the emptiness
Of the passages. No sound of rapid step
Came to my ear—no stir of busy haste
Meeting my eye—and no attendant maid
Came forward as of old—no stewardess—
Such as were wont to welcome every stranger.
But as I reached the bosom of the hearth,
There saw I cowering o'er the last faint heat
Of embers dying, muffled up, the strange
Shape of what seemed a woman. Gaunt was she,
And huge. She was not, so it seemed, asleep;
But rather was as one lost in her own deep thoughts.
I, as her mistress, called her up to work,
Believing that she was the stewardess
My husband's foresight had, when he left home,
Placed here. Still muffled doth she sit and stirs not.
I chide her. Then, at length, uprears she her right arm,
As though from hearth and hall to motion me away.
I turn in wrath from her, and hasten on
'Toward the high steps leading where the Thalamos
Rises adorned, and the near Treasure-room.
Swift from the ground upstarts that marvellous shape—
Straight in my way, with gesture of command,
Stands—shows itself in its full meagre vastness,
With hollow troubled eyeballs, blood-begrimed.
Dire spectre, eye and mind alike distracting!
I speak but to the winds. Words, all in vain,
Seek to build up and to embody shapes.
But see her!—and she ventures to the light!—

Here, till our lord and king returns, we rule.
Such drear abortions, Phœbus, friend of Beauty,
Drives to their night-caves down, or he subdues.

[PHORCYAS *steps out on the threshold between the door-
posts.*

Chor. Much have I lived through, much have I suffered,
Though the ringlet still youthfully rolls round my temples ;
Much have I seen, and have suffered of sorrow,
Affliction of war—that last sad night of Ilion,
When it fell.

Through the cloud and the whirl, and the dust and the
tumult,
And the loud din of warriors crushing down warriors,
Over all heard I the gods shouting fearfully—
Heard I the brassy-tongued accents of ERIS
From the battle-field sound, as move on the Immortals,
Nearer each moment, and evermore nearer
To the walls of the city devoted to ruin.

They yet were standing, the proud walls were standing,
Of Ilion ; but red flames already were running
Hither and thither, from roof-tree to roof-tree,
Ever extending ; and ever the sound of
The restless flames rolling seemed as of tempest,
In the gloom of black night, breaking over the city.

And as I fled, I saw through mist and fire,
And light of flames that started up in tongues,
The approach of gods. All in their wrath they moved—
Shapes wondrous—onward striding—giant forms
Seen through the deepening gloom of fire-illuminated vapour.

Saw I them ? Or did the anguish of my spirit
Shape the wild phantomry ? This never can I say ;
But that I now with my body's eyes behold

The frightful shape before me I know well.
With my hands I could grasp it, did not Fear,
Did not Horror hold me back.

Tell me ! tell me !
Which art thou of Phorcys' daughters ?
For of that kin and kind no doubt thou art,
One of the dames belike born with grey hairs—
With one eye and one tooth,
Which they in turns employ :
One of the Graiæ showing thy face here.

Dost venture—horror that thou art—dost venture
Into the presence of Beauty ? Dost venture
To show thyself here to the piercing eye
Of Phoebus ? But come on—yes ! come on boldly—
For He doth never look upon the Hideous :
His holy eye hath never yet seen shadow.

But we ! alas !—mortals ! but we must bear
—Compelled by our unhappy fate—
The anguish of such sight,
The misery unspeakable,
This loathsome offal, this unblessed thing,
Wakes up in hearts that feel the love of beauty.

But hear thou—as, in wanton insolence,
Thou wilt encounter us—hear thou our curse !
Hear imprecation ! hear abuse, abhorrence,
And threats, and words of loathing from the lips
Of the beautiful—the happy—from the lips
Of us, whom gods have formed !

Phor. Old is the word, but high and true its import,
That Modesty and Beauty never hand in hand
Together walk over the earth's green path.

Deep in the hearts of both inveterate hate
Dwells rooted, so that whensoever they meet
Each turns her back upon her adversary—
Each moves on faster. Modesty with downcast
Heart, Beauty waxing bold and insolent,
Till Orcus' hollow night at last hath caught her—
If long ere that Age hath not tamed her down.
But you, ye haughty wantons—refuse of foreign lands—
To me ye seem a cloud of clamorous cranes,
From overhead that send down their shrill croak.
The traveller, unconcerned, upon his walk
Hears and looks up ; but they pursue their way—
He his—and thus it is with you and me.

Who are ye, then, that thus ye dare rave round
The palace, Mænad-like, as though ye were
Drunk? Who, then, are ye, that ye howl against
The stewardess, as crowds of dogs the moon?
Think ye I know you not and of what kind
Ye are?—ye war-begotten, battle-nursed, young fry
—Lascivious brood, seducers and seduced—
Enervating alike the warrior's
And the burgher's strength. See there, the swarm of you
Seems to me like a locust-cloud's descent,
Covering the harvest-field in its green promise.
Ye wasters of the industry of others,
Whose luxury ruins the hard-earning man—
Captives of war—bought, sold, and bought again—
Ware, worse than worthless, auctioned off, flung away.

Hel. Who, in the lady's presence, chides her maidens,
O'ersteps the clear rights of domestic life.
It only for the mistress is to give
Reward of praise ; and hers it is to punish.
I with the duteous service was pleased well
Which they to me rendered when the proud strength
Of Ilion was besieged, and fell, and sank.

Nor less when came the wretched wandering time
Of our voyaging—a time, when each on self thinks only.
A cheerful group!—here, too, will serve me cheerfully.
“Not what the slave,” we ask; “but how he serves.”
Be silent, then, nor snarl thou thus at them.
Hast hitherto kept duly the king’s house,
Supplying the mistress’s place? Be that thy praise!
The Mistress now is here. Step thou then back,
Lest chastisement, not praise, be thy just meed.

Phor. The inmates and dependants of a house
To menace is no unimportant right;
And the heaven-favoured ruler’s noble consort
By many a year of prudent conduct earns it.
Therefore, as undisputed thou dost tread
Again our queen and mistress the old ground—
Seize on the long-abandoned reins of empire.
Possess thou the king’s treasure, and us, too,
As yours,—and me, in my old age, protect
From this young fry, that near thee, swan of beauty,
Seem coarsely-feathered, clattering cackling geese.

Chorus-leader. How hideous in the neighbourhood of
Beauty,
More than deformed doth seem Deformity.

Phor. How more than foolish, seen near Wisdom and
Prudent Discretion, Foolishness appears.

[*The CHORUS reply, each member of the CHORUS
singly stepping forward as she speaks.*

Choritid First. Tell of thy father Erebus; tell of thy
mother Night.

Phor. Tell thou of Scylla—speak of thy sister blood-
hound whelp.

Choritid Second. From the same root with thee sprung
many a monster,

Phor. Away to Orcus—there thy kinsfolk search out.

Choritid Third. All who dwell yonder are too young for
thee.

Phor. Away with thee—go, court there old Tiresias.

Choritid Fourth. Orion's nurse was thy great-grand-daughter.

Phor. Harpies, in filth, did feed and fatten thee.

Choritid Fifth. How wert thou fed, to have preserved such leanness?

Phor. 'Twas not with Blood, for which thou dost so thirst.

Choritid Sixth. For Corpses thou dost hunger—foul corpse thou

Phor. A Vampire tooth glares from thy insolent jaws.

Leader of Chorus. Thine will I close, by telling who thou art.

Phor. Name but thyself, then were the riddle read.

Hel. Not angry, but in grief, step I between you,
Forbidding this wild tempest of conflicting words:

For to the ruler nothing can occur

Worse, or attended with more disrepute,

Than hatred growing up among his faithful servants.

The echo of his mandates now no longer

Returns in harmony of instant act

Responsive ; but, self-willed, reels here and there.

Perplexed, he knows not what to make of it :

Chides every one and everything in vain.

Not this alone ; but your unmannered bickering

Hath called up shapes unhallowed—fearful imagery—

That still are pressing round me, till I am

Myself, despite of this paternal land, torn down,

As 'twere, from it to Orcus. Is it Memory,

Or Fancy is it, that thus seizes me?

Was I all that? Am I it? Am I yet

To be it? Dreadful dream! Dream is it?—dream!

Am I then—I—the fearful fatal form,

The horror, that hath desolated cities?

The maidens shudder. Thou, whose age hath calmed thee
down,

Alone art self-possessed. Speak thou ! say how things are.

Phor. Who thinks on years of unmixed happiness,
To him, at last, the gods' best gifts seem dreams.
Favoured beyond all bounds ! above all measure !
Thou, in the flow of years, sawest none but lovers—
Bold men, whose burning passions stopped at nothing.
There was Theseus ! He was first—he lost no time—
A greedy wooer—he snapped thee up, a young thing :
He, strong as Hercules—a princely well-built man.

Hel. He bore me off—a slender ten-years' roe—to Attica.
There the fortress of Aphidnus safely walled me round.

Phor. Castor and Pollux freed you, and you were then
wooded

By a whole army of illustrious worthies.

Hel. Yet, will I own, of all those chiefs, Patroclus,
Pelides' image, won my silent favour.

Phor. Yet thee thy father's prudent choice gave to King
Menelaus.

Both robber on the seas was he, and his own home's bold
defender.

Hel. To him he gave his daughter, and to him he gave
his kingdom ;
And from our union sprang Hermione.

Phor. King Menelaus warred far off at Crete. To thee,
left lonely,
An all too lovely guest made his appearance.

Hel. Why call back now that sad half-widowhood ?
What dread misfortunes have grown out of it !

Phor. To me that voyage, too, a free-born Cretan,
brought
Weary captivity—long servitude.

Hel. He placed thee here as stewardess of the palace,
Confiding to thy care household and hard-won treasure.

Phor. All which you left for Ilion's tower-girt city,
And love's own raptures inexhaustible.

Hel. Speak not of raptures ! Woe it was unending,
Evermore showered down on my breast and head.

Phor. Yet, say they, you appeared a twofold image—
In Ilion seen, and seen, at the same time, in Egypt.

Hel. Oh, make not wholly mad this desolate madness.
Even now what I now am I do not know.

Phor. They say from the void realm of shades, Achilles,
Burning in deathless love, did make thee his—
He who erewhile had loved—but Fate denied.

Hel. An idol with an idol I was wedded :
A shadowy phantom he, a gleamy apparition.
It was a dream—only a dream—and so the very words
say.

I faint—I fall away from life—am fading into phantom.

[*Sinks into the arms of the SEMICHORUS.*]

Chor. Silence thee ! Silence thee !
Evil-eyed, evil-tongued !
Oh !—the savage lips, from which their one tooth glares !
Oh ! the foul breath from that abominable gulf !

Malignity, acting benevolence—
The fierce wolf under the sheep's woolly fleece—
To me is more fearful by far
Than the jaws of the three-headed hound.
We stand in dread expectancy
Of when—how—where—the rabid fury, that lurks
In act to spring upon us, will leap forth ?

Now, instead of kindly word,
Bringing balm of consolation,
Lethe's sweet dew of oblivion,
Thou dost, from the whole hoarded records of
The times gone by, stir only evil up,
Darkening at once the brightness of the present
And the mild glimmering hope-light of the future.

Be silent ! Be silent !
That the soul of the queen,
Ready to fly,
May yet remain—may yet not cease to hold
That form of forms—the loveliest that the sun
Of earth hath ever seen.

[HELENA recovers and resumes her place in the midst.]

Phor. From the flying clouds, oh ! step forth, lofty sun of
this bright day.
Thee, even veiled, we saw with rapture. Dazzling splendour
now is thine !
Joyous earth smiles out to meet thee, and thy smile is over
all.

Me they rail against as hideous, yet I know the beautiful.

Hel. Fainting, step I from the blank void—from the
whirl that round me pressed.

I am weak, and sick, and weary—would sink back into
repose.

Yet to queens—yet to all living—it is a beseeeming thing
With calm heart to meet the future—with calm heart whate'er
may be.

Phor. Now you stand in your full greatness—in your
beauty you stand there.

In your glance I read a mandate. Speak the mandate, lady,
speak !

Hel. The delay, that your bold quarrel caused me, hasten
to repair.

Haste the sacrifice to perfect, as the king directed me.

Phor. All's within—all's ready : dishes—tripod—keen
axe, sharpened well—

Water for lustration—incense. Designate the victim thou.

Hel. It the king hath not appointed.

Phor. Told thee not ? Oh ! sad, sad word !

Hel. What's the sadness that comes o'er thee ?

Phor. Queen, 'tis thou—'tis thou art meant.

Hel. I?——

Phor. And these——

Chor. Oh woe! Oh sorrow!

Phor. Thou wilt fall beneath the axe.

Hel. Fearful, yet I felt it would be!

Phor. Unavoidable it seems.

Chor. Ah! and we! What is to happen?

Phor. She will die a noble death;

But within there, on the high beam that supports the gable-roof,

Like the thrushes in a bird-snare, you in a long row will flutter.

[*HELENA and CHORUS stand astonished and terrified in expressive well-arranged groups.*]

Phor. Phantoms! forms numbed to very stone by terror,

Aghast at the thought of parting from the daylight!

Yet in the day you have no natural right.

'Tis the same case with men—they, too, are phantoms:—

Little love they to quit the holy sunlight.

Yet the end comes no force or prayer can stay:

All know it—few contemplate it with pleasure.

Enough—all's over with you.

Quick to work!

[*Claps her hands, on this appear at the door masked dwarf figures, who actively perform everything as she directs.*]

Hither, swarth goblinry—squab, sooty scrubs—

Roll yourselves round! Here's the work that you love—

Misery and mischief to your hearts' content.

Trundle the altar out with the golden horns—

Over the silver rim let shine the hatchet.

Fill the water-crocks, to wash away the soil

Of the black polluting blood. Spread o'er the dust

The splendid carpet, that the victim may

Kneel down in royal wise: then wrapt in it—

The head, no doubt, clipped off—be, as beseems
Her rank, borne gracefully to honoured burial.

Leader of Chorus. Apart the Queen stands, thinking, as
'twould seem.

The maidens, like the mown grass of the meadow,
Droop.

[*To PHORCYAS*]. It would seem my sacred duty, then,
As far the eldest here, to have a word with thee,
Whose birth I deem coeval with the world.
You are experienced—wise, and seem to us
Benevolently disposed, although this giddy,
Unthinking, petulant group have scoffed at you.
Tell what you know of any possible rescue.

Phor. 'Tis easily told. It on the Queen alone
Depends to save herself and you, her people.
She must decide—must decide instantly.

Chor. Worthiest of the *Parcæ* sisters—of the Sibyls
wisest thou—
Hold in sheath the golden scissors—tell us, tell of life and
daylight ;
For we feel already waving—dangling—swinging, back and
forward,
Joylessly, the little limbs, that, in the dance, with cheerful
movement
Love to play, and then to rest them softly on a lover's
bosom.

Hel. They ! Let them quail and tremble ! Pain I suffer,
not terror :

Yet, if you know of rescue, with thanks be it received.
To the sagacious, who, far on, and wide
Around them, look, the Impossible shows itself
Possible. Speak on. Tell us what you know ?

Chor. Speak and tell—and tell us quickly—how we may
escape the savage
Odious noose, that we feel threatening, like a most unwel-
come necklace,

To wind round our throats. We feel it—wretched victims—
clinging, clasping,
Choking utterance, nay, life-breath—if thou dost not, Parent
Rhea—

Thou, most venerable mother of all gods, have mercy on us.

Phor. Have ye patience, then, to listen in silence to
The details of my plan? There are long stories to tell.

Chor. Patience enough—for while we listen we live.

Phor. To him who tarrying at home guards well a noble
treasure,

And saves by daily care the walls of his house from decay,
Secures the roof against the pressure of rain,
To him will it go well through the long days of his life;
But who o'er-strides lightly the holy bounds
Of his threshold with a rash and hasty foot,
On his return, perhaps, finds the old place—
But everything there changed, if not destroyed.

Hel. Wherefore these out-worn proverbs? What thou
wouldest tell,

Tell on. Stir not up matter that offends.

Phor. 'Tis part of my tale—true history—no offence.
His pirate barque did Menelaus steer
From bay to bay. The main shore and the islands
He ravaged, and swept off all he could plunder,
Returning with the spoils you have seen there piled within.
Ten weary years he wore out before Ilion;
In the voyage home how many more I know not.
How stands it here, meanwhile, with the high house
Of Tyndarus? How stands it with the realm around?

Hel. Are foul words, then, so wound into your nature
That you cannot move your lips without abuse?

Phor. For years neglected stood the valley-ridge
That north of Sparta rears its terraces,
Backed by Taygetus. There doth the Eurotas
Roll down a merry brook—thence through our gien,
Flows widening among reeds, and rears your swans.

There, unobserved, in that same mountain valley
Nestled a bold race. ~ From Cimmerian night
Forth pressing, they have built them up a fastness—
A hold impregnable—whence they descend
To harass land and people as they please.

Hel. Could they effect this? It would seem impossible.

Phor. They had time enough—perhaps full twenty years.

Hel. Does one bear rule? Are the robbers many?—a
gang?

Phor. They are not robbers, and one man does rule.

I speak no foul words of him, though he did
Visit me here. He might have taken everything;
But he was satisfied with a few free gifts.
Such was the word—he did not call it tribute.

Hel. What kind of looking man?

Phor. By no means ill.

He pleases me—a merry fearless man,
Well built; has few among the Greeks his equals
In understanding. We with foul tongues brand
The people as barbarians, but I fancy
Not one of them as savage as at Ilion
Was many a hero feeding on man's flesh.
His honour I can speak to confidently;
I have trusted my own person in his hands.
And his castle—that you should see with your own eyes—
'Tis quite another thing than the coarse masonry
Of the rude walls that your fathers all confusedly
Together rolled—Cyclopian—aye, like Cyclopes were
they,

Heaping rough stones on rough stones as they came.
Far other the structure there, for all with them
Is fixed by rule and line and measurement.
Look at it from without—it strives to heaven—
Straight, well adjusted, smooth as a steel mirror.
—Climb up that wall? The very thought slides down.
Within, a far-extending court, and round it

Buildings of every kind, for every use.
Pillar, pilaster, archlet, arch are there ;
Balconies, galleries looking out and in,
And scutcheons.

Chor. What are scutcheons ?

Phor. Ajax bore in shield
A coiled Snake—you yourselves remember to have seen it.
The Seven, too, before Thebes bore figured emblems
Each on his shield. On one was the Moon and the Stars
And the Field of the Heavens in the Night. And on
another
Was a Goddess. One shield had a Chief with scaling-
ladder.
Some had swords,—torches, too; and all with which the
violence
Of bold besiegers shakes down mighty cities.

And such devices bear the hero band I speak of ;
Theirs have, from their original ancestors,
Come down with all variety of colour.

There you see lions—eagle's claw and beak—
Buffalo horns—a wing—roses—a peacock's tail—
And stripes—gold, black and silver, blue and red.

These and the like hang in their halls—proud banners, row
on row—

In boundless halls, that seem wide as the world,
There were a place for your Dances !

Chor. Are there Dancers there ?

Phor. The best in the world. Crowds of boys, golden-
haired

And fresh-complexioned : and they so breathe youth !
Paris alone so breathed, when he too near the Queen
Came——

Hel. You forget your character. Let us hear

What you drive at. Say the last word ; end your tale at once.

Phor. You 'tis that have to say the last word here, and end it.

Say but distinctly " Yes," and I surround you
With that castle.

Chor. Oh ! speak, speak the little word,
And rescue thus thyself and us alike.

Hel. How ? Can I fear, then, that King Menelaus
Could so change ?—do such savage injury to me ?

Phor. Have you forgotten your Deiphobus,
The brother of your Paris, slain in battle—
How the king maimed and mutilated him ?
—You cannot, sure, forget Deiphobus,
With whom you did so struggle, an obstinate widow ;
But the happy man had his own way at last,
And for it, too, got slit up nose and ears,
And other gashes horrible to look at.

Hel. To Him he did it—on My account he did it.

Phor. And now, on his account, to you he'll do it.
Beauty is never held in partnership :
He, who hath once enjoyed it all his own,
Sooner destroys than shares it with another.

Hark ! 'twas the trump's shrill thrill. How it tears
through
Ear-drum, heart, all within us ! Thus does Jealousy
Fasten her fangs into the breast of the man
Who, having once possessed, forgets not ever
What he hath had—hath lost—and now no more possesses.

Chor. Hear you not the horn resounding ? See you not
the flash of weapons ?

Phor. Welcome is my king and master : my account I
fain would render.

Chor. But—but we——

Phor. You know all plainly—Her death, here,
and yours, within.

There is no help for it—no—none.

Hel. I have thought out what I may venture on.
Thou art a demon of cross purposes—
This I do feel. I fear that good to evil
Thou dost invert ; but I will follow thee
On to the castle. This say I ; but what more
May come, after this step, and in the Queen's
Deep heart dwell hidden, unrevealed must it
To all remain. On ! Old One, lead the way.

Chor. How gladly go we hence, with hastening foot !
Behind us Death—before us once again
Unscaleable walls of a
Towering fortress.
Oh ! that the fortress may give shelter such
As Ilion's tower, that yielded but at last
To despicable craft.

*[Mists spread around, hide the background, and then
the front scene gradually.*

How ? but how ?
Sisters, look round !
Was it not cheerful daylight ?
Shreds of vapour waver rising
Up from Eurotas, from the holy river.
Already vanished hath the lovely bank ;
The fringed bank already, with its reeds,
Hath vanished from the eye.
And the free Swans—the proud, free, graceful swans,
That, gliding soft, delightedly swim down
Together in their joy,
See I, alas ! no more.

But yet, but yet,
Toning hear I them,
Toning far off—a hoarse tone—

Announcing death, men say.
Ah ! that to us it may not also be,
Instead of promised rescue,
Augury but of Ruin,
—To us, to us, the swanlike,
With white long necks, beautiful as the swan !—
Ruin to Us, and Her, our Queen and Mistress,
The Daughter of the Swan !
Woe ! Woe to Us ! Woe ! woe !

And the mist still thickens. Round us
Everything already hidden.
Now we see not one another.
What is doing ?—Move we onward ?
Or do we with light steps hover
O'er the ground, still unadvancing ?
—Saw you nothing ? Floats not Hermes
Yonder ? Gleamed there not the waving
—Gleams it not ? Is it illusion ?—
Of his golden wand of empire,
Bidding us back to the joyless
Gloomy land of Shapes Unbodied,
O'er-filled, ever-empty Hades.

Suddenly the Darkness deepens—deepens, though the fog
hath vanished.
Darkness as of brown walls round us, that admit no gleam
of sunshine.
Walls, indeed, they are, that front us, freedom to the eye
forbidding.
Court-yard is it ? Deep trench is it ? Be it this or be it th'
other,
Equally is it a horror. Sisters, we, alas ! are captives ;
Here as there, and now as ever,
Destined still to be but captives !

The fog has cleared off and the inner Court of the Castle is seen, surrounded with rich fantastic buildings of the Middle Ages.

Chorus-leader. Impatient ever and foolish!—Type of Woman,
Dependent on the moment-play of the wild winds!
Good or ill fortune still incapable
Of meeting with serenity.
Still warring are you each with other. One
Says this, and what she says is straight gainsaid.
Laughing or wailing, the self-same tone 'tis always,
—Sorrow or joy. Be silent and attend ye!
Listen to what our noble Queen for herself,
And us—having weighed all in thought—determines.

Hel. Where art thou, Pythonissa? Come, be thy name
what it may,
Come thou from out the vaults of this dismal castle.
Or if, perchance, thou art going to tell of my arrival
To this wondrous hero-lord, and secure me meet reception,
Receive my thanks and lead me at once to him.
I wish my wanderings at an end. Repose is all I long for.

Chorus-leader. In vain lookest thou, O Queen! on all
sides, round thee here.
Vanished is that foul shape. She hath, perhaps, remained
Behind in the fog, from the bosom of which hither
We have, I know not how, come swiftly, without step;
Or it may well be that she still is wandering,
Having lost herself in the labyrinthine windings
Of this strange castle made of many castles,
While she seeks the master to announce your coming,
And to demand for you princely reception.

But yonder see, above, bustle of preparation!
At galleries, at windows, and in portals,

Hither and thither hurrying crowds of servants.
This speaks a welcome here of gracious courtesy,
Princely reception as of honoured guest.

Chor. How my heart flows forth to meet them ! Look !
only look

At the long line of beautiful youths streaming hitherward,
Timing their leisurely movements to melody.
Onward, still on, flows the ordered procession.
Oh, what composure ! what grace ! and what dignity !
Youths, but in bloom and in beauty of boyhood.
Bright apparition ! But who hath evoked it ?
Whose is the mandate their ranks are obeying ?
Whose is the spirit unseen that hath moulded them ?
With what delight and what wonder I look on them !
What is it wins me to love them ?—thus love them ?
Is it their beauty ? their courteous demeanour ?
Or the ringlets that roll round the dazzling white forehead ?
Or the dear little cheeks, with blush red as the peach's,
And, soft as the peach's, the tender down shading them ?
Fain would I bite into fruit so delicious !
But I shudder and shrink back in fear and in horror,
Knowing well, that lips pressed to the lips of such charmer,
Have—dreadful to think of—been choked up with ashes.

But the fairest
Lo ! come hither.
What are they bearing ?
Steps to the throne,
'Tapestry, seat,
Hangings and ornaments
For a pavilion.
Rolling above in folds,
Are formed, as 'twere, garlands of clouds,
To wave o'er the head of our Queen.
And now, invited, she already hath
Ascended the high couch.

Advance ye slowly, step by step.
Range yourselves gracefully.
Worthy, worthy, three times worthy,
Be such reception cordially received !

[All that the Chorus has indicated is gradually done. FAUSTUS appears, after a long train of pages and squires have descended, on the steps, in Court dress of the Middle Ages, and comes down slowly and with dignity.]

Chorus-leader. If the gods have not now, as oft they do,
To this man lent but for a little while
A form of such exceeding dignity ;
And if the lofty grace, the aspect, that
Wins us to love, be not their transient boon,
All he at any time essays will be
Successful ; be it in battle-strife with men
Or in the little war of Love with lovely ladies.
He is, in truth, to be preferred to many,
Whom I have seen, the prized ones of the earth.
With staid, deliberate, respectful step,
I see the prince advance. Turn thee, O Queen !

[FAUSTUS steps forward with a man, LYNCEUS, in chains.]

Faust. Instead of solemn ceremonial greeting,
Instead of deferential welcoming,
My bounden service—I bring here to thee
In chains this faithless serf, who, failing in
His duty, caused it that I fail in mine.
[To LYNCEUS.] Here ! Kneel down. To this noblest lady
make
Confession of thy guilt. This man, high Queen,
Is he, who, gifted with rare power of vision,
Hath his appointed province to look round
From the tall tower ; and with sharp eye to range
Over the heaven-space, over the broad earth ;
To give report of all that here or yonder

Shows itself, stirring from the circling hills
Into the valley or towards the castle ;
Be it a drove of cattle in long wave,
Or army in its march. That we secure,
And this defy. To-day—oh ! what neglect !
You were approaching, and he tells it not :
Thus our reception of such honoured guest
Is all deficient in solemnity.
His is the guilt—the forfeit is his life.
Already in the blood of death deserved
He now should lie ; but thine it is alone
To punish—to show mercy—at thy will.

Hel. High though the dignity that you concede
Of Judge and Ruler ; and though it may be
'That, as I much suspect, you do but tempt me ;
Yet will I the first duty of the Judge
Fulfil in hearing the accused. Speak then.

Lyn. [*warder of the tower*].

Let me kneel down ! Gazing on her,
Let me perish ! let me live !
—Gift of Gods—Divinest Lady—
Heart, life, all to her I give.

Eastward was my glance directed
Watching for the sun's first rays.
In the south—oh ! sight of wonder—
Rose the bright orb's sudden blaze.

Thither was my eye attracted.
Vanished bay and mountain height,
Earth and heaven unseen and all things,
All but that enchanted light.

Though mine eye is as the lynx's
From his tree-top, here its beams
Failed. I struggled with the darkness
As when one awakes from dreams.

Strangely, suddenly, the turrets,
Towers and barred gates disappear ;
Mist-wreaths heaving, waving, clearing
Pass, and leave a Goddess here.

Eye and heart I turned toward her,
Feeding on that gentle light ;
Beauty, Hers, all-dazzling Beauty,
Dazzled and entranced me quite.

I forgot to play the Warder,
And the trumpet-welcome give.
Threaten !—slay not wholly ! Beauty
Tempers anger, bids me live !

Hel. The evil I brought with me I may not punish.
Woe is me ! How strange a destiny pursues me,
Everywhere so to fool men's hearts that they
Respect not their own selves, nor what erewhile was
honoured.

Forcing, seducing, warring, violating.
Demigods, heroes, gods and demons even
Dragging me here and there about with them.
A strange wild life of hurrying to and fro.
I, when I was but one, drove the world mad ;
'Twas worse, when seen, a second apparition ;
And now a threefold, fourfold self, I bring
Bewilderment still with me—trouble on trouble.
Discharge the good man here—let him be free ;
Blame should not strike him whom a god hath fooled.

Faust. Entranced with wonder, Queen, I here behold
The unerring archer, here the stricken quarry ;
The bow that sped the arrow and the wounded.
Arrows fly thick on arrows, piercing me ;
And, glancing crosswise, everywhere, methinks,
Are whirring feathered round in court and castle.

What am I now? All in a moment you
Make rebels of my faithfullest—make my walls
Unsafe; and henceforth will my warriors serve
None but the conquering, unconquered lady.
What can I, but transfer myself and all
I fancied mine to thee? At thy feet let me
Do homage, free and true to thee, my mistress—
Thee to whom, soon as seen, in sovereign right
All became subject—wealth, possessions, throne!

[LYNCEUS *returns, bearing a chest—others follow him
with chests.*

Lyn. See me, Queen, returning, see!
The wealthy beg a glance from thee:
He looked on thee, and feels since then
The poorest and most rich of men.

How moved I still from triumph on
To triumph! Here, enslaved! undone!
Avails not now the sharp eye's aid:
Back from thy throne it sinks dismayed.

We from the far East hither prest,
Pouring our armies o'er the West:
A mass of peoples, long, broad, vast,
And the first knew not of the last.

The first hath fallen. The next his stand
Made good. The third came spear in hand.
Each man a hundred's strength supplied,
And thousands slain unnoted died.

In storm we rushed along. Our hordes,
From place to place, of all were lords.
Where I to-day held lordly sway,
To-morrow others seized their prey.

A quick glance o'er our spoils—one laid
Hard grasp upon the fairest maid,
One on the steer of firmest tread,
And all with horses onward sped.

But I, with glance of boundless range,
Sought everywhere the rare, the strange.
What others shared its charm of power
Lost straightway, like a withered flower.

And thus for treasures hid from light,
Led only by my own keen sight,
Chest, casket, shrine, with searching look
I pierced, and every secret nook.

Thus have I gathered heaps of gold,
And star-like gems of price untold.
Of all, the Emerald, on thy breast
Alone is pure enough to rest.

And waving between lip and ear
Be the deep sea-bed's oval tear :
While in faint blush beside thy cheek
The Ruby fades, abashed and weak.

And here I bend in homage meet,
And lay my tribute at thy feet ;
To THEE, to THEE my treasures yield,
The crops of many a bloody field.

Though here be treasure-chests full store,
Yet have I iron coffers more :
Let me but in thy orbit be,
And vaults of wealth I heap for thee.

Form of all Forms ! Earth saw thee. Power,
Wealth, Reason, in that glorious hour

Bowed, and adoring bent the knee,
Type of all loveliness, to Thee!

All that with guarding grasp for mine
I held—flows fast away, is thine!
How bright it was—how pure—how high!
How dimmed, how pale—when thou art nigh!

Thus all, I once possessed, decayed
Like grass mown down, is left to fade:
Oh! with approving glance, once more
The splendour it has lost restore.

Faust. [to LYNCEUS]. Off with your heap of gatherings—
trophies of

Deeds desperate and daring—off with them!
Hence! unproved indeed, but unrewarded.
Hers is already all that in its heart
The castle hides. Why special gifts to her,
Then, offer? Go! range treasure upon treasure:
In imagery sublime set forth the spirit
Unseen of Grandeur. Let the arched ceilings glow
As 'twere a second heaven-cope. Paradises
Of lifeless life prepare.
Hastening before her steps let flowering carpets
On carpets roll—let the soft ground swell up
To meet her foot. To woo and win her glance
Let Splendour shine from everything around:
Splendour o'erpowering all eyes but a god's.

Lyn. Light order! Easy to obey!
Say, rather, pastime 'tis, and play.
It is not wealth, it is not lands,
But Love and Life that she commands.
Before the splendour thus revealed
Of heavenly Beauty armies yield:
The warrior's sword is blunt and dull,

Powerless beside the Beautiful :
And cold and dim, the Sun's own light
Is darkened in her presence bright.
How poor are all things to one glance
Of that divinest countenance !

[*Exit.*

Hel. [*to FAUSTUS*]. I would speak to you. Come up to my side.

The vacant place demands its Master, and
Makes mine secure.

Faust. [*kneels, as doing homage to HELENA*]. First suffer me to kneel ;

And, noble lady, let my true allegiance
Please thee ; and suffer me to kiss the hand
That lifts me to thy side. Support me as
Regent with thee of thy unmeasured kingdom,
And to thyself thus win adorer, servant,
Protector—all in one.

Hel. Everywhere wonders
I see and hear, and I have much to ask :
I would particularly wish to learn
How that man's speech sounded at once so strange—
Strange, yet familiar. One tone fits another :
If a word strikes the ear, another comes
To fondle and to make love to the first.

Faust. If the familiar spoken language of
Our peoples, flowing in these forms, give pleasure,
SONG, satisfying ear and feeling in
Their inmost depths, Song must be ecstasy.
Shall we try to wed the sweet sounds ? DIALOGUE
Allures, and draws them out.

Hel. And could I speak
So beautifully ? Can you teach the art ?

Faust. 'Tis easy. 'Tis but speaking from the heart.
The happy still looks round for sympathy.
Overflowing joy still says——

Hel.

Rejoice with me.

Faust. We think not now of future or of past.
The Present——

Hel. *Oh ! that it could always last !*

Faust. What can arrest the moment's falling sand,
And to delight give permanence ?

Hel. *My hand.*

Chor. Who can blame her—blame our princess—
If she look with kindly aspect
On the lord of this high castle ?
Here we all to-day are captives—
She and we alike imprisoned—
Captives, as too oft we have been,
Since in ignominious ruin
Ilion fell. The sad days followed
Of our wanderings labyrinthine.
Houseless, homeless, wandering women !

Women to men's loves accustomed
Choosers are not.—They are adepts,
Though, in all the art of charming ;
And upon Shepherds, golden-ringleted,
Or black and bristly Fauns,
Lavish the moment's smile.

Near, and more near, our lovers, see ! are sitting :
Hand in hand they rock them
Over the sumptuous throne's high-pillowed pride.

Princely Majesty denies not
To itself the full revealing
Of the fond heart's secret raptures,
With the world around to witness.

Hel. I feel so far away, and yet so near :
How fondly do I say, Here ! happy Here !

Faust. I scarce can breathe. I tremble, words are none.

It is a dream, and Time and Place are gone.

Hel. What dream comes o'er me of a former day?

Methinks I lived and died and passed away.

And now I live anew, wound up with thee!

Him, whom I know not, love confidently!

Faust. Oh! analyse not thy strange destiny:

Be—if it were but for the moment—Be!

Phor. [*entering hurriedly*]. Pretty time to give and get

Lessons in Love's alphabet.

Lisping love-songs, analysing

Feelings, kissing, criticising.

Feel you not your spirits wither?

Hear you not the trumpets' clangour?

Waves of men are rolling hither.

Menelaus comes in anger:

'Tis the husband—the avenger.

Seize the sword, bind on the armour,

Guard you from the coming danger.

Know you not how for this charmer

Poor Deiphobus was treated?

Would you have the scene repeated?

Ears and nose sliced off repaid his

Fond attentions to the ladies.

Such doom is thine. The light ware from the roof-tree

Shall dangle. For the Queen a new-edged axe

Is at the altar ready.

Faust. Audacious interruption! In she presses

Evermore mischievous. Even were there danger,

I do detest such senseless agitation.

The comeliest messenger, brings he a tale

Of evil—it blots all his beauty out

And makes him hideous. Thou, that art the Hideous

—All-hideous—absolutely dost delight

Only in bringing messages of evil.

But now for once you are out in your reckoning.

Aye ! shake the air with empty breath ! Here danger
Is none ; and were there danger, danger here
Itself would be but idle threatening.

*[Signals, explosions from the towers, trumpets and
cornets, martial music. An army marches across
the stage.]*

Faust. Crowding, see the ring of heroes,
How they bouned them for the field.
Would a man win lady's favour,
Be his breast her fence—her shield !

*[To the leaders, who detach themselves from their
columns and advance.]*

With pent-in, silent rage, sure pledge of
Conquest in the coming hour,
Of the North the ripening blossoms,
Of the East the full-formed flower,

Steel-clad host ! They shattered kingdoms,
Realm on realm with ruin spread ;
Hark ! their step—or is it earthquake ?
And their march !—the thunder's tread.

'Twas at Pylos we first landed ;
And old Nestor—where is he ?
—Vainly did the puny kinglings
Face the armies of the Free.

From these walls drive Menelaus
—Plunderer ! to roam the sea,
Rove and rob—the lurking pirate's
Life his choice and destiny !—

DUKES—I greet you with the title
By command of Sparta's Queen—
Lay at Her feet vale and mountain.
Yours the empire you thus win.

GERMAN ! guard the bays of Corinth,
Fence and rampart round it be !
With its hundred vales Achaia
GOTH ! do I confide to thee !

Hosts of FRANCE, advance to Elis !
In Messene, SAXON, reign !
NORMAN ! sweep the seas triumphant,
Argolis bring back again !

In his happy home each dwelling
Shall his strength abroad make known.
Over all be SPARTA mistress,
Our fair Queen's time-honoured throne !

And she sees them, while enjoying,
Each and all, this glorious land,
At her feet seek Light and Wisdom,
Rightful title to command.

[FAUSTUS descends. *The princes close round him in a narrow circle to hear his commands and directions.*

Chor. Who would hold in his possession
The most beautiful of women,
Round him, let him, first of all things,
Look for the support of weapons.
Fond words may have won her to him,
Won the highest of earth's treasures.
Unassailed he cannot hold her :
Flatterers artfully wile her away from him—
Spoilers daringly tear her away from him—
This to guard against, he must think well on it.

Our prince for this I praise,
—Esteem him wise o'er others—
That, brave and prudent, he with him hath leagued

Forces ; that strong men, obedient,
Watch every glance of his that speaks his will,
Loyally obey his mandates,
Find their own gain in such fealty ;
Have thus from the liege lord reward and thanks,
And lord and vassal, both, win the high meed of fame.

Who now can tear away the Beautiful
From the well-armed and powerful possessor ?
His is she. Who but must rejoice,
That she is his ? and most must we rejoice,
Whom he with her protects ; proud walls securing
Perfect defence within,
A mighty army our sure shield without.

Faust. The gifts that we on these bestow,
Each man's feof an ample land,
Are great and lordly.—But enow !
Midst of all take we our stand !

Home, round which the waves leap joyous,
Island-home ! though hill-chains light
The last mountain-branch of Europe
With thy placid shore unite.

Rival nations all shall shield thee,
Land above all lands of earth !
For my Queen the land is conquered,
That first smiled upon her birth.

While Eurotas' reeds were rustling,
She, whom wide earth worships, first
—Dazzling sisters ! mother ! brothers !—
From the shell all-radiant burst.

Lo ! the land its bright flowers offers !
THEE it welcomes, THEE doth call.
Though all earth be thine, fair lady,
Love thy own land best of all !

What, though the sunbeams bright like arrows keen
And cold pierce mountain ridge and jagged peaks,
Let 'mong the rocks glance any speck of green,
And the goat gnawing there its scant meal seeks.

Springs leap aloft. In concert down rush rills,
And green are meadows, vales, declivities.
The glad eye, ranging o'er a hundred hills,
Sheep-flocks spread far and wide unnumbered sees.

Cautious, apart, measuring each footstep grave,
Kine tread the brink, yet danger none ; for all
Is ample shelter : vault is here, and cave,
The ready refuge of the mountain wall.

Pan shields them yonder. Nymphs of Life are dwelling
'Mong bushy clefts, where moist fresh spots you see.
With instincts, as of higher regions telling,
Strives branch-like up tree crowded close on tree.

Old woods ! The Oak majestic there plants foot :
Bough jags to bough—self-willed, athwart, awry.
Fed with sweet dews, serene the Maple-shoot
Sports with her burthen as she seeks the sky,

In shady nooks, from founts maternal, here
Warm milk for little child and lamb flows free ;
And fruit, the valley's ready food, is near,
And honey dropping from the hollow tree.

Here "to be happy." is the right of birth—
The sparkling cheek and lip man's proper wealth.
Each in his sphere is as a god on earth,
And everywhere is calm of heart and health.

How in this pure air doth the flower unfold
Of human life ! and the glad child attain

His father's strength ! in wonder we behold,
And "are they gods?" we ask, "or are they men?"

A shepherd's form and face Apollo wore,
And human shepherds seemed of heavenly race,
Where Nature is true Nature, evermore
Such likeness is. Each world doth all embrace.

[Sits down beside HELENA.]

Such gain is mine and thine. The past be thrown
Behind us ! Feel, that thou the true child art
Of the highest Jove—of that first world, alone,
'Mong all that now on earth are, rightful part.

Thee shall no fastness chain with jealous mound.
Eternal in its youth—exulting—free—
Still close to Sparta winds the enchanted ground,
Wooing our stay, of blissful Arcady.

Happy land ! that thou hast fled to,
Won to cheeriest destiny ;
Bowers for thrones, and our free spirits
Blithe as gales of Arcady !

*The scene changes quite. Secret bowers resting on a range of
caverned rocks, shady groves extending to the rocks.
FAUSTUS and HELENA are not seen. The CHORUS lie
scattered about—asleep.*

PHORCYAS, CHORUS.

Phor. How long the maidens have been asleep I know
not.

If they have been seeing everything in dreams,
That I saw bright and clear before my waking eyes,
I know not ; and I wish to know ; and therefore will I
rouse them.

Halls on halls and courts unnumbered in my musings I
discovered :

Suddenly a burst of laughter from the hollow cave comes
echoed.

I look in. A boy is leaping, from the bosom of the
Lady,

To the Husband—from the Father, to the Mother. And
the kissing,

And the kissing, and the toying—foolish love's fond playfulness—

Shout of mirth, and shriek of pleasure, in their quick succession stun me.

Happy child he is, and fearless. See him springing naked,
wingless,

—Wingless, or he were like EROS, Life's glad Genius
benignant—

Playful frolic, as the young Faun, could the Faun forget
the nature

With the wild woods that unites him, and had he a human
heart.

On the firm ground see Him springing ! And the ground,
with life elastic,

Heaves him like an arrow upward ; and again, again rebounding,

The high-vaulted roof he touches. And the anxious Mother
warns him :

“ Bound on Earth at thy free pleasure—leap again and yet
again there ;

But repel the thought of flying ; but resist the wild rash
impulse.

Wings to bear thee onward, upward, thou hast none. Resist
the impulse. ’

The fond earnest Father warns him : “ In the Earth is all
the virtue

That so swiftly darts thee upward : touch but with light foot
the surface,

Like the son of Earth, ANTÆUS, thou with instant strength
art gifted."

So from summit on to summit, all along these jagged ridges
Leaps he, bounding and rebounding, like the ball you strike
in play.

Suddenly into a hollow of a rough glen he hath vanished,
And we deem him lost. The mother wails. The father
offers comfort.

I stand shrugging up my shoulders. But what glorious
reappearance!

Are there treasure-chambers yonder?—hidden stores of rich
apparel?

Robes with stripes of living brightness, splendid as the
flowers of summer,

On the glorious boy are shining. Proud and princely youth
looks he!

Tassels from his arms are waving. Round his breast are
ribands fluttering.

In his hand the golden lute-harp. Every way a little
PHŒBUS.

Onward, in the flush of spirit, in the dauntless joy of boy-
hood,

Moves he to the mountain summit, treads the high cliffs
overhanging.

Wondrous Child! we gaze upon him—with delight and love
and wonder; [arms:

And his parents, in wild transport, clasp them in each other's
But the soft light round his temples—who can tell what
there is shining?

Golden glitter? Or the bright flame of irradiating Spirit?

In his bearing, in his gestures, the proud boy even now
proclaims him

Future master of all Beauty—him the Melodies Eternal

Have through all his members moulded. You shall hear
him, you shall see him— [now.

Hear him with delight and wonder—with delight unfelt till

Chor. And callest thou this a marvel, Cretan born?
Thou to the Poet's teaching word
Hast never lent, belike, a listening ear;
Never to Ionia's legends;
Never, mayhap, hast heard what HELLAS tells
Of the fathers of the land,
Tales rich in feats of heroes and of gods.

All, done in this our day,
Is but a melancholy echo of
Glorious ancestral times.
Thy tale is nothing comparable with
That which their lovely fable
—Fiction, more to be believed
Than what the world calls truth—
Sang of the son of MAIA.

A shapely boy was he—a small, strong, wily rogue.
Him in his birth-hour did the fondling nursemaids—
Patting and playing with the wily rogue,
Swathing in softest, finest, purest fleece—
Leave cradled in a purple coverlet.
They fancied that he thus was fastened down:
An idle fancy! an unreasoned dream!
Behold! the shapely, strong, small, wily one
Draws gently out his light elastic limbs—
Displacing not the purple shell
That would with painful pressure hold him down—
As the freed butterfly
From the stiff chrysalis spreads out his wings,
To wander through the sunbeam-lighted air
At his own happy will—bold voyager!

And HERMES, thus—that he to thieves and scoundrels,
And all who seek a scrambling livelihood,
Might be in every way their favouring demon—

Soon plays his dexterous tricks.
Swift from the ruler of the seas he steals
The trident, and from Ares self his sword
Slily out of the sheath ;
From Phœbus, bow and arrows ; from Hephæstos
His tongs. Even Father Jupiter's own lightnings
He would have made his own, did not the fire
Frighten him. Eros he overthrew in wrestling :
And from the Queen of Cyprus, as she kissed him,
He filched away the girdle from her breast.

*An enchanting purely melodious strain, as of a harp, sounds
from the grotto. All attend, and appear inwardly affected.
From this to the next marked pause the whole is accom-
panied with full-toned music.*

Phor. Listen to this loveliest music :
Cast these fables far away.
The old crowds of gods fling from you—
Think not of them. Past are they.

None will understand you. Critics
Of a higher school of art
Say, that from the heart must flow forth
All that works upon the heart.

Chor. If to flattery thou art softened,
—Thou whom Nature hates and fears—
Is it strange, from trance awaking,
That we find a joy in tears ?

Let the cheery sunshine vanish.
In the heart if day arise,
We shall find in our own bosoms
What the outer world denies.

Euph. When I sing my childlike carols
You are happy as your child ;
When I bound, as though to music,
The parental heart leaps wild.

Hel. Love, to give man Earth's best blessing,
Heart to noble heart leads on ;
But, to yield us Heaven's own rapture,
Shapes a third—our precious one.

Faust. All is found that love can give us :
I thine own—thou, part of me.
Oh ! as we are now united,
Could it but for ever be !

Chor. Many years of crowded pleasure,
In the mild gleam of this boy
Bless our happy pair with promise.
Oh ! the union gives me joy.

Euph. Let me bound, let me spring !
To the heavens would I haste.
'Tis my longing, my passion :
It seizes me fast.

Faust. But gently, but gently,
Dear son, I entreat thee ;
That downfall and ruin
O'ertake not or meet thee.
In thy fall
Perish all.

Euph. Prisoned no longer
On earth will I be !
Let my hands go,
Let my tresses wave free.
My robes, they are mine :
All in vain ye hold me.

Hel. Think, oh ! think
Whose thou art—
How our heart
Will sink and sink :
The bliss that we have won—
Mine, thine, and his—undone :
All, all by thee, rash son.

Chor. The union that their bliss did make,
Fate, I fear, will shortly break.

Hel. and Faust. Dear son, for thy parents' sake
Be this fiery frenzied mood
Over-mastered and subdued.
Rural bliss thy life employ !
Be Arcadia's pride and joy !

Euph. 'Tis but to please you I refrain.

[*Whirls through the CHORUS ; draws them forth to dance.*

Cheerful race, how light I hover
Here where happy maidens be.
Goes the music well?—the measure ?

Hel. Lead the fair ones out with thee
To the graceful dance, and gaily
Play the momentary lover.

Faust. These poor tricks give me small pleasure.
How I wish it all were over.

[*EUPHORION and CHORUS dancing and singing move about, interweaving.*

Chor. When thy arms in the dance thou so gracefully
spreadest,
When thy dark locks are floating and flashing around,
When the foot glances light from the floor that thou
treadest,
And the limbs to the magic of melody bound—
Sweet child ! how thy heart must be swelling with joy :
We love thee—all love thee—oh ! beautiful boy !

Euph. [*to the CHORUS*]. Away and away.
Let us play a new play :
A race let us run,
And as you are many and I am but one,
Let all of you here
Be a swift herd of deer.
And away ! and away !
With me for the hunter and you for the prey !

Chor. Why this eager mad pursuing ?
Your own object thus undoing ?
We, like you, can fancy blisses
In a shower of burning kisses ;
And our heart we feel incline
To that fair young face of thine.
If some little time be past
With us in respectful wooing,
You will find us yours at last.

Euph. Pursue them ! Pursue them !
O'er stock and o'er stone,
Through brake and through forest,
The wild game has flown.
What is easily won
Hath no charms in my sight :
'Tis the pride of the conquest
That is the delight.

Hel. and Faust. Madness his beyond all hope !
Hearken ! Heard you not a horn
Threatening wood and hill-side slope ?
—What a tumult ? What a cry ?

Chor. [*entering quickly one by one*]. Oh ! how swiftly
he rushed by,
Looks on us with slight and scorn.
See, the wildest of our group,
He hath grasped her, he hath clasped her,
Hither in his arms hath borne.

Euph. [*bearing in a young girl*]. She is mine. I've
caught the coy one,
What care I that uncomplying
She resists me? I enjoy one
That attracts me by denying.
Let me still to mine feel prest
Breasts in proud reluctance swelling:
Give me Passion's burning zest,
Lips rebelling, hands repelling,
Let me feel triumphant still
Over hers my ardent will.

Maiden. Loose me! In this little frame
Spirit with as fierce a flame
Burns; and know this will of mine
Not less resolute than thine.
Think you, then, that force can chain me?
Or your violence constrain me?
Hold me still! Aye, dare the danger!
I can be my own avenger.
Ha! you're scorched! and I am free.
Fool! rash fool! remember me
Laughing, wheresoe'er I be,
Laughing, laughing still at thee.

[*Flames up, and flies off in a blaze.*]

Follow to the fields of Air,
Hope to meet the vanished there!
Follow to the caverned hollow
Of the deep Earth. Follow! follow!

Euph. [*shaking off the flames*]. Rock and forest!
Rock and forest,
—Chains around me flung!
What to me such chains, such fetters?
I am active, I am young.
Yonder rave the tameless tempests,
Yonder rage the mighty billows,

Voices of the Free !
 ME they call ! ME ! ME !
 BOTH from far I hear ;
 Oh, that I were near !

[*Springs higher up the rock.*

Hel., Faust. and Chor. Wouldst thou, like the mountain
 wild-goat,

Clamber ? Oh, we fear ! we fear !

Euph. Higher must I rise, yet higher—
 Wider must the prospect be,
 Well I know the land where I am.
 In the middle of the island,
 Pelops, in the midst of thy land,
 Loved alike by earth and sea.

Chor. [*with affectionate tone*]. If the woodland and
 the wold

Have no charms thy heart to hold,
 Other spells have we to gain thee,
 To allure thee, to detain thee.
 From the hill-side slope will we
 Grapes in clusters bring to thee ;
 Grapes and dusk figs, and the yellow
 Rich gold of the orange mellow.
 Happy is the land possessing
 Peace, and with it every blessing !

Euph. Oh, dream ye of peace, then ? Dream on, whose
 delight

Is in dreams ; but for me be the joy of the fight !
 WAR is the word. Where the broad banners shine,
 Let me rush to the battle. The conquest is mine.

Chor. When a land is at peace,
 Who would call back the day
 Of war—all of Love
 And of Hope flings away.

Euph. To the children of Achaia,
 Heroes in the battle-strife,

Daring danger, breathing freedom,
Ever prodigal of life—
With a holy sense that peril
Damps not, lavishing their blood ;
Everything brings to such warrior,
To such country, gain and good.

Chor. Higher! higher! see Him press,
Nor in distance seems he less.
Victory before him beaming,
Light of armour round him gleaming,
Onward! onward! see him rise.

Euph. Not on wall or wave relying,
On himself let each man rest ;
Fortress every foe defying
Is the brave man's iron breast.

Would ye dwell unconquered? Haste ye,
Haste ye, to the battle-plain!
Women Amazons becoming,
Every child a hero then.

Chor. [*gazing on EUPHORION*]. Holy, holy Poesie,
Oh, ascend thy native sky!
Shine on, thou brightest star,
Farther, and yet more far!
Still the light beams down to cheer,
And the voice with joy we hear.

Euph. No! I am a Child no longer.
Armed behold the Youth move on
With the strong, the free, the mighty,
Who ere now in heart was one.
Onward; to the field of glory!
On to victory! On! On!

Hel. and Faust. Scarcely numbered with the living,
Scarcely given to cheerful day,
Would he to the fearful distance
Whirl in giddy flight away?

And, the kindly tie between us,
Was it but the gleam
Of a transient dream?

Euph. Thunder on the sea!—and thunder,
How it rolls from vale to vale!
Host 'gainst host in dust and billows,
Throng on throng, and pang and bale!
Destiny
Here bids die,
And the mandate we know well.

Hel., Faust. and Chor. Oh, what horror!—oh, what
terror!

Is thy destiny, then, death?

Euph. Shall I look on war at distance?
—I would in the battle breathe!

Hel., Faust. and Chor. Rashness! danger! and—to die!

Euph. Yet—and, look you, wings unfolding!—
Thither, thither would I fly!
I must! I must! Grudge not the joy of flight!

*[He throws himself up into the air, his clothes bear up
for a moment. His head beams, a stream of
light follows.]*

Chor. Icarus! Icarus!
This—this is grief to us!

*[A beautiful youth falls at the feet of the parents. In
the dead the audience think they recognize a well-
known form; but the corporeal immediately fades
away, the aureola rises like a comet to heaven.
Clothes, mantle, and harp remain lying on the
ground.]*

Hel. and Faust. Pain and joy, each follows other,
Anguish comes, and plaintive moan.

Euph. *[from the depth].* In the realm of shadow, mother,
Let me not abide alone!

Chor. [*dirge*]. Not alone! Where'er thy dwelling,
If, indeed, on earth we knew thee,
Though thy home be far from daylight,
All hearts still with love pursue thee!
Lost—yet how can we lament thee!
Gone—we weep and envy thee!
Bright thy day; but bright or clouded
Song and heart were proud and free.

Born to all that makes earth happy!
Lofty lineage, sense of power!
Lost, alas! too soon. Youth's promise
Torn by tempest, leaf and flower!
Eye not to be baffled. Human
Indignation at all wrong.
Best of women loved thee. Magic
All its own was in thy song.

How the whirl of passion bore thee
Self-devoted to the snare!
With what rage all laws and usage
Didst thou rend, proud captive there!
Yet, at last, in generous feeling,
True stay thy pure spirit gained;
All that noblest is and brightest
Sought by thee—but unattained.

Unattained—oh! who attains it?
Ask—will Destiny reply
This day when a bleeding people,
Dumb with sorrow, sees him die?
—Yet fresh bursts of song awaken!
Droop in helpless grief no more,
For the Earth again will blossom,
And bear fruit as heretofore!

[*Perfect pause. The music ceases.*]

Hel. [to FAUSTUS]. An old saying, alas ! proves itself true
in me—

Beauty and Happiness remain not long united ;
The ties of life and love both are asunder torn.
Sadly, for love of both, I say to each farewell,
And once again, yet once again, into thine arms I throw
me !

Perseph. Take, oh ! take the boy and me !

[*She embraces FAUSTUS. The corporeal vanishes. Her
dress and veil remain in his arms.*]

Phor. [to FAUSTUS]. Hold tight what still survives to you
of all

That was hers. Don't let the cloak go ; demons are
Tugging and tearing at its skirts, and fain
Would pluck it down from you to their underworld.
Hold fast ! 'Tis not the goddess you have lost,
But it is godlike ; make the best use of the lady's
Invaluable favours. Up ! off with you !
'Twill lift you quickly,—that it will—high up
Above the vulgar, up into the air
As long as you can keep there. We two meet
Again—far off, far, very far away !

[*HELENA'S clothes dissolve into clouds, surround
FAUSTUS, raise him into the air, and bear him
away.*]

Phor. [*takes EUPHORION'S dress, mantle, and lyre from
the ground, steps into the proscenium, lifts up the exuviae
and speaks*].

Well ! Finding this is some luck. All the fire
Is gone—gone, not a doubt of it but never fear,
The world will get on very well. We have
Enough—aye, quite enough to consecrate
A poet or two—aye, quite enough to madden
Your master-masons and apprentices
In the gay art of building rhymes, with envy.
I cannot give them talents, but no matter,

The singing-robcs are no bad things in themselves,
And I'll lend them the dress.

[*Sits down, leaning against a pillar, in the proscenium.*

Panth. Swift speed we, maidens, now that we are at
freedom,
Disenthralled from the dreary spell of the old Thessalian
hag,

And from the giddy crash of the tangled sounds that jingle
Confusedly on the ear and cloud the inner sense !

Descend we now to Hades ! swiftly thither

Already hath the Queen with solemn step down glided.

Where she hath trod, her faithful maids should follow.

We find her at the throne of the Inscrutable.

Chor. With Queens, where'er they be, it still goes right ;
In Hades even will they stand up erect

In unsubmitting pride, rank as of old maintaining—

Queens still ! fast friends of Queen Persephoneia.

But we—to pine away in lone recesses,

Deep meadows of Asphodel,

Our sole companions being,

For ever and for ever,

The lengthy poplars and the barren willows !—

What life were this !—Like flitter-mice to twitter,

Whining, and whispering, unenjoying, spectral !

Leader of Chorus. Who has not earned a name, nor wills
the noble,

Belongs to the Elements. Away with you !

My one abiding passionate desire

Is to be with my Queen.

Not high desert alone ; Fidelity,

Too, hath its meed : it too preserves to us Person.

CHORUS—ALL.

We to the daylight are given back,

The cheery Day. Not Persons now, indeed,

As once we were. That feel we, that we know.

But we to Hades never more return.
SPIRITS are we, and ever-living Nature
Makes on us, we on her,
Claims irresistible.

PART OF THE CHORUS.

Ever in the murmured whispers of the thousand boughs here
trembling,
We with gentle play lure upward from the root the living
currents
To the branches ; soon with leaflets, soon with buds to deck,
and blossoms,
As with glimmering gems, the tresses floating lavishly in
air.
Autumn comes, with ripe fruit falling ;—joyous concourse !
men and cattle
Crowding, crushing, grasping, cranching, rushing eagerly,
down pressing,
All regardless each of other. See them bowing, bending
round us,
As they, in old days undated, bent before the earliest
gods !

ANOTHER PART.

Where these walls of rock far gleaming shine in pure and
glassy mirror,
We in peaceful waves are winding evermore our gentle
way ;
Lurk for every sound, and listen song of birds or wild reed's
music.
Is it Pan's own voice affrighting ?—We with voice, like his,
reply.
Whisper is it ?—We, too, whisper. Thunder ?—We reply in
thunders.
Earthquake shocks of repercussion, threefold, tenfold, roll
we back.

A THIRD PART.

Sisters, you would call us truant. With the streams we
hasten onward, [us,
Where the richly-cultured hill-slope, smiling, far away allures
Ever downward, ever deeper, lead the life-diffusing waters
To the meadow-land, the trim lawn, and the garden round
the house.

Cypresses with spiry summits, rising yonder into ether,
Tell where they have found a mirror, tell the banks through
which we glide.

A FOURTH PART.

Wander ye at will where lists you ! We will linger, we will
rustle
Round the richly-planted hill-slope, where, upon its staff
supported,
Leans the vine ; and the green berry, day by day, is deep-
ening, darkening.
Hour by hour, and through the whole day long, the
vintager's emotion
Shows to us the doubtful issue of the labours he so loves.
Now with spade and now with mattock, and now earthing,
pruning, binding,
To all gods he prays, at all times ; above all, prays to the
Sun-god. [enervate ;
Little of his faithful servant's toil thinks Bacchus, the
Rests in bowers, reclines in grottoes, fondling there the
youthful Faun.
Dissolute sits he, and dreaming, half with wine inebriated
Round him heaped in skins, jars, vases, right and left of the
cool cavern,
That might serve for endless ages. But when all the gods,
when HELIOS,
More than all, has, blowing, moistening, warming, glowing,
drying, ripening,

Swelled the wine-bestowing berries, heaped the cluster-horn
of Plenty, .

Where the vintager in silence worked, see ! sudden life and
bustle. [stake ;

Stir there is in every arbour ; rattling round from stake to
Baskets, buckets, crackle, clatter ; vine-troughs groan
beneath their burthen ;

All to the great vat move onward, to the strong dance of the
wine-press. [berries

Now the holy, heaven-sent fulness of the pure-born dewy
Daringly is crushed and broken ; trampled down what was
their beauty

To a mass none love to look on—squeezed together, foam-
ing, splashing.

Now the sharp clash of the cymbal, with the timbrel's brazen
discord,

Tears the ear, and Dionysos is from Mysteries unveiled.

Here he comes with goat-foot Satyrs, goat-foot Mænads
thyrsus-swinging.

Evermore, amid the discord, brays the Ass of old Silenus.

Nothing's spared ; the cloven feet are trampling down all
laws and manners.

Reel the senses all ; the ear is by the din distracted,
deafened.

Drunken men for cups are groping, head and belly over-
burthened ;

Here and there a few are working. They but add to the
confusion ;

For they must, to hold the new wine, have the old skins
emptied fast.

[*The curtain falls. PHORCYAS in the proscenium
extends herself to giant height, steps down from
the cothurni, throws off mask and veil, and shows
herself as MEPHISTOPHELES, in order, as far as is
necessary, to comment on the piece in epilogue.*

ACT IV.

HIGH MOUNTAIN.

Bold, jagged, rocky summit. A cloud moves on, rests against the rock, and sinks down on a projecting flat. The cloud opens. FAUSTUS steps out.

Faustus. Below me, spreading far away, are deepest solitudes,
And here, on this projecting ridge of the high mountain-summit,
Choose I the place of my descent, dismissing
The car of cloud that hath so softly hither,
Through bright heaven, borne me over land and ocean.
It leaves me slowly—trails away—it breaks not into vapour.
In massy globes it rolls. Its course is striving to the East.
The eye is striving after it in awed astonishment.
It breaks—it wanders into waves—it changes, and it changes.
A something there would shape itself.—The eye does not deceive me ;
On sun-illumined pillows, in grandeur, see ! reclining,
Of more than woman's height, a godlike female figure.
I see it there—like Juno, Leda, Helena—
In majesty and love waving before mine eyes.

Alas ! already change hath come, and formless, broad, up-towering,
Rests in the East as 'twere a far-off glacier dazzling,
Mirroring the mighty import of the flying days.

O'er me still hovers a thin tender cloud-streak,
Round breast and forehead—cheering, cooling, soothing !
And now it rises lingeringly, and high and higher yet
Condenses. Is the winning form I see

But an illusion, that from my own fancy
Moulds itself into Youth's first longed-for, still withheld,
And highest good? From the heart's depths up-gushing,
As in the days of long ago are the heart's first, best
treasures,

Symbol of the Aurora-love—alas! too swift to vanish!—
Of that first glance, how quickly felt! which but the heart
interprets—

The rosy dawn-light of the heaven of boyhood's happy
dreaming—

That, could it linger here with us, all else would seem but
shadow.

Like Beauty of the Soul, the lovely form grows lovelier,
Dissolves not; upward floats—slowly—into the ether;
And with it, of my heart and mind draws the best part away.

[*A seven-league boot stamps down. Another follows
instantly. MEPHISTOPHELES descends. The
boots stride hastily on.*]

Meph. [*to FAUSTUS*]. Aye! well stepped out! But what
could be the freak

That led you to descend upon this peak?
Was there no place, then, to alight upon
But yawning wilderness and horrid stone?
I know the objects round. I know them well.
Where we are standing was the floor of Hell.

Faust. Still the same foolish legends, evermore,
On every subject! Will you ne'er give o'er?

Meph. [*earnestly*]. When long ago, down from the upper
sky,

The Lord had banished us—and I know why—
To the far depths, where in the centre glow
Fires everlasting, round and round that throw
Red restless flames, we found that we had got
Into a place too crowded, and too hot.
The Devils got sick, and feeling ill at ease
In their new prison, began to cough and sneeze.

With sulphur-stench and acid Hell boiled o'er—
Foul vapour—then more foul it grew and more,
Till the smooth crust was parched and burst asunder;
And topsy-turvy Science tells, with wonder,
How to earth's surface rose what had been under.
We made our way out of the red-hot caves
Into pure air—are Princes who were Slaves.
An open secret—mystery well concealed,
And only to the latter times revealed.

Faust. To me the mountain mass is nobly dumb :
I ask not, whence uprisen? or wherefore come?
Nature—that in herself is all in all—
When her pure will first shaped the round earth's ball,
Formed depth and summit for her own delight,
Heaped rock on rock, linked height to mountain height;
Moulded and led, as 'twere, with gentlest hand,
The hill-side slope to meet the level land.
Then came soft green and growth. She doth not seek
For her delight wild ferment or mad freak.

Meph. Aye! so you say, and think it clear as light :
But he, who then was present, must be right.
Why, I myself was by when flames upwreathed
From the abyss, and sulphurous vapour breathed;
When Moloch's hammer, linking rock to rock,
Struck chips in thousands from the rough old block,
And scattered, as he forged the mountain chain,
Huge granite fragment-splinters o'er the plain.
Masses of foreign substance load the land;
How whirled down there, no man can understand.
Philosophers—they can make nothing of it;
They've thought and thought: but what does thinking
profit?
There lies the rock, your theorists defying—
There lies the rock—there must they leave it lying.
The common people—they alone receive,
And with faith, not to be disturbed, believe

The plain broad fact. In their undoubting creed
'Tis Miracle. 'Tis Satan's work indeed.
Doubt never troubles them—the shrewd old judges.
Propt on the crutch of faith, my pilgrim trudges,
Limping with pious foot o'er devil-ridges
To devil-stones, devil-chapels, devil-bridges.

Faust. 'Tis after all not unamusing to
See Nature from a Devil's point of view.

Meph. What is't to me? Be Nature what it may?
My honour's touched—the devil was in the fray.
'Twas We—WE did it—We, the boys that shine
Unequall'd actors in the lofty line.
See you our sign and cypher written clear—
Convulsion, tumult, devil's work, madness here.

But, to have done with topics that but tease you,
Let's come to business. In your journeying
O'er earth, and through the air; while on the wing,
Did nothing on our upper surface please you?—
You, who have seen from your observatory
The kingdoms of the world and all their glory?
—Still that unsatisfied impatient air?—
Did nothing give you any pleasure there?

Faust. There did. A mighty project lured me on—
Guess what it was.

Meph. That easily is done.
We'll fancy a Metropolis,
—The heart and kernel of which is
A sewer and sink of nastiness;
'The dense spot where his food the burgher seeks;
Lanes crooked, narrow gables; slender peaks;
'The crowded market-place—kale, turnips, leeks;
Shambles, where flies on joints well fattened,
Making themselves at home, have battened.
Thither at any hour repair,

Activity and stench are there,
Enough for you, if anywhere.
—Then come wide squares, and streets, that claim
Distinction from their very name ;
And spreading, where no gate confines,
The suburbs flow in boundless lines.
There how delightful is the roar
And roll of coaches evermore ;
The bustling motion, in and out,
And to and fro, and round about,
And out and in, they heave and drive—
A swarming ant-hill all alive.
There let me ride, or on the car
Of splendid state be seen from far—
Alone, aloft, admired, revered,
By hundred thousands gazed on, feared.

Faust. Small pleasure from such source should I derive.
We seek to make men happy as they may
Be made, and happy each in his own way ;
Would mould the manners, educate the mind ;
And our reward for all is that we find
We have made rebels.

Meph. [*in continuation, disregarding FAUSTUS'S remark*].
—Then would I build me up a place of pleasure
For the sweet moments of a prince's leisure.
Wood, hill and valley, lawn, and meadow ground
Are all within the sumptuous garden's bound.
By verdant walls the long strait pathways drawn
Through formal shades to reach the velvet lawn ;
Cascades that roll with regulated shock
In channels carved from rock to answering rock ;
Water, in all diversity of dyes,
Taught artificially to fall and rise,
A stately column soars, and, breaking, sheds
Swift down the sides thin, tiny, tinkling threads.
Then would I have, in many a close recess,

Lodges, with ladies there, all loveliness !
Pass countless hours—and let no care intrude—
In that delicious social solitude.

Ladies, do you mark me?—*ladies*. Womankind
Comes always as a plural to my mind.

Faust. Degenerate—modern—base !—Abandon all
That makes life life?—A vile Sardanapal !

Meph. Could but a man make out what you're about,
It must be something quite sublime, no doubt.
You have of late been wandering through the air—
Near the moon. Don't you wish that you were there ?

Faust. [*earnestly*]. No, doubtless, no. Our own earth
is a place
That for bold enterprise gives ample space.
Something may still be done that in the event
Will waken in the world astonishment.
Within me lives a power that must succeed
In earnest, active, energetic deed.

Meph. Aye, and the Fame that such achievement wins !
This comes of communing with Heroines.

Faust. Dominion, Power, Possession, is my aim ;
The Fact is all—an idle breath the Fame !

Meph. Yet Poets will arise to sing thy story,
Tell times to come thy grandeur and thy glory,
With folly kindling folly.

Faust. What know you
Of this or anything that Man desires ?
Thy nature, adverse, cross-grained, bitter, sharp,
What can it do but criticise and carp ?
How can it know what Man—true Man—requires ?

Meph. Well, have your will and way. I give up mine.
Communicate this notable design.

Faust. [*with earnestness*]. I had been gazing on the mighty
sea,
That, tower on tower, swelled up exultingly ;
Then did it fall, and its wide waves expand ;

As laying siege to yon flat breadth of strand.
Sickness of heart I felt. Resentment strong,
Keen indignation at imagined wrong,
The pang, that to behold oppression gives
To freedom's instinct that within us lives,
Wrath at the usurpation of the wave,
And sympathy with what it would enslave,
Came o'er my spirit ; and the frenzied mood
Worked like a fever through my human blood.
"Can it be chance?" I said. "Can it be chance?"
I said, and eyed the waves with sharper glance.
A moment motionless, then, from the goal,
Their late-won conquest, back the recreants roll.
The hour returns ; again begins their play.

Meph. [*to the Audience*]. 'Tis nothing new ; I've seen
them every day
A hundred thousand years roll the same way.

Faust. [*continues vehemently*]. On creep they hither, here
at all points press ;
Barren themselves, and spreading barrenness.

It swells, and spreads, and rolls, and spends its strength
O'er the repulsive coast-line's desert length.
Imperious wave o'er wave in power moves on,
Lords it awhile—retreats—and nothing's done.
In anguish and despair my mind resents
This waste power of the lawless Elements.
Here were a strife to make my spirit ascend
Above itself. From these their prey to rend,
Here to win conquests, were a victory true.
Here would I combat, these would I subdue!

And it is Possible ; at full flood still
The wave bends, yields, and winds round every bill.
Even in its hour of most imperious will,

Before each little sand-heap, lo ! it shrinks,
And into any tiny hollow sinks.

This when I saw, a sudden project ran
Crossing my brain, and plan came after plan.
Methought it were a joyous thing, could we
Force from the shore the domineering sea ;
To narrower bounds the moist expanse restrain,
And crush far off into itself the main.
From step to step I've thought out the design ;
This is my wish, to further it be thine !
[Drums are heard from behind on the right.]

Meph. How easy 'tis !—Hear you the drums afar ?

Faust. What ?—war ? The prudent has no love for
war.

Meph. Why, war or peace, the prudent man still sees
In all that comes but opportunities.

We plan, watch, catch each favouring chance, and, now,
Such smiles, or never—Faustus, seize it thou !

Faust. Speak out at once ; spare me this riddling stuff.

Meph. I saw it long ago, and plain enough.
The kind good Kaiser is perplexed with care.
You know him. You remember when we were
Amusing him. Into his hand we played
False riches ; and the show of riches made
All seem as nothing to him. The effect
Was self-indulgence, indolence, neglect.
Young to the throne he came, and he thought good
To reason 'gainst all reason, and conclude
That 'twas not out and out impossible
But Power and Pleasure might together dwell ;
And thus, that it was his prerogative
To rule a kingdom and at ease to live.

Faust. A grievous error. None can both unite.
To rule must be the ruler's sole delight.

If high resolves and fixed his bosom fill,
Yet none may look into that sovereign will.
Scarce to the trustiest breathes he his intent
In the close ear : accomplished, the event
Startles the world into astonishment.
The Ruler's power still rests on what first made
Man's power to rule. Indulgences degrade.
Ruler o'er men must never cease to be
Man highest, worthiest.

Meph. No such man is he.
Oh ! what a life of luxury was his !
With the realm falling by no slow degrees
To anarchy, still the prince takes his ease.
Everywhere, high and low, each warred with other ;
'Twas brother plundering, chasing, slaughtering brother.
Castles with castles, towns with towns pursued,
And guilds with nobles—an eternal feud.
Chapter and churchman against bishop rose ;
Men looked but on each other and were foes.
Merchants and travellers at the very gates
Of cities lost, and none to tell their fates.
Life—to such daring heights had rapine gone—
Was but defensive war. So things moved on.

Faust. Say you moved on ? They staggered, limped, fell,
rose,
And stumbled and rolled helpless down. Sad close !

Meph. And such a state of things need no one blame.
Each had his chance of winning in the game ;
Each wished to be a somebody, and each
The object of his wishes now might reach.
Boys would be men, and sober men went mad.
At last the thing was felt to be too bad :
The better classes, that, too long inert
Had slumbered, rose this evil to avert,
Determined that such state of things should cease ;
Let him be Lord, they say, who gives us Peace.

The Kaiser cannot, will not. Choose we then
A ruler. Let another Kaiser reign,
Make each man's rights secure, and animate,
As with a better soul, the sinking State,
Till renovated Earth see blessings spread
From land to land, and Peace with Justice wed.

Faust. This has a priestlike twang.

Meph. Aye, priests they were ;
The well-fed belly made they their prime care.
Aye—insurrection was their interest.
The people rose, the priests the Rising blest ;
And now our Emperor—our old friend whom
We so amused and rendered happy—is come,
Perhaps, to his last battle-field.

Faust. I grieve
For him—so good, so open-hearted.

Meph. We have
An eye to him. While there is life there is
Hope. But first let us get him out of this.
He is caught and caged here in the narrow valley.
Saved once is saved for ever. My advice
Is, never give up. Who knows what on the dice—
Turn but the luck, and friends around him rally.

[*They ascend the middle range of mountains, and view
the arrangement of the army in the valley.
Trumpets and warlike music from below.*]

Meph. Well chosen the position is.
We join. The victory is his.

Faust. We ?—join ?—What there to do ?—Repeat
Illusion ? sleight of hand ? deceit ?—

Meph. Aye—stratagems of war to gain
A battle and your ends obtain.
Be wide awake. You save his throne
And kingdom for the Emperor,
Kneel down, are granted as your own,
In feudal right, the boundless shore.

Faust. You have seen much in your time.—Win a battle now.

Meph. No ; you will. Generalissimo art thou On this occasion.

Faust. I command? You flatter.
Command? Why, I know nothing of the matter—
Am in the art of war a very novice.

Meph. Not the worse General. Assume the office ;
Let the staff think for you, and the General
Is safe. For some short time back, I could snuff
War in the wind, and saw what must befall.
I've formed a military council of
The original elemental mountain stuff
Of the primitive mountain-man, in the unmixed power
Of his rude natural self. Fortunate he,
Who scrapes together, in a lucky hour,
Such customers !

Faust. But who are those I see
Yonder, and bearing arms? Thou hast, I trow,
Roused all the mountaineers up ?

Meph. Not quite so ;
But in the manner of Herr Peter Squenze,
Of all the rubbish there the quintessence.

Enter "THE THREE MIGHTY MEN," MEPHISTOPHELES'
BULLIES.

Meph. There come my Highland lads—in age, arms
clothing
Differing—the rascals are alike in nothing ;—
And, though I say it, who should not have said it,
They are the very boys to do me credit.
[*To the Audience*]. There's not a child on earth but loves
Gorget, and greaves, and gauntlet-gloves ;
And though the rags be allegorical,
Yet will they be the better liked by all.

Raufebold [*a youth, gaily dressed, lightly armed*].
 Look straight into my eyes;—aye, if you dare!
 Into your jaws, my lad, I thrust my fist;
 And if you run away, 'tis I that twist
 My hand into the flying coward's hair.

Habebald [*a man, well-armed, richly dressed*].
 In blows and bluster time's but thrown away—
 Plunder's the word, and Pillage. Beg, steal, borrow.
 I make my own of all I find to-day,
 And for a fresh instalment call to-morrow.

Haltefast [*an old man, in armour, otherwise naked*].
 But little is in that way won—
 “Easily got, easily gone!”
 To take's not bad; but to hold fast
 Is the one way to make it last.
 The old man's hand is very slow
 What it once clutches to let go;
 And my advice is, getting all you can,
 Give it to keep for you to the old man.
[*All descend to lower ground.*]

*Promontory. Drums and warlike music from beneath. The
 KAISER'S tent.*

KAISER. GENERAL IN COMMAND. TRABANTS

General. Placed as we were, we could not risk attack:
 Our plan of leading the whole army back
 To this convenient ground was duly weighed.
 I have good hope the choice will turn out well.

Emp. That's as it may be. The event will tell.
 But I dislike this yielding—this half flight.

Gen. Prince, only cast your eyes upon the right.
 Could we idealise the thought of war,
 This would appear the very station for

Our army. Sloping hills, to hostile powers
A check ; and a protecting wall to ours ;
Half by the undulating plain concealed.—
No cavalry will venture up that field.

Emp. I can but praise. Along that gentle slope
Our soldiers' genius will have ample scope.

Gen. In front on the flat meadows see you there
Our phalanx burning for the fight? The gleam
Of pikes and lances glimmers through the air,
In sunlight o'er the morning's breezy steam.
Now glooms the mighty square in the wavering light
Of the fresh dawn ; thousands there all aglow
For the coming action ! Prince, this is a sight
The power of multitudes in mass to show ;
On them I reckon with no doubtful hope,
The enemy's lines to scatter and break up.

Kais. Never before was it my chance to see
The brilliant sight : thus ranged, it seems to me,
The army's strength must more than doubled be.

Gen. Sire, of our Left I need say nothing now ;
Stout heroes occupy the steep crag's brow,
And bright with gleaming arms the rocky pile
Guards the close entrance of the deep defile.
There will the foe seek first to force their way.
—Raw in the bloody game of battle they,
And, broken there, will fall an easy prey.

Kais. There march my lying kinsfolk ! There they go !
See, uncles, cousins, brothers, join the foe.
In arms against us ;—they, who robbed the throne
Of everything ; made everything their own ;
Deprived, encroaching more and more each hour,
The Crown of honour, and the Sword of power.
Their Discord made the kingdom desolate ;
Their Union is a plot against the State.
The wavering crowd, unknowing right or wrong,
Where the stream hurries them are borne along.

Gen. A faithful man, for information sent,
Runs down the rocks—I trust for good event.

1st Spy. Safely went we up the country,
Safely back have made our way,
And but little favourable
Of our mission can we say.
Many proffered thee allegiance,
But they added, things were then
Such, that, for their own protection,
They must keep at home their men.

Kais. Self-seekers, they ! the doctrine of that sect
Rests not on friendship, gratitude, respect.
A neighbour's house on fire, self-interest
Some danger to their own might well suggest.

Gen. The second comes. He moves down heavily,
Every limb shaking—weary man is he.

2nd Spy. Unarranged and undirected
First we found the outbreak's course—
On a sudden a new Kaiser
Starts up—leads the rebel force.
Now 'tis plan and pre-arrangement—
Crowds behind his banner sweep,
And their leader they all follow—
Follow, as sheep follows sheep

Kais. He comes, this rival Kaiser ! Welcome be
His coming !—this is glorious gain for me.
Now for the first time am I Emperor !
Never till now was life worth living for !
Only as soldier armed I breast and brow—
Buckler and helm have higher purpose now :
At every fête, however bright and fair,
One thing I missed—the danger absent there.
You said, "With the safe Ring-game be content ;"
My blood leaped—I breathed lance and tournament.
Had you not held me back from arms, 'twere mine
Ere now in high heroic deeds to shine.

When mirrored in the Realm of Fire I stood,
What self-reliance then! what fortitude!
Against me pressed the elemental glow—
A show, in seeming, but a glorious show—
In turbid dreams of fame and victory won
I have lived too long. Be, what I dreamed of, done!

[*Heralds are sent with a challenge to the ANTI-KAISER.*]

*Enter FAUSTUS (in armour, with half-closed helmet). The
"THREE MIGHTY MEN," armed and clothed as before
described.*

Faust. We come, I trust unblamed. Precaution here
Can do no harm, though needless it appear.
A thoughtful and imaginative race
High in the mountains have their dwelling-place,
And secrets strange the rocks to them have shown,
By Nature traced in cyphers of her own.
Spirits, that long have left the lowlands, still
Cling even more fondly to the lonely hill.
'Mong labyrinthine chasms, where in rich wreaths
Of noble gas metallic fragrance breathes,
In silence there, they sort, and sift, and sever,
Combine, create, and seek the new for ever.
With soft and silent hand of gentlest power
—The strength serene of mind's creative hour—
Build swiftly up transparent shapes, and see
In crystal and its calm eternity,
As in a waveless mirror, imaged forth
The stirrings of the agitated earth.

Kais. This have I heard, and can suppose to be,
But of what moment is it, friend, to me?

Faust. The Norcian necromancer guards thee now
In him a fast and faithful friend hast thou.
Have you no recollection of the day

When 'mid the brush-wood crackling near, he lay,
And tongues of fire were panting for their prey?
Round the poor Sabine dry twigs heaped, and fixed
Between them, sulphur-rods and pitch were mixed.
Hope none in man, or god, or devil, remains—
You, with your mandate, burst the burning chains.
This was at Rome, and pledged since then to thee,
No other thought, no other care hath he.
He watches still the safety of thy throne :
Explores the stars, the depths, for thee alone.
For this he bade us hither speed. Strange might
Dwells in the mountains. Nature Infinite
Works there, is all in all, fearless and free.
This is what stupid Priests call Sorcery !

Kais. On festal day, when to the palace proud,
Guest pours on guest, and courtiers courtiers crowd,
We greet with joy the thousands that pour in,
Smiles round them to diffuse and smiles to win ;
But higher welcome give we to the brave
Who, when above us ominously wave
The scales of Destiny, and ills impend,
In that disastrous twilight comes—a friend.
Yet, in this lofty moment, be implored,
Draw back the strong hand from the eager sword :
The awful moment, the dread *now* revere,
For or against me arming thousands here.
Man's self is MAN, and his be crown and throne,
Whose title is by higher prowess shown ;
And be the spectre that defying stands,
Calls himself “ Kaiser,” “ Liege Lord of our Lands,”
“ Duke of the Army,” and would seize our crown,
With my own hand back to his hell thrust down !

Faust. Great though the gain were, glorious though the
strife,
It is not for the Prince to peril life.
Shines not the helm with crest and plumage gay ?

It guards the head, the Spirit's strength, and stay.
What without head were limbs? Should it repose,
They sink in languor down and with it doze;
If it be wounded, they will sympathize;
Restore its health, and they in vigour rise;
The arm's strong right the arm is swift to wield,
And lifts to screen the skull a ready shield;
Well doth the eager sword its duty know,
Wards strongly off, and then returns the blow;
The foot is happy too to aid the head,
And, stamping on his neck, treads down the Dead.

Kais. You speak my passionate mind; so would I treat
His proud head, trampling it beneath my feet.

[*HERALDS, who have been sent with the KAISER'S
challenge to the ANTI-KAISER, return.*]

Her. Little profit, less of honour,
Did you from our mission gain;
They received your noble challenge
With derision and disdain.
"Like the valley's feeble echo,
Faint your KAISER'S voice of power;
But in village tales remembered,
'There was once an emperor.'"

Faust. [*to the KAISER*]. Beside thee stands a firm and
faithful host,
And what has happened is what they wished most.
The foe draws near; with burning ardour, thine
Wait but the word for onset. Give the sign—
Now is the fortunate moment.

Kais. [*to the GENERAL*]. To command
I yield all claim, and, Prince, into thy hand
That duty do I give.

Gen. Then, march on, Right!
The foeman's Left, that now ascends the hill,
Before our young men's loyal ardour will
Be soon dashed back in ignominious flight.

Faust. [*pointing to RAUFEBOLD, one of MEPHISTOPHELES'*
"THREE," *the right-hand man of the "THREE."*]

Permit this merry fellow, then,
To mix himself among your men ;
His spirit its own zeal will give
To all your soldiers, in them live.

Raufebold [*coming forward*]. If they dare to look at me
with face unabashed,
Their cheeks shall be shattered, their jawbones be smashed.
The scoundrel that turns his back to escape,
Shall have head and scalp dangling down neck and down
nape.

[*Sings*]. "Like me if thy soldiers the enemy drub,
As I dash on in fury with sabre and club,
Man by man shall they fall to the ground :
Man by man in their own blood drowned !" [Exit.

Gen. The Phalanx of the Centre follow slow !
And in full force deliberate meet the foe !
—Already to the Right there's shrinking back,
Their plan is all deranged by our attack.

Faust. [*pointing to HABEBALD, who stands between RAUFEBOLD and HALTEFAST*].

Permit this man of mine, too, to obey
Your orders ; and work with you through the day.

Habebald comes forward, singing out.

"In the Emperor's army true soldier is Courage,
And helpers good are Plunder and Forage.
Let Forage and Plunder and Courage too
Keep the mock Emperor's tent in view !
We'll strip it clean when the rascal's gone ;
I'll head the Phalanx and lead it on."

Eilebeute [*sutler-woman, sidling up to HABEBALD*].

He with me did never wive—
For this we two the fonder thrive.

[*Sings*]. "The harvest-crop is heavy and ripe,
We gather it in, and grasp and gripe.

Woman works well in rapine and ravage,
For her eye is fierce and her heart is savage.
Win the day, and to Woman abandon
Everything that she can lay hand on !”

[*Exeunt* HABEDALD and EILEBEUTE.

Gen. Upon our Left, as I expected,
Their Right is in full force directed.
But man to man, oh ! with what rage
Among the rocks they now engage,
To win the Pass, and to defend.

Faust. [*beckoning to HALTEFAST, the left-hand man of the*
“THREE”]. Sir, may I ask you to attend
To this man ?—see his powerful arm :
Add strength to strength. ’Twill do no harm.

Haltefast. For the Left wing take thou no care—
’Tis safe enough while I am there.

[*Sings*]. “To hold his own let the old man alone :
What he has he is sure to keep for ever.
Once in his clutch, be it little or much,
Not the lightning-flash from his hand can sever.” [*Exit.*

Meph. [*coming from above*]. Leaning forward in the
distance,
From each jagged rocky gorge,
Weaponed men for bold resistance,
Hither seem their way to urge.
Swords they wield ; and helm and shield,
Behind us frown a dense dead wall :
All waiting for the wink of the Director
Upon the foe to fall.

[*Aside, to the knowing.*

Now, as to where they come from, one and all,
Ask me no questions, and—Yet ’twere as well you
Knew it. Then keep the secret, and I’ll tell you.
I have lost no time in the matter. I have taken
My officers from armour-halls forsaken,
Have cleaned out corridors and chambers dusty

Of their old iron warriors dim and rusty,
Where—horse and foot—in the proud attitude
Of rulers, lording it o'er earth, they stood.
Once were they Knights, Kings, Kaisers in their mail-
shells,

And now are nothing more than empty snail-shells.

I'll tell you another secret. Many a spectre

Hath got into these spoils of old-world strife,

Acting the Mediæval to the life.

Some tiny devil-fry have for the nonce

Stuck themselves in—I hope 'twill do for once.

[*Aloud*]. Hark! how they clink and clatter—with what
pothor

The tin-plates dash, clash, crash on one another!

Banners round banner-staffs are flapping free,

That for the air of earth had longed impatiently.

Look well on them—would it not seem to be,

A People of old times in war-array,

Urisen to mingle in this modern fray?

[*Fearful trumpet-sounds from above; the enemy waver.*]

Faust. The whole horizon darkles,

Save for a red and boding light

Portentously that sparkles.

Stained as with blood are sword and spear;

And wood, and rock, and atmosphere,

And heaven, and earth, are mingling in the fight.

Meph. The right flank's holding firm: the giant frame
Of Raufebold there works out his bloody game.

Kais. I saw *one* arm uplifted; as I gazed

Twelve were distinctly by one impulse raised.

This cannot sure be Natural or Right?

Faust. Think of the cloud-streaks floating by the sea,
In dawnlight, on the coasts of Sicily;

Where mists peculiar give to all men's sight,

Raised midway above earth, and mirrored bright

—Strange apparition—cities to and fro

Waving, and gardens rising, sinking there,
As picture after picture breaks the air.

Kais. The thing looks doubtful and suspicious, though.
See you not lightnings from the spear-tops play?
And of our phalanx, how on every lance,
Along its bright edge flamelets glide and glance?
Spirits, I fear.

Faust. Sire! suffer me to say,
Of Spirit-natures—natures passed away—
You see the trace. The Dioscuri here,
Familiar friends, to every seaman dear,
Propitious meteors, a last parting ray
Flash ere they vanish. These are friendly gleams.

Kais. But why should I be thus among the dreams
Of guardian Nature?—have for my own share
This gathering of all things odd and rare?
To whom is all this due?

Meph. To him alone,
The mighty Master—him, who to his own
Prefers thy safety—bears thee in his heart;
His is true gratitude, and his the art
That bids the marvels of all Nature rise,
To pour confusion on thy enemies.

Kais. [*thoughtfully*]. They led me forth in state—and
round me pressed
Crowds in congratulation and applause.
I now was something, and I wished to test
To my own self the something that I was;
And so it happened, without much thought, that there
I chose to exert my high prerogative,
And bade on that white beard the cool fresh air
To breathe once more—in mercy bade him live.
Thus for the priests I spoiled their holiday,
And little love since then for me have they.
And—can it be, that after many a year
Fruits of such accidental act appear?

Faust. The impulse of a generous breast
In kind act unawares expressed
Brings rich reward of interest.
Look up to the sky. If rightly I divine,
He sends us an intelligible sign.

Kais. An Eagle sweeps through heaven's blue height :
A threatening Griffin dogs his flight.

Faust. Attend ! the sign is favourable.

Seen in the light of the Ideal,
The Griffin monster is—a Fable ;
Thy type—the royal bird—is Real.

Kais. Now, in widespread circles see them,
In the air wheel round and round :
Darting now at one another,
Head and neck, and breast, they wound.

Faust. Rascal Griffin ! see him ! hear him,
Tugged and torn, with wail and shriek,
Now to save his lion-carcase,
The high tree-top's refuge seek.

Kais. Would all were, as I behold it
In this symbol strange unfolded !

Meph. [*towards the right*]. To our strokes, poured
thick and fast,
Must the foeman yield at last ;
In the wavering, doubtful fight,
Down they press upon their Right,
And their army's Left the foes,
Weak and straggling, thus expose.
See ! its point our Phalanx bring
To the Right, and on the Wing
Pour its lightnings. Now like Ocean
Tossed with storm, both hosts rage on—
Wilder is the strife of Armies.

Well devised our plan of battle !
We the victory have won !

Kais. [*to FAUSTUS on the left*]. Are we not in danger
yonder?

Look! must not the Pass be taken?

No stones flying to defend it.

The crags below are now ascended,

And the rocks above forsaken.

See the foe, a solid mass,

Nearer, ever nearer, pressing!

Now, methinks, they force the Pass.

Sad results of arts unholy!

Oh this magic hath no blessing!

[*Pause.* TWO RAVENS *appear.*

Meph. My two Ravens come to me!

What may now their message be?

I fear me, it goes ill with us.

Kais. Loathsome birds! still ominous

Of evil! Wherefore do they steer

With black sails hither, from the shock

Of warring men on yonder rock?

—Evil-boding birds! Why here?

Meph. [*to the RAVENS*]. Come to me nearer, yet more
near;

Come, take your seats, one at each ear;

Whom you protect need feel no fear—

Your counsel is so shrewd and clear;

And the event is still what you predict.

Faust. [*to the KAISER*]. Have you not heard of Doves
that come

From far lands to their brood, their home?

Like them, our Ravens here. No doubt

There is a difference. The Dove

Brings embassies of peace and love.

War has its Ravens to send out.

Meph. And now the message tells of our distress.

See round the rampart rock how foemen press!

The heights are theirs ! and, could they gain
The Pass, to guard the Rock were vain.

Kais. So I am trapped by you at last,
Caught in the net around me cast ;
I shuddered from the hour you came.

Meph. Courage, we yet may win the game—
It is not yet played out : the luck
May turn—have patience—keep up pluck.
The hardest tug is just before
The moment that the fight is o'er.
I've trusty messengers to send
For aid on which we may depend ;
Give me your order for it, and
Command me that I may command.

Gen. [*who has in the meantime come up*]. You have allied
yourself with these strange men ;
Through the whole time it has been giving me pain.
No lasting good comes of these juggling tricks ;
I don't see why I should at this stage mix
Myself up with them—I see nothing, in
Which I could now aid. You let them begin
The battle ; they may end it. I give back
The staff to you.

Kais. Keep it for better hours,
That fortune may have yet in store for us.
I shudder, thinking of the villanous
Fellow, and his intimacy with those black
Foul carrion birds, his privy counsellors.
[*To MEPHISTOPHELES*]. Give you the baton ? that would
scarcely do !—
For it, I fancy, you're not just the man ;
But make your orders. Do the best you can
For us. My whole dependence is on you.

[*Exit with GENERAL.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUSTUS.

Mephistopheles. The stupid piece of stick !—much good
may it do him,
Give power and honour and protection to him !
Something of a cris-cross was on the baton,
But little luck 'twould bring to us with that on.

Faust. What is to do ?

Meph. Just nothing. All is done.
[*Addresses the RAVENS*]. Swart serviceable cousins, good at
need,

To the great lake among the mountains speed !
Greet the Undines in their solitudes,
And beg from them a show of phantom floods
Perfect illusion this. Through female art
What is, from what makes it so seem, they part.
How they do this is difficult to tell—
Women such secrets as they wish, keep well !

[*Pause*]

Faust. Why, our black friends, to judge by the event,
Can flatter ladies to their hearts' content ;
Your cousins must have more than courtier's skill,
So soon to win the women to their will.
Already, see ! 'tis dripping, drizzling down,
And now from many a tall rock's dry bald crown,
The full free waters rapidly gush out.
All's over with their victory, not a doubt.

Meph. Strange greeting this ! What will come next ?
The boldest climbers are perplexed.

Faust. Already gurgling hill-top springs unite
With the strong rush of waters from below.
Now swell they to a river bold and bright,
Now, o'er the smooth rock spread in widening flow,
Race down its sides in thousand threads of light :
Precipitated thence with foam and flash,
From ledge to ledge into the valley dash.

Where now the hero's strength? where shield or helm?
Down come the waters wild, o'erpower, o'erwhelm.
Even I—I cannot see unterrified
The inundation spreading far and wide.

Meph. I can see none of these same water-lies,
They are deceptions but for human eyes.
I am amused at the confusion
Rising from a mere illusion—
Idiots rushing helter-skelter,
Deeming waves above them welter :
From a death by water shrinking,
Kicking, plunging, shrieking, sinking.
Hear them snorting, puffing, blowing!—
All is up with them—they're going.
A droll mistake—men absolutely drowned,
Or swimming hard for life, on the dry ground.

[*The RAVENS return.*]

To the high Master I will sound your praise.
Now for the crowning feat—come, no delays!
Now—now for our last master-stroke. Off with ye
To the dwarf people—off to the far smithy,
Where with unwearied toil 'mong mines unknown,
They pound to sparkling glitter steel or stone.
Some of their fire we want—coax, chaffer, chatter,
Get it—if got, how got is little matter.
Fire that will glitter, blaze, and run, and scatter—
Fire such as earth has seldom seen or can see—
Fire such as I have felt and men may fancy.

Mere lightning-flashes no doubt are
Seen often in the sky afar.

The sparkle of a shooting star
May chance on any summer night ;
But stars that hiss on the damp ground,
Lightnings on tangled bushes found,
Are sure no common sight.

[*Exeunt RAVENS.*]

[*All is done as described.*]

Meph. Darkness thick upon the foemen—
Wandering fires of doubtful omen—
Steps, that know not where to light,
In the misdirecting night—
Lightning flashes everywhere
Blinding with their sudden glare.
So far the effect is marvellously fine,
And now for Music in the terror-line.

Faust. The hollow spoils of the old armories
Are all alive and active in the breeze.
There they go bang,
Clatter and clang.
Clash of diabolic glee,
Dissonant exceedingly.

Meph. Now that they are at it, see if it be feasible
To stop 'em! Now for knightly knocks and blows!
Together in right earnest now they close.
The fights of the old glorious days renewed:
Gauntlets and steel sheaths for the shins
Fighting like Guelphs and Ghibellines
In the eternal unsubduing feud,
Hereditary—unappeasable.

At every devil's-festival
Works Party-spirit best of all.
The never-ending Hate, that still begins,
Heard o'er war-shout, rout and rally—
Harsh, malignant, sharp, satanic,
Scattering terror, horror, panic,
Down the hill-slope—through the valley.

[*War tumult in the orchestra—at last passing
into clear military music.*]

The ANTI-KAISER'S tent. Throne. Rich furniture.

HABEBALD, EILEBEUTE, TRABANTS.

Eilebeute. We're first then from the field of fight.

Hab. Aye, swift as any raven's flight.

Eileb. What treasure-heaps are here to win !

Where shall we finish ? where begin ?

Hab. There's so much everywhere to catch ;

I know not what I first shall snatch.

Eileb. This tapestry will match me quite,

My bed's so cold and hard at night.

Hab. A steel club hanging from the shelf.

—I've long been wishing one myself.

Eileb. A long red robe with golden seams !

—Like one I've often seen in dreams.

Hab. [*taking the weapon which he refers to*].

With this a man's business soon is done—

Knock him down dead—and then move on.

[*To EILEBEUTE*]. You've been picking up so much

Mere rags ! how could you think of such ?

Throw all this rubbish out again ;

Have at the pay-chest of the men !

Eileb. It is too heavy ; I have got

No strength to lift it from the spot.

Hab. Duck down there—lose no time—I'll pack

And bundle it upon your back.

Eileb. What pain ! I hear my sinews crack ;

The heavy load will break my back.

[*The chest falls and springs open.*]

Hab. See there ! a heap of red gold lies—

Swift to it ! sweep away the prize.

Eileb. [*stoops down*]. Into my lap, aye ! throw it swift.

With what we've got we'll make a shift.

Hab. Now you've enough—away with you !

[*EILEBEUTE stands up.*]

Your apron's torn—the coins drop through.
Where'er you go, and where you stand,
You're sowing gold-seed o'er the land.

Enter TRABANTS of our Emperor.

Tra. What ! here upon this holy ground !

Pillaging Cæsar's treasure found !

Hab. We lavished life and limb in fight.

To share the booty is our right ;

'Tis prize of war—our custom'd due—

Remember, we are soldiers too.

Tra. Soldiers !—scarce so in our belief.

Soldiers ! what, soldier too and thief !

None near our Emperor's person dear,

But honest soldiers suffered here !

Hab. Pillage with us may be the name—

Yours, contribution—'tis the same ;

On others' means alike we live,

'Tis all one trade—'tis “ give,” still “ give.”

[*To EILEBEUTE*]. Off with your booty !—off—keep clear

Of these folks—we've no welcome here.

[*Exeunt HABEBALD and EILEBEUTE.*]

1st Tra. You did not hit him going out :

The rascal ! What were you about ?

2nd Tra. I do not know—all strength forsook

My arm ; so spectral was their look.

3rd Tra. A something bad came o'er my sight ;

It glimmered—I saw nothing right.

4th Tra. For my part, I do not know what

To say—the whole day was so hot.

Such clinging heat, so terrible :

And this one stood, and that one fell.

On groped we, hitting at the foe,

A man was down at every blow.

My ear hummed, hissed, whizzed, and there was
Before my eyes a wavering gauze.

And on it went ; and here are we,

And know not how it came to be.

[*Exeunt.*]

KAISER. PRINCES. CHANCELLOR.

Enter the KAISER and four PRINCES.

Kais. Well, be it as it may be, then the day at last is
ours.

In hurried flight the scattered foe along the lowland pours.
Here stands the traitor's empty throne, with tapestry hung
round ;

The Anti-Kaiser's treasure see, where it usurps the ground.
And here in honoured pomp we stand, guarded by our own
bands,

The KAISER, waiting to receive the envoys of his lands.
From all sides happy tidings come—the people's discords
cease,

Everywhere exultation is—the Empire all at peace.

And if it be that in our aid the arts of Magic wrought,
Yet We it was, and only We, in very truth that fought.

The chances of the hour must still in battle's scale be
thrown ;

From heaven there falls a shower of blood, from heaven a
meteor-stone—

Strange sounds from rocky caverns rise. Our swelling
hearts rejoice.

The enemy is smit with fear by that portentous voice.

The conquered lasting scorn abides ; the happy victor
boasts,

And praises in his honr of pride the favouring God of
hosts ;

All voices now chime in with him, there needs no mandate
—" LORD,

We give Thee thanks, we praise Thee," is from thousand throats outpoured.

Then comes, alas ! and not till then, the better hour apart,
When, all alone, the conqueror looks in on his own heart.

A youthful prince will waste his day, misled by mirth and power—

Years come, and then we feel the deep importance of the hour.

Therefore, delaying not the act, will I now bind me down,
With you four worthies, evermore for household, court, and crown.

[*To the first*]. The army's well-placed station, Prince, hath tested well thy skill,

And, in the crisis of the day, thine was the guiding will ;
Work, therefore, as befits the time, when peace is now restored,

Hereditary Marshal, rise—to thee I give the sword.

[*Hered. Marshal*]. Now in the centre of the realm the army's faith is shown,

Soon at the Empire's bounds to guard thy person and thy throne.

When thy paternal town is thronged at splendid festival,
Then be it granted me to range the banquet in the hall.
Before thee bear I the bright sword, or hold it up beside
Thy princely steps—the bright sword still in peace or war thy pride !

Kais. [*to the second*]. Thou who high courtesy with valour dost unite,

High Chamberlain be thou—the duties are not light.

First be thou of all the servants of the household—over all :

Sorry servants do I find them, evermore in strife and brawl.

Now in this high post of honour let thy fair example teach
Honour meet to lord and subject—courtesy to all and each.

High Cham. Thy high thought to express in act, and
show with fitting grace
Distinction ever to the best—forbearance to the base ;
Without one touch of seeming show or shadow of disguise—
Type of the Emperor's dignity to move in all men's eyes,
The heart within at peace, and thus diffusing its own
calm,
And Cæsar's presence, who approves and knows me as I
am—
High boon is this ; but on bold wing should Fancy, far
away,
Move onward to that feast of feasts, that long-expected
day :
When thou goest to the table, the lordly ewer of gold
I reach to thee—and in that hour for thee the rings I
hold,
When the Imperial hand would seek refreshment and
delight,
Rejoicing in the water, as I gladden in thy sight.

Kais. Too serious cares unfit me now for all festivity ;
But to begin with cheerfulness is best—so let it be.
[*To the third*]. Thee I choose as the Chief Butler, and from
henceforth unto thee,
Chase, and poultry-yard, and homestead, farm, and farm-
yard subject be.
To myself the choice reserving of such dish as I love best ;
As each month in its succession brings them. See them
fitly drest.

Chief Butler. Fasting strict be mine for ever, till before
my lord is placed,
Each month, in its due succession still, the dish that meets
his taste.
All whose service is in kitchen shall with me in union here,
Still anticipate the seasons—make the distant climate near ;
But thy simple tastes are better pleased by meats that
strengthening are,

Than by those before their season forced, or hither brought
from far.

Kais. [*to the fourth*]. As ordering of feasts must now our
only topic be,

Young hero, into Cupbearer I metamorphose thee.

Chief Cupbearer from this day forth, an anxious duty thine,
That richly stored our cellar be with best of generous wine ;
But thine own course in festive hour still temperately steer,
Nor tempted be to overstep the bounds of sober cheer.

Cupbearer. Youth, Prince—if you in youth full confidence
repose—

To manhood's strength and stature in a moment grows ;
And such great change shall this high office work in me,
To bear me meetly when that feast of crowning joy shall be.
Then shall the Emperor's buffet shine with silver and with
gold,

From cups and vases glittering there in splendour manifold ;
But for thyself shall I select the brightest cup and best:

The Venice glass that virtue hath unknown to all the rest.

Joy lurks in the bright Venice glass that in the wine creates
A finer flavour ; thus it cheers and not inebriates.

In such a treasure as this cup one may too much confide :

Prince ! your own temperance is still a safer guard and
guide.

Kais. These gifts, in seriousness conferred, the Kaiser's
word makes sure ;

Yet written witness should there be, and formal signature.

And lo ! for this the fitting man comes at the hour most
fit.

[*Addresses the ARCHBISHOP, who enters.*]

To the supporting keystone when the vaulted arch is knit,

The builder then hath framed his work for ages infinite.

Thou seest these princes four ; with them our solemn com-
pact made

Foundation firm of governance for House and Court has
laid ;

But what the Empire as a whole concerns, and thus demands

Counsel of weight, ye princely five, I place it in your hands.
Possession of far-spreading lands should still your rank
evince :

Land is—it ought to be—one great distinction of a Prince ;
Therefore of your dominions now do I enlarge the bounds,
And of these traitors give to you the confiscated grounds ;
To you, my faithful friends, these lands in full and free
domain,

I give and grant, with ample power to hold and to maintain,
By purchase to extend, or by barter to increase,
All right of their old owners for evermore to cease.

And o'er the lands I give to-day, and that already yours,
The fullest rights of sovereignty this grant to you secures ;
—You to decide, in courts of law, such pleas as may arise ;
From your tribunal no appeal to other judgment lies.

With tribute, taxes, tithes, and toll, safe-conduct, duty-wine,
Mintage, and salt, and royalties of mountain and of mine.

I have raised you, that my gratitude may be to all men
shown,

In rank next to the majesty of the Imperial throne.

Arch. I, in the name of all, give deep-felt thanks to thee.
Thou strengthenest us, and thus thyself wilt henceforth
stronger be.

Kais. To you, five princes, higher honours yet I give.
I live, and for my kingdom's sake still should I wish to live !
Yet are there feelings linked with the far past,
That their own sadness on the spirit cast :

The chain of my high ancestors passed from the earth, to
whom

I pass from the brisk stir of life, brings thoughts that have
their gloom.

I, too, must part from you, my friends, and when, in His
good hour,

I shall have gone, then be it yours to name the Emperor :

On the high altar raise him up, there crowned in solemn form ;

And thus in perfect peace shall end, what heretofore was storm.

Arch. [*as* CHANCELLOR]. With lonely gesture, and with hearts where proud feelings have birth,
Bending before thee princes stand, the mightiest of the earth.

As long as the true blood stirs the full veins, we still
Shall be a body ever moved by impulse of thy will.

Kais. And finally, what we to-day have done, we would make fast

By writing, that to future times as solemn proof may last.
Princes, I give you in your lands dominion full and free,
With only this condition, that they undivided be,
And that however you increase the lands that we bestow,
They to the eldest son shall still invariably go.

Arch. [*as* CHANCELLOR]. This, to ourselves, and to the realm, a most important measure,
To parchment I shall now confide, as Chancellor, with pleasure :

That it be written fair and sealed, the Chancery will make sure ;

To give effect to it, you add the holy signature.

Kais. And now this council I dismiss, that each one of you may

Ponder collectedly upon the acts of this great day.

[*Exeunt* TEMPORAL PRINCES.]

The ARCHBISHOP remains and speaks in a pathetic tone.

Arch. The Chancellor has gone! the Bishop still is here !

An earnest warning spirit has forced him to your ear ;
He sees thee with a father's heart, a father's love and fear.

Kais. What mean you? Speak! Why tremble in this hour of happy cheer?

Arch. In a sad hour, with bitter pangs, do I behold,
alas !

Thy crowned and consecrated head in league with Satan.
Your crown has been secured to you, 'twould so seem, 'gainst
all hope,
But with no blessing from on high, no sanction from the
Pope.

Upon thy sinful land ere long in judgment he will sit,
And with his holy lightnings strike, annihilating it.
He hath not, how could he forget that strange portentous
deed

Of yours, the day that you were crowned, and the magician
freed ;

When from the diadem, to all good Christians grief and
dread,

The first beam of its mercy glanced on that accursed head ?
Beat on thy breast in penitence ! Oh ! think of thy soul's
health,

And give some little to the Church of all that demon-wealth.
Where, listening to the prince of lies, you sinned—oh !
chiefly there,

'Twere fitting to atone for sin, and evil done repair.
My counsel take—'tis for your sake I chiefly speak, believe
it—

That very spot, why should you not to pious uses give it ?
Oh ! sanctify the broad hill-space where thy tent stood, and
where

The evil spirits, aiding thee, in battle active were :
And give the mountain and the wood, that league on league
extends,

And the pasture-land beginning just where the woodland
ends ;

Bright lakes alive with fish, and brooks that from the moun-
tain's crown

Wind numberless along the slopes, then to the vale leap
down ;

And the broad vale, oh ! dedicate, with meadow-land and plain.

Repentance thus expressed finds grace, and never pleads in vain.

Kais. Thinking *upon* my heavy crime, such terrors *on* me seize,

I leave it to yourself to fix at will the boundaries.

Arch. First, then, be the polluted land, defiled by magic art,

For ever to the service of the Highest set apart.

Already I in spirit see the stately walls aspire,

Already feel the morning sun's first rays light up the choir.

The rising structure to a cross enlarges and extends ;

Believers see with joy the nave that lengthens and ascends ;

The faithful through rich portals stream, borne on with burning zeal,

And over vale, and over hill, is heard the bell's first peal ;

From towers, that heavenward point and strive, rings the far-echoed sound—

There, kneeling down, the penitent a better life hath found.

And at the dedication day—oh ! would that it were now—

And kneeling in that church—thy gift—such penitent wert thou.

Kais. Oh ! may this pious work avail to-day,

To praise the Lord, and put my sin away !

Already, in the thought sublime, above myself I feel.

Arch. I, as the Chancellor, arrange formality and seal.

Kais. Prepare the fitting document, purporting to secure This to the Church, and I'll with joy affix my signature.

Arch. [*takes leave, but immediately returns*]. And to the work, as it proceeds, must thou too dedicate Land-dues, benevolences large, and tribute, rent, and rate For ever. To support the staff with money you should aid ;

The bursar and the auditor must not be underpaid.

That the building may go quickly on, you cannot, sure,
withhold,

From the plunder of the enemy, an offering of gold.

We also shall have need—the thing admits not of disguise—

Of foreign timber, lime, and slate, and of them large
supplies

The carriage will cost nothing : we'll have orators addressing

The crowd, to preach " who serves the Church may reckon
on her blessing." *[Exit.*

Kais. Grievous and heavy is the sin wherewith I've
burthened me ;

These odious sorcerers bring me to a sad extremity.

Arch. *[returns again with a deep obeisance].*

Pardon me, Sire. The sea-shore of the realm to that bad
man

Has been conveyed ; yet will he fall under the Church's
ban,

Unless, repentant, to the Church from all that land you
give

Tithes, contributions, rents and rates, and dues derivative.

Kais. *[vexed].* The land ! Call you that " land," o'er-
flowed by ocean vast ?

Arch. Where patience and good title are, possession
comes at last.

For us may your all-gracious word inviolate remain ! *[Exit.*

Kais. *[alone].* What will he next, perhaps, demand ?—The
realm o'er which I reign ?

ACT V.

OPEN COUNTRY.

WANDERER. BAUCIS. PHILEMON.

Wanderer. Yes! 'tis their dusk grove of linden,
Strong in undecaying age;
And shall I again behold them,
After years of pilgrimage?
Still the same old place—see yonder!
See the hut that sheltered me,
When upon these downs the billows
Flung me from the stormy sea!
Oh! that I once more could greet them—
My old hosts—even then they were
Old. And can I hope to meet them?
Earnest, active, kindly pair!
Oh! but they were kindly people!
Shall I knock? or with my voice
Question gently? Do my old friends
Still in doing good rejoice?

Baucis [*a very old woman*]. Softly! softly! gentle stranger,
To his rest the old man leave;
Strength for their short hours of waking
Still from sleep the old receive.

Wand. Say then, love you still, dear mother,
Still to hear my thanks again?
By thy kind act and thy husband's
Rescued. Many years since then!
Art thou Baucis, she, whose nurture
To my cold lips called back life?

PHILEMON *enters.*

Thou, Philemon, who my treasure
Saved amid the billows' strife?

How the rapid fire you lighted
Threw its blaze o'er ocean drear !
How that night amid the tempest
Rang your small bell's silvery cheer !

Let me move a few steps onward
Let me view the boundless sea !
Let me kneel in thankful prayer
My full heart oppresses me.

[Moves rapidly over the downs.]

Phil. [*to BAUCIS*]. Hasten now to spread the table
'Mong the garden's cheerful trees ;
Let him run, and, struck with wonder,
Start back, doubting all he sees.

[Follows him.]

Phil. [*to the WANDERER*]. Where the sea in savage fury
Wave on foaming wave once rolled,
Now you see a happy garden,
Fair as Eden was of old.

Gone was my poor strength—too feeble
To have aided ; weak like me,
Shrank the waves, till then unconquered,
Shrank in fear the mighty sea.

Bold hands toiled, wise heads directed,
Dikes and dams shut out the sea ;
Ocean's old rights they invaded,
Lords, where he had ruled, to be.

See ! in green waves meadows rolling !
Pastures, garden, woodland, town !
But the evening bids us homeward.
Come !—the sun is sinking down.

Sails move inward from the distance,
For the night to port repair ;
Birds, that know their nests, I warrant,
For a haven now is there !

Far away in the dim distance,
First the sea's blue fringe you trace ;
Right and left, see, fields and gardens
Crowd the thickly peopled space.

THE "THREE" *at table in the Garden.*

Bau. [*to WANDERER*]. Are you dumb?—and not a morsel

To your famished lips you move !

Phil. He may wish to hear of wonders,
And to tell of such you love.

Bau. Wonders ! Prodigies of Magic !
What was done still troubles me.
It was nothing good, I warrant—
Nothing such as ought to be.

Phil. Would the Kaiser, were it evil,
Then, have granted him the shore ?
Heard we not the trumpet tell it
As the herald passed our door ?
Near this very door was planted
The first foot ; then tents were seen ;
Cottages ; and now a palace
Rises with its verdant screen.

Bau. All in vain men slaved by daylight—
Axe and shovel—blows on blows.
'Twas at night where the red flamelets
Swarmed, at dawn the dam arose.
There, no doubt, bled human victims ;
Shrieks of pain through night we heard ;
And, where waves of fire flowed seaward,

A canal at dawn appeared.
 'Tis a godless man! he covets
 This our little cot, our wood.
 Neighbour call you him? Subjection
 Comes with such man's neighbourhood.

Phil. Yet he makes us ample offer—

Homestead fair in the new land!

Bau. Trust not land that late was water;
 On the high ground keep thy stand.

Phil. Move we onward to the chapel,
 The last sunbeams to behold;
 Kneel, and with the bell make music—
 God our refuge, as of old.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Extensive Pleasure-garden; large straight Canal. FAUSTUS,
 in extreme old age, walking about, meditating.*

Lynceus [*the warder of the tower, through a speaking trumpet*].

Sunset! In its pleasant glimmer,
 The last vessels seek the bay.
 Hither, see! a stately wherry
 Up the long canal makes way.
 Now the gay barque's coloured streamers,
 Now the joyous masts appear.
 'Thee the mariner wave-wearied
 Blesses, glad to rest him here.

[*The little bell sounds on the downs.*]

Faust. [*starts*]. Damned ringing! vile mean tinklings!—
 like

A treacherous arrow's stings they strike.
 Before me, far and wide, extend
 My fair dominions without end;
 Behind me jars this envious thing's
 Vile babble, evermore that rings
 Its dissonance into my ear.

Are my lands mine? or can I feel
Them mine, when that distracting peal
Is everlastingly heard here?
The linden field, the cottage brown,
The old church mossed and mouldering down,
They are not mine; and should I there
Wish to enjoy myself, the air
Oppresses me, my heart grows chill
In the strange shadows on that hill:
Thorns to my eyes, thorns to my feet are they—
Torture! Oh! would that I were far away.

Lyn. [*from above*]. How joyously, in the fresh evening
gales,

Up the canal the gay barque hither sails!
How rapidly it nears us, with its store
Of huge chests, bags, and boxes crowded o'er!
[*A beautiful barque, richly laden with the produce of
foreign climes, now appears; MEPHISTOPHELES
and his "THREE" disembark.*

Chor. [*to FAUSTUS*]. We're at home: we are on land;

'Twas a prosperous sail.

Hail to thee, Master!

Patron! all hail! [*The goods are landed.*

Meph. We have done not badly here,
Happy if our patron praise!
Vessels twenty now have we;
With but two we went to sea.
See! what booty, see! what gear
Our full-laden barque displays.
The free sea makes the spirit free.
Of right or wrong but little care,
Nor much of ceremony there.
'Tis ready eye and rapid grip;
'Tis seeing, snapping, fish or ship.
And thus a third ship to our two
We added, and a fourth pursue.

Ill fares the fifth that looms in sight ;
 'Tis ours as sure as might makes right
 The *what*, and not the *how*, for me.
 —I think I ought to know the sea.
 War, and trade, and piracy,
 One in spirit are all three !

The " Three." No thanks, nor greeting,
 Nor word, nor smile !
 As if what we brought
 Were worthless and vile.
 With a scowl of dislike,
 With disgust and displeasure,
 He has turned him away,
 As despising the treasure.

Meph. Off with you—you are paid—you've had your
 due—

—Retained it—there is nothing now for you.

The " Three." What we kept of it
 Was our perquisite.

I'd have you to know we have all done our duty,
 And our right is an equal share of the booty.

[*The lading is removed.*]

Meph. First the costly spoils together
 Place in order, row on row,
 Store on store ; and when to-morrow
 He beholds the splendid show,
 He will look at all with calmness,
 And reward you as is meet—
 With free hand his lavish bounty
 Feast on feast will give the fleet.
 The gay birds come with morning's light ;
 I'll see to it, that all goes right.

[*The lading is stored. Excunt THE " THREE."*]

Meph. [*to FAUSTUS*]. With clouded looks and heavy brow,
 What Fortune sends, regardest thou.

Think on the victories that crown
Thy wisdom, sea and land made one.
Welcoming, the sea receives
The barque, that with gay flag unfurled
The happy shore exulting leaves.
Here, Lord of Earth, from this thy throne,
Here, from thy palace, rule the world,
Land—sea—and all that is—thine own !
'Twas here the works began. Here stood
The first poor shed of rough-hewn wood.
Here, where plashes now the oar,
Their lines through clay the delvers tore.
Here did thy science, and the hands
Obeying still thy high commands,
Join land and sea. Here——

Faust.

Cursed be

This *Here* !—'tis torture—'tis disgust :
From your experienced eye I must
Not seek to hide that, sting on sting,
It wounds my heart ; nor can I name
The cause without a sense of shame.
Surely—yes, surely—'tis a thing
In which the old folks on the hill
Ought to give up to mine their will.
I wished to have the linden field :
Obstinate fools !—they will not yield.
The world is mine, but all its joy
Those few trees, not my own, destroy.

There would I, for the prospect's sake,
From bough to bough my scaffolds run,
And vistas through the branches make
To gaze on all that I have done.
Thence overlook, as from a tower,
Wide lands for man's dwelling won,
Noblest work of human power.

Flowing thence the master-mind
Would to all glad impulse give,
And its own enjoyment find
In the joys that round it live.

'Tis too bad. What we have of weal
We feel not. What we want we feel.
The lindens, and the little bell,
The tinkling, and the heavy smell,
Bring round me mists of church and grave.
The Will that made all bend in fear
Breaks—breaks upon this sand-bank here.
Rings but that little bell, I rave.

Meph. Of course!—There never was a moment yet,
That something did not come to make you fret.
Here, I must own, your anger's just.
There's not a noble ear but must
Hear this ding-dong with deep disgust.
The dismal boom with vapour-clouds
The cheerful sky of evening shrouds;
From birth-day bath to burial time
For ever sounds the dreary chime,
Till it makes Man's life almost seem
'Twixt peal and peal a ding-dong dream.

Faust. How is it that they hold out still?
—What obstinacy of self-will!
All from the sea that I have won
Is spoiled—undone all I have done.
—Torture! How is a man to deal
With such folk, who can neither feel
Their own nor others' good? One must
At last grow tired of being just!

Meph. I see no difficulty in the case.
—Are you not bound to colonise the place?

Faust. Just on the bounds of my own grounds, there is a little cot
I've chosen there, for the old pair. Go! place them in that spot.

Meph. [*humming half to himself*]. Aye! pluck them up, and carry them off, and lay them down; and then, Before you have time to look about, they're on their legs again.

To be sure, such shocks and violent knocks they may think an outrageous thing;
But field and farm are a capital charm good temper back to bring. *Whistles shrilly.*

Enter THE "THREE."

Come! 'tis the master's bidding meet;
To-morrow he will feast the fleet.

The "Three." The old master's! He with scorn and slight
Has treated us—the feast's our right.

Meph. [*to the Audience*]. What long ago was done, is done here too.
The tale of Naboth's vineyard is not new.

DEEP NIGHT.

Lynceus [*the Warder, on his tower singing*].
At birth was I gifted
With quick powers of seeing,
And Nature and Fortune
For once are agreeing.
On the height of his watch-tower,
The warder's employment,
While he glances around,
Is but change of enjoyment.
I gaze on the distant,

I look on the near,
On the moon and the bright stars,
The wood and the deer.
All that I look on
Is lovely to see ;
I am happy, and all things
Seem happy to me.
Glad eyes look around ye,
On earth or in air,
Gaze where ye will,
For still all things are fair !

[*Pause.*

Other scenes than of delight
Reach the warder on his height.
Ha ! what clouds of horror breathe
From the world of gloom beneath !
Spark on spark upshoots in spray
Through the lindens' double night.
—How the strong glow rends his way,
Swelling, panting with the breeze,
Bristling into fiercer light !
Ha ! the cottage in the trees,
Where the heavy moss had grown
Over moist and mouldering stone,
Blazes ! Oh that help were near !
—Hand to rescue, none is here !
Alas ! the kindly good old pair
Who, some years since, watched with such care
Night after night their beacon-fire,
—Thus to perish ! Higher, higher,
'Mid stifling smoke-clouds flames the flame.
In dusk-red light, through the black night,
Stands out distinct the mossy frame.
—Oh, that shelter could be found them
From the wild hell raging round them !—
Tongues of light flash up between

The leaves, and through the branchy sprays ;
Dry flickering boughs have caught the blaze,
And burning fierce and fast fall in.
Misery such sight to see !
Why hath this power of vision been
Bestowed, alas ! on me ?
The little lowly chapel roof
Is breaking down : it is not proof
Against the crush and weight of all
The burning boughs that on it fall.
Serpenting, the sharp flames seize
The upper twigs of the old trees ;
Down, the hollow stems are purpled
To the roots in turbid glow. [Long pause. Song.

What the eye so loved is vanished
With the years of long ago.

Faust. [on the Balcony toward the downs].

What a strange whimpering plaint from the watch-tower !
The word is here, and the lament, too late.
My warder wails it ; would 'twere in my power
To make undone the deed precipitate !
Of the old lindens scarce some half-burned stem
Remains. 'Tis well that we are rid of them.
Aye ! that's the very spot on which to place
A terrace to look out on boundless space ;
To see among the happy dwellings there
The new home of that stubborn strange old pair.
They soon will learn to thank me and to praise
For all life's blessings in life's closing days—
Feel how much I have served them, and the sight
Of their contentment will give me delight.

MEPHISTOPHELES AND THE "THREE" [*below*].

Meph. We're here, full trot. I wish things had
Gone better;—not that they are bad.
We knocked, we kicked; but not a bit
Of the old folk would open it.
We kicked and shook it all the more;
And down came the old rotten door.
We called aloud with curse and threat;
But not an answer could we get.
They did not hear us—would not hear—
Met our demand with a deaf ear.
This is, you know, the common trick:
So on we went—knock, push, and kick.
We were your agents, and, no doubt,
Must do the work we came about.
We had no loitering, no debate;
We've done your work—cleared your estate.
The poor old couple sank outright;
Suffered no pain—they died of fright.
A stranger, who was for the night,
By some chance, sleeping there, showed fight—
Would not keep quiet, though ill-matched
With our force. Him we soon dispatched.
In the confusion of the fray,
The straw caught fire—some cinders lay
Scattered about. 'Tis blazing free;
The funeral death-pile of the three.

Faust. ~~Distraction!~~ Would that you had been
Deaf to my words, or not deaf to their sense!
Peaceful exchange I wished, not violence.
Your act was plunder, merciless, and worse—
Murder. I curse it. You and it I curse.

Chor. The old saying rings loud in my ear at this hour:
"Strive, heart and hand, in the service of Power,

Strive to the utmost, and risk in the strife
Life, honour, and wealth, you lose honour, wealth,
life!"

MIDNIGHT.

FAUSTUS *on the Balcony, looking towards the burning
cottage.*

Faust. The fading stars their glance and glow
Hide. The fire sinks and flickers low;
And, fanning it, a breeze blows cold,
And smoke and mist toward me are rolled.
Rash word! rash deed! What can it be
Sweeps hither—spectral, shadowy?

Enter FOUR GREY WOMEN.

First. I am Want.

Second. And I'm

By men called Guilt—Debt—Crime.

Third. And I am Care.

Fourth. And men call me Misery,

Distress, and Dire Necessity.

Three of them. The door is barred and bolted hard,
And we have no way to enter in.

'Tis a rich man's home to which we have come,
And we have no wish to enter in.

First. I fade into shadow.

Second. I cease to be.

Fourth. The spoiled child of Fortune will turn from me,
Displeased at the presence of Misery.

Care. Will see not what he has no wish to see.

First. Sisters—grey sisters—away let us glide.

Second. Away and away! I am still at thy side.

Fourth. And I at thy heels follow fast as a breath
Of the wandering vapour.

*Three. The clouds are thickening, the stars are sickening.
From beneath—fast and fast—from afar—from afar—
From below—from below—to the place where we are—
Comes another—our brother.*

See ye him? feel ye him? know ye him?—Death.

Faust. Four came—I saw them—and could only see
Three going. And the odd talk of the three,
As they went hence, what could its meaning be?
I caught some few strange murmurs—Care, and Crime,
And Death—the burthen of their dreary rhyme.
The hollow tones breathed an unearthly chill,
And through me yet they have not ceased to thrill.
Were my path once but from this Magic free,
Forgotten all these words of Sorcery,
Stood I alone, O Nature, before thee
Man, and but Man, 'twere worth the trouble to be
A man.

Such was I once, but I must grope
And dabble in the dark—must blot out hope—
Must curse myself, and curse the world without.
These phantoms everywhere now float about
Through the thick air. Go where one will, one meets
The same perplexities—the same deceits.
If but one day seem tolerably bright,
Wild dreams will come disquieting the night.
From the fresh fields we come with joyous cheer,
And a bird croaks. What croaks he? Danger near.
By Superstition morn and eve beset,
And never free from her entangling net;
Divorced from Nature's life, each accident
Takes shape; is sign, and omen, and portent;
And we—unmanned by terror—stand alone.
—The door creaks—none comes in. Is any one
There?—

Care. The question is its own reply.

Faust. A voice ! Whom hear I speaking ?

Care.

It is I.

Faust. Away with thee !

Care.

I'm where I have good right

To be.

Faust. [*to himself—first angry, then recovering*].

Take heed, and speak no spell to-night.

Care. Heard not by the outward ear,

In the heart I am a Fear,

And from me is no escape.

Every hour I change my shape,

Roam the highway, ride the billow,

Hover round the anxious pillow.

Ever found, and never sought,

Flattered, cursed. Oh ! know you not

Care ? Know you not Anxiety ?

Faust. I've but run through the world ; and all, that
pleased

Or promised pleasure, eagerly have seized :

What fled I thought no more of, nor pursued

Even with a wish the evanescent good :

Desired, and had, and new desires then formed,

And thus through life impetuously stormed,

In Power and Greatness first 'twas mine to live ;

And now, in Wisdom's walks contemplative.

Of Earth I know enough. 'To aught beside

Of other worlds all access is denied.

Madness ! to search beyond with prying eyes,

And feign or fancy brethren in the skies.

Let Man look round him here ! Here plant his foot !

The world is to the active never mute.

We know but what we grasp. What need have we

Of thoughts that wander through eternity ?

Your demons of above, and of below,

At their free pleasure let them come and go.

Of goblins' freaks the wise nor knows nor cares,

But says, "I go my own way, and they theirs."
And thus, come good, come evil, let him stride
Onward, and onward—still unsatisfied!

Care. Whom I once have made my own
All the life of life finds gone.
Gloom of more than night descending
On his steps is still attending.
Morning never on his path
Rises. Sunset none he hath.
Shape unchanged, and senses whole,
—But with darkness of the soul.
Having all things, and possessing
Nothing; poisoning every blessing;
At each change of fortune whining,
In abundance poor and pining;
All things, speak they joy or sorrow
Still postponing to the morrow;
Ever of the future thinking;
Ever from the present shrinking;
And the dream goes on for ever,
And the coming time comes never.

Faust. Cease! you talk nonsense. You'll make nothing
of me.

I will not listen to a word of it. Off with thee!
This wild witch-litany is bad
Enough to drive the wisest mad.

Care. Will he come, or will he go?
Who can answer yes or no?
Purposes postponed, forsaken,
All resolve is from him taken.
On the beaten road he loses
Still his way, and bypaths chooses;
Still some devious track pursuing,
All things still by slant lights viewing;
Helplessly on friends relying;
Scarcely living, yet not dying;

His is endless vacillation,
—Not despair, not resignation—
Restless—never more partaking
Calm of sleep or joy of waking ;
All that others do resenting ;
All that he hath done repenting ;
All he hath not done regretting ;
All he ought to do forgetting ;
Lingering, leaving ; longing, loathing ;
Ripe for Hell and good for nothing !

Faust. Ill-boding spectres ! you in many ways
The current of man's happiness derange,
And even the calm of uneventful days
Cloud and perplex, and into torture change.
I know from demons none can make him free,
Break the strong bands that spirit to spirit unite ;
But creeping Care, lour as thou wilt, thy might
I never will acknowledge. Hence with thee !

Care. Feel it then ! As fast I flee,
With a curse I part from thee ;
Men are blind their whole life long.
Faustus, at life's closing, be
Blind. My curse I breathe on thee.

Faust. [*blind*]. Deeper and deeper fast comes on the
night,
But pure within shines unobstructed light ;
What I've thought out I hasten to fulfil.
The Master's bidding is the true power still.
Up, serfs, to work ! and let my bold design
Before the eyes in outward beauty shine.
Up, lazy serfs ! up all ! seize shovel and spade,
Set to work briskly where the lines are laid.
To perfect the great work I plan demands
One ruling spirit and a thousand hands !

Forecourt of the Palace.—Torches.

MEPHISTOPHELES, LEMURS, FAUSTUS.

Mephistopheles [leading the way as overseer].

Come on ! come on ! come in ! come in !

Ye Lemurs, patched together ;
Nerves, muscles, loose bones, bags of skin,
Half-naturals, come hither !

Enter LEMURS.

Chorus of Lemurs.

*We are at hand ; and your command
As we half understood it,
Is that we drain a patch of land
Apt to be overflowed.*

*The pointed stakes, they all are here,
And chains with which to measure.
If we but knew what we've to do ;
Pray tell us what's your pleasure ?*

Meph. Little need here of science, or of skill,
Or measuring lines ; if but the longest will
At his full length lay him down on the ground,
And the rest of you scrape the sods up round,
Just to mark the dimensions—it is what
We have done for our fathers all—man's common lot.
Aye, dig away—just lengthen out that square,
Scoop the sand up—make the hole deeper there.
—Still from the palace to the narrow house
Beside it—the one road ! 'Twas ever thus.

Lem. [digging with bantering gestures].

*I lived and loved, and I was young,
And thought it was so sweet ;
And I was young, and played and sung,
And merry went my feet.*

*But now old Age, the spiteful knave,
Has hit me with his crutch :
I stumbled on an open grave,
Their heedlessness was such !*

Faust. [*coming out of the Palace, feeling his way along the door-posts*].

What a delight to heart and ear
This stir of spades at work to hear ;
All, that owe service for their land,
Are active in the work at hand,
—Earth with itself to reconcile,
Fix limits to the wild waves' race,
And bind the sea with firm embrace.

Meph. Aye, and for us you're working all the while.
Oh ! what a banquet will your dam and dike
To Neptune the sea-devil give belike ;
Any way, they and you both go to ruin.
The Elements for evermore are doing
Our work. Our sworn friends, they and we are one :
All things still into nothing running on !

Faust. Overseer !

Meph. Here !

Faust. Bring hither man on man,
Labourers in crowds, as many as you can ;
Give all they wish or want ; 'pay any price ;
Press them into the works ; persuade, entice.
Let me each day know what they have been doing ;
Let true account be given me—take thou heed
No time be lost—how dike and dam proceed.

Meph. [*half aloud*]. With other dam and dike, it would
appear—

Than that which soon will tuck him in—most clear,
That the old man has little business here. [swamp

Faust. [*to himself*]. Along the mountain range a poisonous
O'er what I've gained breathes pestilential damp.

To drain the fetid pool off—were that done,
Then were, indeed, my greatest triumph won.
To many millions ample space 'twould give,
Not safe, indeed, from inroad of the sea,
But yet, in free activity to live.

—Green fruitful fields, where man and beast are found
Dwelling contentedly on the new ground ;
Homes, nestling in the shelter of the hill
Uprolled by a laborious people's skill ;
A land like paradise within the mound,
Though the sea rave without to o'erleap its bound,
Or nibbling at it, sapping, plashing, win
Its way, impetuously to rush in.

All, with one impulse, haste to the sea-wall,
Repel the mischief that endangers All.
For this one only object do I live,
To the absorbing thought myself I give.
Freedom like Life—the last best truth we learn—
Man still must conquer, and in conquering earn ;
And, girded thus by danger, Childhood here
Grey Age and Man and Boy work out the year.
Oh ! could I see such throngs, could I but stand
With a free people, and upon free land !
Then might I to such moment of delight
Say, “Linger with me, thou that art so bright !”
Ne'er shall the traces of my earthly day
Perish in lapsing centuries away.
Anticipating moment such as this,
Even now do I enjoy the highest bliss !

[*Sinks back ; LEMURS lay him on the ground.*]

Meph. And this the spirit that nothing can appease !
No joys give him content, no pleasures please—
Still hankering after strange stray fantasies.
The empty moment, that amused him last,
Infatuated, he would fain hold fast.
He, who against me made so stiff a stand,

Time is his master now—aye, there he is,
The grey old man stretched out upon the sand.
The clock stands still.

Chor.

Stands still.

Is silent as midnight.

The hand falls.

Meph.

Falls. 'Tis finished : and all's right.

Chor. All's past away—gone by.

Meph. Gone by! There is no meaning in the word!

Gone by?—all's over, then. Gone by?—absurd.

GONE BY and utter NOTHING are all one :

Why, then, does this Creating still go on?

Gone by? What means it?—What a sorry trade!

Making, and making nothing of what's made.

And then this nothing evermore we see

Making pretence a something still to be.

So on it goes, the same dull circle spinning—

'Twere better with the Eternal Void beginning!

Burial.

LEMURS, MEPHISTOPHELES, DEVILS (*Long-horns and Short-horns*), HEAVENLY HOST, CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Lemur [solo]. And who hath built the house so ill
With shovel and with spade?

Lemurs [chorus]. For thee, damp guest in hempen vest,
It all too well was made.

Lemur [solo]. And who the hall hath decked so ill?
—No chairs, nor table any.

Lemurs [chorus]. The lodging-house was let at will,
The claimants are so many.

Meph. There lies the body, and when the spirit flies
out,

I meet him straightway with the blood-signed scroll—
A title, one would fancy, free from doubt;

But, now-a-days, they have so many ways
To chouse the devil of a hard-won soul.
The old road's scarce in fashion—has ruts on it—
On the new short work of us poor devils is made—
We are not known there in the way of trade ;
In the old time, I could alone have done it.
To catch him I must call up other aid.

All now goes wrong—old customs disregarded,
Old rights are trampled down—old rules discarded.
Why, in the old day, the soul, when the puff
Was out, would quit the body quick enough.
Then was I ready, without pain or pause,
To snap it like a mouse up in my claws ;
But now it sticks, and will not leave the place,
But lingers in the body's filthy case,
Till from its hold 'tis in dishonour cast
Forth by the warring Elements at last.
Fretting with baffled hope, day after day
I've often watched your stiff one as he lay ;
A pretty waste of toil and time, for then
Would tangled questions come of "how," "where,"
"when?"

Death is not now as Death was long ago.
If dead or not, 'tis long before we know.
—Often have I sate leering with delight
On the stark limbs. False show ! It stirred, moved, lived
outright.

*[Fantastic gestures of conjuring to the Devils, who come
at his call, as described.]*

On, Generals, on ! Come—quick march, double time—
quick,

Lords of the Straight ! Lords of the Crooked horn !
Demons of blood and birth—chips of the old block—
With the long curled crumply horns ! Come, short-horned,
thick

Devils, tubby, stubby—right breed they—true stock—
Stretch breast and back—and show what good is in you !
From the place below draw for the spectacle
Up to the stage one of the Mouths of Hell.

[*Apart. Knowingly to the Audience.*

Hell has mouths many, many !—Deep respect
Hath Hell, and seats reserved, for the upper classes ;
But wait awhile, and, if the old play continue,
After another season or two passes,
And the people get their true rights, I expect
Hell too will be thrown open to the masses.

[*Hell-mouth opens at the left of the stage.*

The edge-teeth gnash. The vaulted gulf's wide rim
O'erflows with angry fire. Through seething smoke
I see the City of Flame at distance flashing,
And to the teeth the red surf up is splashing ;
And out the damned, hoping escape, would swim,
When the hyæna-jaws close on them crashing.
In anguish then they turn them to retrace
Their fiery path for ever. Many a nook
Is here of undiscovered agony,
—The fiercest pangs massed in the narrowest space.

[*Aside, to the Knowing.*

Good thing to frighten sinners with !—They deem
It, all the while, deceit—delusion—dream.

[*To the Thick Devils with short straight Horns.*

Up ! fire-backed grubs, your red sleek cheeks aglow
With brimstone blazes from the place below.
Up ! lumpy, stumpy devils that you are, be staunch :
Come, stir the broad back, shake the lazy paunch.
Be awake, be alive, mind well what you're about,
Twist your bull-necks round, if they'll twist—keep a good
eye out
For the glimmer of the rotting phosphorus there—the
sparkle
Is the delicate little Soul—the glorious form

The Psyche with her heaven-aspiring wing !
Pluck the wings off—pah ! 'tis a sorry worm.
I'll seal it with my seal, the filthy thing.
Away with it ! away, in whirlwind, fire, and storm !
Keep watch and ward on the body's lower places ;
Ye windy Puff-balls, empty Bladder-faces,
Secure the passes thence. There is no telling
But that the soul had thereabouts her dwelling,
The navel is a lodge she loves. Your legions
Should guard and garrison these under regions,
Take care lest the spirit slip out and whisk you by.

[*To the Dry Devils with long crooked Horns.*

Up to the head—up, Fuglemen gigantic,
Comical rascals—Devils, that ape the antic,
Be for once in earnest ; rake, with your hooked claws,
The air around you ! stretch up your webbed paws'
Gaunt network ! Snatch at, catch at, on the wing
Seize, as it flits away, the fluttering thing.
In ruins the old roof about it lies,
It must go out—the chances are 'twill rise—
Genius is uppish—and would seek the skies.

[*A glory from above, at the right.*

Heavenly Host. Follow, Envoys sent
From Heaven's high firmament,
In serenest flight !
Children of the light !
Sinners to forgive ;
To bid dead dust live ;
Downward lingering
On momentary wing,
To all Natures leave
Fitted to receive,
As you hover by,
Blessings from on high.

Meph. False tones I hear, a hateful nasty noise.
Unwelcome day streams on me from above.

The choir emasculate of girlish boys !
The mawkish sing-song pious people love !
You know our damned design and vile device,
To effect the extirpation of Man's race.
They seize our plot, and this worst artifice
Finds in their hymns and in their heaven a place.
There they come fawning, look at them ! there they are !
Full many a one from us they've snapped away,
With our own weapons on us they make war.
Hypocrite-scoundrels ! Devils in cowls are they !
Eternal shame 'twere conquered here to sink.
On to the grave ! on, Devils, on ! guard the brink !

Choir of Angels [strewing Roses].

Dazzling Roses, dropping balm,
With secret breath restoring
Heaven's life of happy calm !
Fluttering down, up soaring,
Plummy branchlings, winglets green,
Buds, unsealed from timid screen,
Wake into sudden blow !

Burst out, celestial Spring,
In green and purple glow,
Your Paradises bring
To him who sleeps below !

Meph. [to his Devils]. What, stoop ? and duck ?—and
have ye no more pluck ?

Is this the way with you, devils ? not keep your ground ?
Each to his post, aye, let them scatter round
Their roses—pretty trick the day to win—
The red-hot devils with flower-shows to snow in.
Before your breath the rose-shower melts and shrivels,
Blow, Bellows-fiends ! blow brisk ! Puff ! Puff-ball devils !
Enough ! enough ! the blast may be too rough.

—That will just do ; each leaf as it floats hither,
Grows pale—aye, every one of them will wither.
Somewhat more softly—shut up nose and maw—
Not one of you but works with too much jaw.
How is it that you never can go right ?
—They're more than parched, they're browned, they're
 burning quite,
And into white flames venomously clear,
Kindled by your own breath, press 'gainst you here.
Resist ! all stand together in full force !
What ? Is all courage gone ? and—worse and worse—
Devils—are they love-sick ?—wheedled by the smell
Of a few scorched rose-leaves. What a thing to tell !

Angel. Happy Blossoms ! Joyous Flames !
 Love they spread, and joy would kindle,
 Be the heart how it may,
 Words True—pure effluence
 Of the ethereal light
 Made present to the sense
 Of Heaven's own angels bright—
 Illimitable day !

Meph. Curse upon them ! Shame eternal !
 Satans—think of the infernal
 Scoundrels—on their heads are standing ;
 Fat ones, wheeling, racing, reeling,
 With their blind sides right before 'em,
 —Dozens flying, falling o'er 'em—
 In their own hell find a landing.
Much good may the hot bath do them ! After their race
'Twill be a refreshing thing. [*Devils disappear as described.*

I'll keep my place.

[*Strikes at the Roses.*

Off ! Will-o'-the-wisps ! However bright your gleam,
Caught in the hand you're but a filthy cream.

Why flutter thus about me ? Off with you !
—They sting like brimstone, stick like pitch or glue.

Angels' Choir. What of your nature is no part

Shrink from ! Love is pure.

That, which shocks or wounds the heart,

Oh ! think not to endure.

If violently in 'twould move,

We then must active be.

Love only leads the loving. Love

Loves on eternally.

Meph. I'm all on fire ; my head, heart, liver burn.

Here's love-heat with a vengeance—fire too fine

For the devil to breathe—flame sharper than hell-flame.

And this is Love ; and this makes whine and pine

Poor love-lorn earthlings, and their wry necks turn

To court the eye of some contemptuous dame.

ME, too ! What is't makes my head twirl and twist,

And thither, where I have been at sworn war ?

—Am I in love with what I did abhor ?

Has a strange something that I know not of

Coursed through and through me ? How is it that I love

To look on these dear young things ? that some force

Makes it impossible for me to curse ?

If I'm fooled now, who, for all time hereafter,

Shall be Fool of Fools, the butt of never-ending laughter ?

The shapely creatures hovering through the air,

—They with their lightnings dangerously fair—

The brilliant darlings, though I cannot cease

To hate them, are too lovely for my peace.

Fair children ! ye, too, if I do not err,

Like me, are of the race of Lucifer.

—Love for one's own does seem so natural—

Dear children ! let me kiss you one and all.

We must have met a thousand times before,

Been playing with each other o'er and o'er.

You have found me in a soft mood. I am smitten ;
Will you not come to me, dear coz ! sweet kitten !
They grow more beautiful at every glance.
Come, one fond look ! Let me not sigh in vain !

Angel. We come. Why shrink you back as we advance ?
We still move nearer. If you can, remain.

[The Angels hover round and fill up the whole space.]

Meph. *[pressed into the proscenium].*

And us ye call Damned Spirits, us you call Evil—
Ye, common tempters of man, woman, devil.
Was ever known the like ? And this is, then,
The element of what's called Love by men !
My whole frame's fire ; the scorched spot on my neck
Is nothing here or there—a surface speck.

Ye hover up and down, and to and fro,
Float through the air, but still away ye flow.
Fairest ! float downward hither on soft wing.
No doubt the stately-solemn is your style !
Something more like the world were more the thing.
What joy 'twould give me could I see you smile !
—A lady's smile, who lets a favoured lover
In the fond hour her secret heart discover—
That were a something my whole nature casting
By one glance into rapture everlasting.
And 'tis so easily done. Just draw the lip
A little to one side, the slightest dip.

That long fellow is handsome, or at least
Good-looking—rather too much of the priest.
The folds of the broad stole are in excess ;
'Twere not less moral if it covered less.
Angels ! smile down upon me ! Charmers, stay !
They float into their heaven—are passed away.

Choir of Angels. Loving Flames, that, long unseen,
In the heart have burning been,
Shine ye now in light serene !
Let the Hope-abandoned feel
That the Truth hath power to heal ;
'That from Evil they may be
Disunited, and thus free,
And a blissful life live on
Ever in the All-in-one !

Meph. [*collecting himself*]. How is't ! Like Job, the whole
man, boil on boil !

At which himself must shudder and recoil ;
—Aye, and feel triumph when he looks within,
Knows what he is—true devil's blood kith and kin.
All's right again ; untouched the better members ;
The scurfy love-rash was but on the skin,
Burned out already its last fading embers.
The devil's clean devil again—the love-itch gone—
And—my Curse on you all and every one !

Choir of Angels. Holy heart-glowings !

Heavenly birth !
Love's overflowings !
Heaven on earth !
Whom ye float around
Even on earth hath found,
Living with the good,
Full Beatitude.

Arise, singing triumph,
Rise all from beneath,
The air is made pure
For the spirit to breathe.

[*They rise, carrying with them the immortal part of*
FAUSTUS.

Meph. [alone]. But how?—all vanished ; they are gone—
and whither?

The young things ! they have cheated the old knave,
—Fled heavenwards, and have ta'en their booty thither.
For this—for this been nibbling at the grave.
A treasure, all unique, they have cribbed. I'm juggled !
The high soul pledged and promised me—no less—
They have, in hugger-mugger, slyly smuggled.
Where shall I lodge my summons for redress ?
All my hard earnings—work and labour given—
Is there no sense of right and wrong in heaven ?
Cheated in my old days ! outwitted quite !
And then hear for my comfort, “served him right.”
And my expenses—getting up this case
And with return of nothing but disgrace.
And I've deserved it—everything mis-spent—
All my own scandalous mismanagement :
—A random love-gust, an absurd love-drivel,
To have seized the seasoned cask of a stale old devil !
Mad childish freak, for one the world that knows,
To have lost time about, or to propose ;
FOOL, first, last, midst—and, worst FOOL at the close

Mountain Gorges—Forest—Field—Desert.

HOLY ANCHORETS, SCATTERED ON THE HILLS,
DWELLING AMONG THE CLIFFS.

CHORUS *and* ECHO.

Forest-trees, waving here !
Rocks, hanging dark and drear !
Roots of the forest-trees,
Everywhere clinging !
Shoots of the forest-trees,
Everywhere springing !

Brooklets with ceaseless waves !
Shelter of sunless caves !

Lions love the holy place,
Wake no terror, feel no fear.
Round and round, with friendly pace,
Move our dumb protectors here.

PATER EXTATICUS [*floating up and down*].

Brand of eternal joy !
Love-bondage glowing !
Seething heart-agony !
Rapture o'erflowing !
Foaming up, seething up,
Fervour benign
From the depths breathing up !
Rapture Divine !
Axes, down-hew me !
Lances, pierce through me !
Clubs, come and shatter me !
Lightning-darts, scatter me !
Thus, that, Self, cast away,
Perished, and passed away,
—Phantom-cloud fleeing
This nothing of mine—
The Star of true Being
Transcendent may shine.

PATER PROFUNDUS [*in the lower part of the mountain*].

Calm, at my feet, its lonely crown
Of rocks o'erbrows the precipice.
A thousand streams foam flashing down
In thunder to the black abyss.

And instincts from within still move
To upper air the pine-trees tall.

And Love it is, almighty Love,
That moulds, sustains, and lives in all.

Here around me evermore
The billowy forest rolls, above ;
Below, the falling torrents roar ;
Yet are they ministers of Love.
The valleys that refresh and cheer.
And when the lightning-darts flash forth,
Their mission is belike to clear
The air from clouds, that over earth
Hang low with poison in their womb.
Yes ! ministers of love are they,
And tell of the great Being, whom,
Creator still from day to day,
We feel around us.

Oh ! illumine
My breast too, where distracted, vain,
Sinks the cold spirit : break the chain
Of this world's life, dispel the gloom,
And bid the dead heart live again !

PATER SERAPHICUS [*middle region*].

Through the pine-trees' waving tresses
Floats a morning cloudlet fair,
With its freight of youthful Spirits,
Living in the radiance there.

CHOIR OF BLESSED BOYS.

Tell us, father, where we wander ;
Tell us who and what are we.
We know but that we are Happy.
Bliss it is to Breathe, to Be.

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Born at midnight, soul and senses
Undeveloped to the sun,
Children, early lost to parents,
By the angels early won !
That a loving one is near you
If ye feel—oh ! come to me,
Ye whose feet have never trodden
Earth's rough pathway—happy ye !
Live within me, hither tending,
—I the world have seen and known—
From your radiant cloud descending,
Make the old man's eyes your own.

[He takes them into himself.]

Gaze upon the region round us !
This is forest—that is rock ;
Here flow streams, that there are falling
Down the steep with fearful shock.

Boys *[from within him]*.

'Tis a scene sublime to look on,
But how desolate and drear !
Father, here we shrink and tremble ;
Hold us not imprisoned here.

PATER SERAPHICUS.

Rising still to higher circles,
On from strength to strength proceed,
Pure and silent growth ! God's Presence
Is the life on which you feed ;
This the Life-breath is of Spirits ;
Purity, Health, Truth is this.
Everlasting Love's revealing,
Blossoming of endless Bliss.

CHOIR OF BLESSED BOYS [*circling round the highest summit*].

Now ascend to higher circles,
Twining hand with happy hand !
Let the strength of happy feeling
Into song and dance expand.
Taught by God,
Faithful be !
Whom ye worship,
Ye shall see.

ANGELS [*floating in the higher atmosphere, bearing the
immortal part of FAUSTUS*].

Rescued from the evil one,
This noble spirit see !
Him, who, unwearied, still strives on,
We have the power to free.
And on him breathing from above
If Love its part supply,
Heaven's host with welcomings of love,
Still meets him from on high.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

See ! the purple Roses borrowed
From the hands of pious women
Who had loved, and sinned and sorrowed ;
—Loved above all human measure,
Sinned and sorrowed and repented.
Theirs it was for heaven the treasure
To win home of that high spirit !
Theirs the mighty work to perfect.
On the grave we strewed the flowers,
And the bad ones shrank away—
Devils, watching for their prey,
Fled in terror, as the showers

Of the burning roses came.
Torments, sharper than hell-flame,
The old Satan-master bore,
—Love-pangs never felt before.

Shout aloud ! The day is ours !

THE MORE PERFECT ANGELS.

A something, that hath had its birth
In clay, is to him clinging ;
The earthy would weigh down to earth
The burthen we are bringing.

Upward we bear it,
A heavy load, sure !
Asbestos even were it,
Yet were it not pure.
The elements, together brought
By a strong spirit's might,
The dross into the pure ore wrought,
No power of man or angel can
Dissolve or disunite.
The alien natures, bound by one
Indissoluble heart,
Love only, Love, Eternal Love—
Can rend and keep apart.

THE YOUNGER ANGELS.

Vapours round the rocky height
Here are spreading rife ;
Cloudlets floating into light,
Orbs of spirit-life.
Near, and more near—the mists grow clear—
I see a choir of blessed boys
Up-weave their spiry flight.
Children they ! Earth's wrongs and cares,
And tears and smiles, were never theirs.

—Here in the fresh breeze frolicking,
They would bathe them in the joys
Of this new world, this heavenly spring.

Oh ! place him at the first
With this exulting ring,
To breathe in Heaven's own clime
Sweet childhood's joy, a happy time ;
Soon the rich flower to riper life will burst.

THE BLESSED BOYS.

We welcome, in the infant mild,
The angels' precious pledge,
For heaven receive the little child
Into our tutelage.

Oh ! break away the flakes of clay,
The indurated crust,
The slough and slime of care and crime
That cling to human dust.

Already—look on him !—how fair
He is—how great—how good !
For now he breathes Heaven's holy air,
And lives on angels' food.

DOCTOR MARIANUS [*in the highest, purest cell*].

Here the prospect is free !
Here the spirit soars high !
Shapes floating upwards
Of females float by ;
Midmost, all glorious,
Shining serene,
Crowned with the star-wreath,
I see Heaven's Queen ! [*Enraptured.*]

Over earth to Thee is given
Empire ! Let me in the free
Widespread tent of the blue heaven
See thy mystery.

Aid in man's heart what thou of good,
Of tender thought and earnest,
Of holy love, in his best mood
Up-breathed to thee, discernest !

Dost thou command it ? Ours is zeal
And courage all-defying.
Dost Thou breathe peace ? At once we feel
The warlike impulse dying.

Virgin ! from all soil of sin
Virgin pure ! to Thee we bow ;
Saintly Mother ! chosen Queen,
One with the godlike Thou !

What light cloudlets round that splendour
Floating wind ! Oh ! these are they,
Who, for that the heart was tender,
Fondly loved and fell away :
Round her knees they drink the ether,
Round her knees for mercy pray.

Thy calm heart no breath hath shaken
Of earth's passions ; yet to Thee
Come all they, who have partaken
Of earth's utter misery—
They, who loved and were forsaken,
Come to Thee confidingly !
Oh ! fond and weak and light are they,
And thus, by wild desires away
Whirled onward, who can save

Unaided? who can rend the prey
From passions that enslave?
The foot—oh! how can it but slide
On the slant surface—downward glide
Where the ground slopes beneath?
Whom doth not smile and glance deceive?
Who doth not listen and believe
When Flattery's accents breathe?

MATER GLORIOSA [*hovers onward*].

CHOIR OF FEMALE PENITENTS.

To the heavenliest heights as thou floatest away
Of the kingdoms eternal, to thee do we pray—
Thou that hast no peer!
Thou that art rich in Grace! Oh, mercifully hear!

MAGNA PECCATRIX.

By the love that, disregarding
Scornful pharisaic sneers,
While thy Son was beaming godhead,
Bathed His feet with balmy tears;
By the odour-dropping unguent,
Lavishing its treasured sweet;
By the tresses that so softly
Wiped all dry His holy feet.

MULIER SAMARITANA.

By the well that in the desert
Watered Abram's herds of yore;
By the cup that to our Saviour's
Parching lips its cool draught bore;
By the joy-diffusing fountain
That still gushes pure and bright,
While the stream of life eternal
Through all worlds flows round in light.

MARIA ÆGYPTIACA.

By the holy place of burial,
Where the Lord's dead body lay ;
By the arm that from the temple
Warned and waved me thrice away ;
By my forty years of penance
In the solitary land ;
By the blessed words of farewell
That I wrote upon the sand.

THE THREE.

Sinless ! to the chief of sinners
Access thou deniest never ;
And earth's moment of repentance
Hath its heavenly fruit for ever.
To this good soul show like mercy,
The offence in anger view not
Of one moment of forgetting,
Wilful thought of sin that knew not.

UNA PENITENTIUM [*formerly named Gretchen and Margaret*].

Bend down to look on me ! Mother benign !
None—none is like to Thee ! Mother benign !
With thy all-radiant countenance divine,
Look on this joy of mine !
The early-loved comes back—no trace—no taint—no stain—
No grief—no wrongs remain ;
The early-loved returns—is mine—is mine again !

BLESSED BOYS [*approaching in circular movements*].

Already he out-tops us all,
The frame expands—the large limbs swell ;
The nurture he from us receives,
He will repay it well.

No sounds from lower earth here reach
Our hearts of love or strife ;
But he hath heard, and he will teach
To us, at birth removed from earth,
The harmonies of life.

A PENITENT [*formerly named Gretchen and Margaret*].

Circled by the loftiest Spirits,
One with them, behold him rise !
Heaven he scarce hath breathed—in all things
With the holy host he vies.
From the old husk's earthly bondage,
How he rends himself away !
How his youth, renewed, rejoicing,
Steps forth, clothed upon with ether,
Radiant, into heavenly day !

Suffer me to teach, to guide him !
The new day falls dazzlingly.

MATER GLORIOSA.

Rise to higher spheres, and he
Will feel 'tis Thou—will follow Thee !

DOCTOR MARIANUS [*adoring on his face*].

Look to the Saviour-glance !
All that repentant be,
Made meet by gratitude
For the inheritance
Of full beatitude.

May each better feeling in
Our hearts to Thee still tend !

Maiden ! Mother ! Gracious Queen !
Be with us to the end !

CHORUS MYSTICUS.

All we see before us passing
Sign and symbol is alone ;
Here, what thought could never reach to
Is by semblances made known ;
What man's words may never utter,
Done in act—in symbol shown.
LOVE, whose perfect type is WOMAN,
The divine and human blending,
LOVE for ever and for ever
Wins us onward, still ascending.



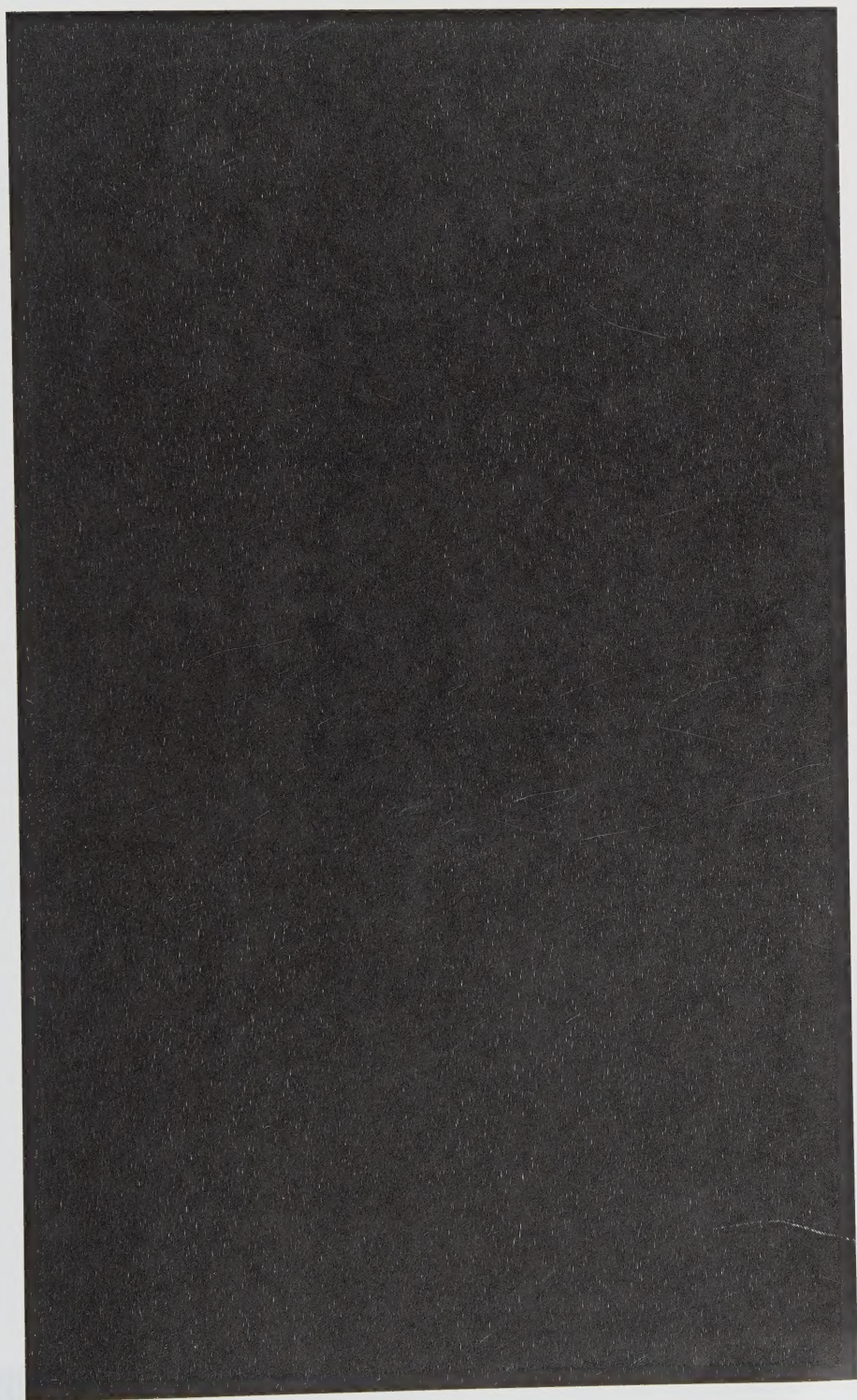
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